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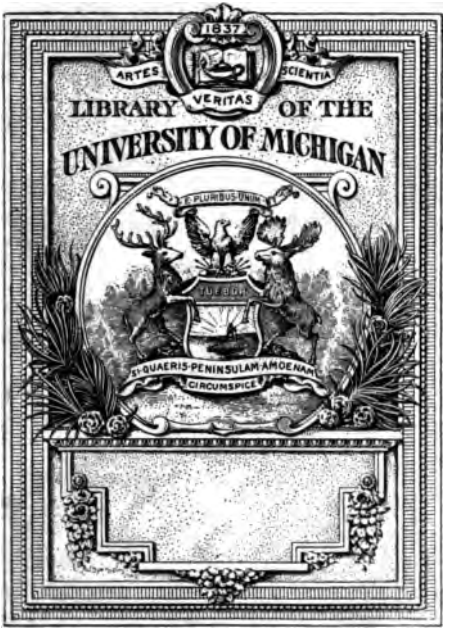
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

ROWE'S

LUCAN.

VOLUME II.

THE SIX LAST BOOKS.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the conſuls aſſemble the ſenate, who unanimouſly appoint Pompey general of the war againſt Cæſar, and decree public thanks to the ſeveral princes and ſtates who aſſiſted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time prætor of Achaia, conſults the Oracle of Delphos, concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occaſion, the poet goes into a digreſſion concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the preſent ſilence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæſar returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and puniſhes the offenders. From Placentia, where this diſorder happened, he orders them to march to Brunduſium; where, after a ſhort turn to Rome, and aſſuming the conſulſhip, or rather the ſupreme power, he joins them himſelf. From Brunduſium, though it was then the middle of winter, he tranſports part of his army by ſea to Epirus, and lands at Palæſte. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæſar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: On the banks of the river Apſus, they met and incamped cloſe together. Cæſar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brunduſium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and being uneaſy at his delays leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempeſtuous ſea in a ſmall bark to haſten the tranſport. Upon Cæſar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be ſoon decided by a battle; and upon that conſideration, reſolved to ſend his wife to expect the event at Leſbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

THUS, equal fortune holds a while the ſcale,
And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail;
In doubt the goddeſs, yet, their fate detains,
And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.
And now the ſetting Pleiades grew low,
The hills ſtood hoary in December's ſnow;
The ſolemn ſeaſon was approaching near,
When other names renew'd the Faſti wear,
And double Janus leads the coming year.
The conſuls, while their rods they yet remain'd,
While, yet, ſome ſhew of liberty maintain'd,
With miſſives round the ſcatter'd fathers greet,
And in Epirus bid the ſenate meet.
There the great rulers of the Roman ſtate,
In foreign ſeats, conſulting, meanly ſate.
No face of war the grave aſſembly wears,
But civil power in peaceful pomp appears:
The purple order to their place reſort,
While waiting lictors guard the crouded court.
No faction theſe, nor party, ſeem to be,
But a full ſenate, legal, juſt, and free.
Great, as he is, here Pompey ſtands confeſt
A private man, and one among the reſt.
Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs ceaſe,
And every mournful ſound is huſh'd in peace;
When from the conſular diſtinguiſh'd throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun.
If yet our Roman virtue is the ſame,
Yet worthy of the race from which we came,
And emulates our great forefathers name,

Let

Let not our thoughts, by ſad remembrance led,
Bewail thoſe captive walls from whence we fled.
This time demands that to ourſelves we turn,
Nor, fathers, have we leiſure now to mourn;
But let each early care, each honeſt heart,
Our ſenate's ſacred dignity aſſert.
To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
That power which kings obey, and nations fear,
That only legal power of Rome, is here.
For whether to the Northern Bear we go,
Where pale ſhe glitters o'er eternal ſnow;
Or whether in thoſe ſultry climes we burn,
Where night and day with equal hours return;
The world ſhall ſtill acknowledge us its head,
And empire follow whereſoe'er we lead.
When Gallic flames the burning city felt,
At Veiæ Rome with her Camillus dwelt.
Beneath forſaken roofs proud Cæſar reigns,
Our vacant courts, and ſilent laws conſtrains;
While ſlaves obedient to his tyrant will,
Outlaws, and profligates, his ſenate fill;
With him a baniſh'd guilty croud appear,
All that are juſt and innocent are here.
Diſpers'd by war, though guiltleſs of its crimes,
Our order yielded to theſe impious times;
At length returning each from his retreat,
In happy hour the ſcatter'd members meet.
The gods and fortune greet us on the way,
And with the world loſt Italy repay.
Upon Illyria's favourable coaſt,
Vulteius with his furious band are loſt;

While

While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
One half of Cæſar's ſenators lie ſlain.
March then, ye warriors! ſecond fate's deſign,
And to the leading gods your ardour join,
With equal conſtancy to battle come,
As when you ſhunn'd the foe, and left your native Rome.
The period of the conſuls power is near,
Who yield our Faſces with the ending year:
But you, ye fathers, whom we ſtill obey,
Who rule mankind with undetermin'd ſway,
Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greateſt Pompey lead the war.
In loud applauſe the pleas'd aſſembly join,
And to the glorious taſk the chief aſſign:
His country's fate they truſt to him alone,
And bid him fight Rome's battles, and his own.
Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
And ſome with gifts, and ſome with praiſe are crown'd:
Of theſe, the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd,
And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd.
Of Athens much they ſpeak; Maſſilia's aid
Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
Their ſtill unſhaken faithful Aſian friend.
Brave Cotys and his valiant ſon they grace,
With bold Rhaſipolis from ſtormy Thrace.
While gallant Juba juſtly is decreed
To his paternal ſceptre to ſucceed.
And thou too, Ptolemy, (unrighteous fate!)
Wert rais'd unworthy to the regal ſtate;

The

The crown upon thy perjur'd temples ſhone,
That once was borne by Philip's godlike ſon.
O'er Ægypt ſhakes the boy his cruel ſword:
(Oh! that he had been only Ægypt's lord!)
But the dire gift more dreadful miſchiefs wait,
While Lagos' ſceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
Preventing Cæſar's, and his ſiſter's hand,
He ſeiz'd his parricide, and her command.
Th' aſſembly roſe, and all on war intent
Buſtle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
Appius alone, impatient to be taught,
With what the threatening future times were fraught,
With buſy curioſity explores
The dreadful purpoſe of the heavenly powers.
To Delphos ſtraight he flies, where long the god
In ſilence had poſſeſs'd his cloſe abode;
His oracles had long been known to ceaſe,
And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.
Between the ruddy weſt and eaſtern ſkies,
In the mid-earth Parnaſſus' tops ariſe:
To Phœbus, and the chearful god of wine,
Sacred in common ſtands the hill divine.
Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
The double deity in ſolemn ſongs reſound.
When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was ſpread,
This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;
One riſing rock, preſerv'd, a bound was given,
Between the vaſty deep, and ambient heaven.

Here,

Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
Python by infant Pæan's darts was ſlain,
While yet the realm was held by Themis' righteous reign.
But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
The conſcious caves diviner breathings blow,
How vapours could unfold th' enquirer's doom,
And talking winds could ſpeak of things to come;
Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
There, with foretelling fury firſt inſpir'd,
From thence the prophet's art and honours he acquir'd.
So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed
Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
What power divine forſakes the heaven's fair light,
To dwell with earth, and everlaſting night?
What is this ſpirit, potent, wiſe, and great,
Who deigns to make a mortal frame his ſeat;
Who the long chain of ſecret cauſes knows,
Whoſe oracles the years to come diſcloſe;
Who through eternity at once foreſees,
And tells that fate which he himſelf decrees?
Part of that ſoul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whoſe energy informs the pendent ball,
Through this dark paſſage ſeeks the realms above,
And ſtrives to re-unite itſelf to Jove.
Whate'er the Dæmon, when he ſtands confeſt
Within his raging prieſteſs' panting breaſt,
Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
And thundering from her foamy mouth he ſpeaks.

Such

Such is the burſt of bellowing Ætna's ſound,
When fair Sicilia's paſtures ſhake around;
Such from Inarimè Typhœus roars,
While rattling rocks beſtrew Campania's ſhores.
The liſtening god, ſtill ready with replies,
To none his aid, or oracle, denies;
Yet, wiſe and righteous ever, ſcorns to hear
The fool's fond wiſhes, or the guilty's prayer;
Though vainly in repeated vows they truſt,
None e'er find grace before him, but the juſt.
Oft to a baniſh'd, wandering, houſeleſs race,
The ſacred dictates have aſſign'd a place.
Oft from the ſtrong he ſaves the weak in war:
This truth, ye Salaminian ſeas, declare!
And heals the barren land, and peſtilential air.
Of all the wants with which this age is curſt,
The Delphic ſilence ſurely is the worſt.
But tyrants, juſtly fearful of their doom,
Forbid the gods to tell us what 's to come.
Mean-while, the propheteſs may well rejoice,
And bleſs the ceaſing of the ſacred voice:
Since death too oft her holy taſk attends,
And immature her dreadful labour ends.
Torn by the fierce diſtracting rage ſhe ſprings,
And dies beneath the god for whom ſhe ſings.
Theſe ſilent caves, theſe Tripods long unmov'd,
Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd:
He bids the guardian of the dread abode
Send in the trembling prieſteſs to the god.

The reverend ſire the Latian chief obey'd,
And ſudden ſeiz'd the unſuſpecting maid,
Where careleſs in the peaceful grove ſhe ſtray'd.
Diſmay'd, aghaſt, and pale, he drags her on;
She ſtops, and ſtrives the fatal taſk to ſhun:
Subdued by force, to fraud and art ſhe flies,
And thus to turn the Roman's purpoſe tries:
What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move,
The ſilent Delphic oracle to prove?
In vain, Auſonian Appius, art thou come;
Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
Whether, diſdaining us, the ſacred voice
Has made ſome other diſtant land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
Low in the duſt had laid our lofty ſpires,
In heaps the mouldering aſhes heavy rod,
And chok'd the channels of the breathing god:
Or whether heaven no longer gives replies,
But bids the Sibyls myſtic verſe ſuffice;
Or, if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
And holds the world unworthy of his care;
Whate'er the cauſe, our god has long been mute,
And anſwers not to any ſuppliant's ſuit.
But, ah! too well her artifice is known,
Her fears confeſs the god, whom they diſown.
Howe'er, each rite ſhe ſeemingly prepares;
A fillet gathers up her foremoſt hairs;
While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
And knit the looſer locks which flow behind.
Sudden, the ſtronger prieſt, though yet ſhe ſtrives
The lingering maid within the temple drives;

But ſtill ſhe fears, ſtill ſhuns the dreadful ſhrine,
Lags in the outer ſpace, and feigns the rage divine.
But far unlike the god, her calmer breaſt
No ſtrong enthuſiaſtic throes confeſt;
No terrors in her ſtarting hairs were ſeen,
To caſt from off her brow the wreathing green;
No broken accents half obſtructed hung,
Nor ſwelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue.
From her fierce jaws no ſounding horrors come,
No thunders bellow through the working foam,
To rend the ſpacious cave, and ſhake the vaulted dome.
Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, god-diſſembling maid.
The furious Roman ſoon the fraud eſpy'd,
And, Hope not thou to 'ſcape my rage, he cry'd;
Sore ſhalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
(The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain)
Unleſs thou ceaſe thy mortal ſounds to tell,
Unleſs thou plunge thee in the myſtic cell,
Unleſs the gods themſelves reveal the doom,
Which ſhall befall the warring world and Rome.
He ſpoke, and, aw'd, by the ſuperior dread,
The trembling prieſteſs to the Tripod fled:
Cloſe to the holy breathing vent ſhe cleaves,
And largely the unwonted god receives.
Nor age the potent ſpirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving maid;
Nor e'er ſo ſtrong inſpiring Pæan came,
Nor ſtretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame:
The mortal mind driv'n out forſook her breaſt,
And the ſole godhead every part poſſeſt.

Now ſwell her veins, her turgid ſinews riſe,
And bounding frantic through the cave ſhe flies;
Her briſtling locks the wreathy fillet ſcorn,
And her fierce feet the tumbling Tripods ſpurn.
Now wild ſhe dances o'er the vacant fane,
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the pain.
Nor yet the leſs th' avenging wrathful god
Pours in his fires, and ſhakes his ſounding rod:
He laſhes now, and goads her on amain;
And now he checks her ſtubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, juſt labouring to diſcloſe,
And ſpeak that fate which in her boſom glows.
Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads croud;
Men, times, and things, or preſent, or to come,
Work labouring up and down, and urge for room.
Whatever is, ſhall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her thought, and to her ſight is ſeen.
The ocean's utmoſt bounds her eyes explore,
And number every ſand on every ſhore;
Nature, and all her works, at once they ſee,
Know when ſhe firſt begun, and when her end ſhall be.
And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
When vulgar fates ſhe proudly ceas'd to tell,
The Roman deſtiny diſtinguiſh'd took,
And kept it careful in her ſacred book;
So now, Phemonoë, in crouds of thought,
The ſingle doom of Latian Appius ſought.
Nor in that maſs, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with eaſe be found.

But

At length her foamy mouth begins to flow,
Groans more diſtinct, and plainer murmurs go:
A doleful howl the roomy cavern ſhook,
And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents ſpoke:
"While guilty rage the world tumultuous reads,
In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends;
Thither, as to thy refuge, ſhalt thou fly,
There find repoſe, and unmoleſted lye.
She ſaid; the god her labouring tongue ſuppreſt,
And in eternal darkneſs veil'd the reſt.
Ye ſacred Tripods, on whoſe doom we wait!
Ye guardians of the future laws of fate!
And thou, oh! Phœbus, whoſe prophetic ſkill
Reads the dark counſels of the heavenly will;
Why did your wary oracles refrain,
To tell what kings, what heroes muſt be ſlain,
And how much blood the bluſhing earth ſhould ſtain?
Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecreed?
That yet our Pompey was not doom'd to bleed?
Or choſe you wiſely, rather, to afford
A juſt occaſion to the patriot's ſword?
As if you fear'd t'avert the tyrant's doom,
And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome?
Through the wide gates at length by force diſplay'd,
Impetuous ſallies the prophetic maid;
Nor yet the holy rage was all ſuppreſs'd,
Part of the god ſtill heaving in her breaſt:
Urg'd by the Dæmon, yet ſhe rolls her eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the ſpacious ſkies.
Now horrid purple fluſhes in her face,
And now a livid pale ſupplies the place;

A double madneſs paints her cheeks by turns,
With fear ſhe freezes, and with fury burns:
Sad breathing ſighs with heavy accent go,
And doleful from her fainting boſom blow.
So when no more the ſtorm ſonorous ſings,
But noiſy Boreas hangs his weary wings:
In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarſe-reſounding main.
Now by degrees the fire æthereal fail'd,
And the dull human ſenſe again prevail'd;
While Phœbus, ſudden, in a murky ſhade,
Hid the paſt viſion from the mortal maid.
Thick clouds of dark oblivion riſe between,
And ſnatch away at once the wondrous ſcene;
Stretch'd on the ground the fainting prieſteſs lies,
While to the Tripod, back, th' informing ſpirit flies
Mean-while, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
Dream'd of long ſafety, and a neutral ſtate;
And, ere the great event of war was known,
Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own.
Fool! to believe that power could ward the blow,
Or ſnatch thee from amidſt the general woe!
In times like theſe, what god but death can ſave?
The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
Where ſtruggling ſeas Charyſtos rude conſtrains,
And, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnuſia reigns;
Where by the whirling current barks are toſt
From Chalcis to unlucky Auli's coaſt;
There ſhalt thou meet the gods appointed doom,
A private death, and long-remember'd tomb.

To other wars the victor now ſucceeds,
And his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
When the chang'd gods his ruin ſeem'd to threat,
And croſs the long ſucceſsful courſe of fate.
Amidſt his camp, and fearleſs of his foes,
Sudden he ſaw where inborn dangers roſe,
He ſaw thoſe troops that long had faithful ſtood,
Friends to his cauſe, and enemies to good,
Grown weary of their chief, and ſatiated with blood.
Whether the trumpet's ſound too long had ceas'd,
And ſlaughter ſlept in unaccuſtom'd reſt:
Or whether, arrogant by miſchief made,
The ſoldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
Whilſt avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
Turn againſt Cæſar, and his cauſe, the ſcale,
And ſet the mercenary ſword to ſale.
Nor, e'er before, ſo truly could he read
What dangers ſtrow thoſe paths the mighty tread.
Then, firſt he found, on what a faithleſs baſe
Their nodding towers ambition's builders place:
He who ſo late, a potent faction's head,
Drew in the nations, and the legions led;
Now ſtript of all, beheld in every hand
The warriors weapons at their own command;
Nor ſervice now, nor ſafety they afford,
But leave him ſingle to his guardian ſword.
Nor is this rage the grumbling of a croud,
That ſhun to tell their diſcontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy looks ſuſpicious go,
And dread of an informer chokes their woe:

But, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
And ſcorn the baſhful mean reſtraints of fear.
For laws, in great rebellions, loſe their end,
And all go free, when multitudes offend.
Among the reſt, one thus: At length 'tis time
To quit thy cauſe, oh Cæſar! and our crime:
The world around for foes thou haſt explor'd,
And laviſhly expos'd us to the ſword;
To make thee great, a worthleſs crowd we fall,
Scatter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul;
In every clime beneath the ſpacious ſky,
Our leader conquers, and his ſoldiers die.
What boots our march beneath the frozen zone,
Or that loſt blood which ſtains the Rhine and Rhone!
When ſcarr'd with wounds, and worn with labours hard,
We come with hopes of recompence prepar'd,
Thou giv'ſt us war, more war, for our reward.
Though purple rivers in thy cauſe we ſpilt,
And ſtain'd our horrid hands in every guilt;
With unavailing wickedneſs we toil'd,
In vain the gods, in vain the ſenate ſpoil'd;
Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
Our pious poverty is all we 've left.
Say to what height thy daring arms would riſe?
If Rome 's too little, what can e'er ſuffice?
Oh, ſee at length! with pity, Cæſar, ſee,
Theſe withering arms, theſe hairs grown white for thee.
In painful wars our joyleſs days have paſt,
Let weary age lie down on peace at laſt:

Give

Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay,
And ſigh, at home, our parting ſouls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
And aſk this wondrous favour at thy hand:
Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
To cloſe our drooping eyelids when we die.
Be merciful, and let diſeaſe afford
Some other way to die, beſide the ſword;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.
Still wilt thou urge us, ignorant and blind,
To ſome more monſtrous miſchief yet behind?
Are we the only fools, forbid to know
How much we may deſerve by one ſure blow?
Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we pleaſe;
Well has thy war inſpir'd ſuch thoughts as theſe:
What laws, what oaths, can urge their feeble bands,
To hinder theſe determin'd daring hands?
That Cæſar, who was once ordain'd our head,
When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,
Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate;
Guilt equal, gives equality of ſtate.
Nor ſhall his foul ingratitude prevail,
Nor weigh our merits in his partial ſcale;
He views our labours with a ſcornful glance,
And calls our victories the works of chance:
But his proud heart, henceforth, ſhall learn to own,
His power, his fate, depends on us alone.
Yes, Cæſar, ſpite of all thoſe rods that wait,
With mean obſequious ſervice, on thy ſtate;

Spite

Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war ſhall ceaſe,
And we thy ſoldiers will command a peace.
He ſpoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inſpir'd,
The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
And with loud cries their abſent chief requir'd.
Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be;
Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree;
And, ſince loſt faith and virtue are no more,
Let Cæſar's bands the public peace reſtore.
What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
And heard this tumult with the laſt deſpair?
But Cæſar, form'd for perils hard and great,
Headlong to drive, and brave oppoſing fate;
While yet with fierceſt fires their furies flame,
Secure, and ſcornful of the danger, came.
Nor was he wroth to ſee the madneſs riſe,
And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes;
With pleaſure could he crown their curſt deſigns,
With rapes of matrons, and the ſpoils of ſhrines;
Had they but aſk'd it, well he could approve
The waſte and plunder of Tarpeian Jove:
No miſchief he, no ſacrilege, denies,
But would himſelf beſtow the horrid prize.
With joy he ſees their ſouls by rage poſſeſt,
Sooths and indulges every frantic breaſt,
And only fears what reaſon may ſuggeſt.
Still, Cæſar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood?
Wilt thou, thou ſingly, hate thy country's good?
Shall the rude ſoldier firſt of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?

Give

Give o'er at length, and let thy labours ceaſe,
Nor vex the world, but learn to ſuffer peace.
Why ſhouldſt thou force each, now, unwilling hand,
And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?
When ev'n relenting rage itſelf gives place,
And fierce Enyo ſeems to ſhun thy face.
High on a turfy bank the chief was rear'd,
Fearleſs, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the croud he caſt an angry look,
And, dreadful, thus with indignation ſpoke:
Ye noiſy herd! who in ſo fierce a ſtrain
Againſt your abſent leader dare complain:
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he ſtands,
And braves the malice of your threatening hands.
Here find your end of war, your long-ſought reſt,
And leave your uſeleſs ſwords in Cæſar's breaſt.
But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
To rail, is all your feeble rage can do.
In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,
Can ſow ſedition, and increaſe a croud;
You! who can loath the glories of the great,
And poorly meditate a baſe retreat.
But, hence! be gone from victory and me,
Leave me to what my better fates decree:
New friends, new troops, my fortune ſhall afford,
And find a hand for every vacant ſword.
Behold, what crouds on flying Pompey wait,
What multitudes attend his abject ſtate!
And ſhall ſucceſs, and Cæſar, droop the while?
Shall I want numbers to divide the ſpoil,
And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?

Legio

Legions ſhall come to end the bloodleſs war,
And ſhouting follow my triumphal car.
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
Shall view our honours with a downward face,
And curſe yourſelves in ſecret as we paſs.
Can your vain aid, can your departing force,
Withhold my conqueſt, or delay my courſe?
So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;
The deep ſhall ſtill be full, and ſcorn the poor ſupply.
Nor think ſuch vulgar ſouls as yours were given,
To be the taſk of fate, and care of heaven:
Few are the lordly, the diſtinguiſh'd great,
On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:
The reſt for common uſe were all deſign'd,
An unregarded rabble of mankind.
By my auſpicious name, and fortune, led,
Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were ſpread,
But ſay, what had you done, with Pompey at your head?
Vaſt was the fame by Labienus won,
When rank'd amidſt my warlike friends, he ſhone:
Now mark what follows on his faithful change,
And ſee him with his chief new-choſen range;
By land, and ſea, where-e'er my arms he ſpies,
An ignominious runagate he flies.
Such ſhall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,
Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:
Who quits his leader, whereſoe'er he go,
Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.
Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I own,
You made the faith of theſe falſe legions known.

You

You warn me well to change theſe coward bands,
Nor truſt my fate to ſuch betraying hands.
And thou too, Fortune, point'ſt me out the way,
A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay:
Henceforth my care regards myſelf alone,
War's glorious gain ſhall now be all my own.
For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My enſigns ſhall by manly hands be borne.
Some few of you my ſentence here ſhall wait,
And warn ſucceeding factions by your fate.
Down! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
And with your proſtrate necks, my doom attend.
And you, ye younger ſtriplings of the war,
You, whom I mean to make my future care;
Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
And learn to execute my dread commands.
He ſpoke; and, at the impious ſound diſmay'd,
The trembling unreſiſting croud obey'd:
No more their late equality they boaſt,
But bend beneath his frown a ſuppliant hoſt.
Singly ſecure, he ſtands confeſs'd their lord,
And rules, in ſpite of him, the ſoldier's ſword.
Doubtful, at firſt, their patience he ſurveys,
And wonders why each haughty heart obeys;
Beyond his hopes he ſees the ſtubborn bow,
And bare their breaſts obedient to the blow;
Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed diſclaim,
And would not find their fiercer ſouls ſo tame.
A few, at length, ſelected from the reſt,
Bled for example; and the tumult ceas'd;

While

While the conſenting hoſt the victims view'd,
And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.
Now to Brunduſium's walls he bids them tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end;
There he commands aſſembling barks to meet,
And furniſh from the neighbouring ſhores his fleet.
Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide;
Thither with ſwelling ſails their way they take,
From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake;
From where Apulia's fruitful mountains riſe,
Where high along the coaſt Garganus lies,
And beating ſeas and fighting winds defies.
Mean-while the chief to Rome directs his way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and faſhion'd to his ſway.
There, with mock prayers, the ſuppliant vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great dictator's ſtate.
Obedient he, ſince thus their wills ordain,
A gracious tyrant condeſcends to reign.
His mighty name the joyful Faſti wear,
Worthy to uſher in the curſt Pharſalian year.
Then was the time, when ſycophants began
To heap all titles on one lordly man;
Then learn'd our ſires that fawning lying ſtrain,
Which we, their ſlaviſh ſons, ſo well retain:
Then, firſt, were ſeen to join, an ill-match'd pair,
The ax of juſtice, with the ſword of war;
Faſces, and eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud Cæſar's train promiſcuous throng.
And while all powers in him alone unite,
He mocks the people with the ſhews of right.

The

The Martian field th' aſſembling tribes receives,
And each his unregarded ſuffrage gives;
Still with the ſame ſolemnity of face,
The reverend augur ſeems to fill his place:
Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
Nor ſees the flight of the ill-boding owl.
Then ſunk the ſtate and dignity of Rome,
Thence monthly conſuls nominally come:
Juſt as the ſovereign bids, their names appear,
To head the calendar, and mark the year.
Then too, to finiſh out the pageant ſhow,
With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
By night the feſtival was huddled o'er,
Nor could the god, unworthy, aſk for more;
He who look'd on, and ſaw ſuch foul diſgrace,
Such ſlavery befall his Trojan race.
Now Cæſar, like the flame that cuts the ſkies,
And ſwifter than the vengeful tigreſs, flies
Where waſte and overgrown Apulia lies;
O'er-paſſing ſoon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brunduſium's crooked ſhores, and Cretan walls he gains.
Loud Boreas there his navy cloſe confines,
While wary ſeamen dread the wintery ſigns.
But he, th' impatient chief, diſdains to ſpare
Thoſe hours that better may be ſpent in war:
He grieves to ſee his ready fleet withheld,
While others boldly plow the watery field.
Eager to rouze their ſloth, behold, (he cries)
The conſtant wind that rules the wintery ſkies,
With what a ſettled certainty it flies!

Unlike

Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithleſs ſpring.
Nor need we now to ſhift, to tack, and veer:
Steady the friendly north commands to ſteer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blaſt
May ſwell the ſail, and bend the lofty maſt.
So, ſhall our navy ſoon be wafted o'er,
Ere yon Phæacian gallies dip the oar,
And intercept the wiſh'd-for Grecian ſhore.
Cut every cable then, and haſte away;
The waiting winds and ſeas upbraid our long delay.
Low in the weſt the ſetting ſun was laid,
Up roſe the night in glittering ſtars array'd,
And ſilver Cynthia caſt a lengthening ſhade;
When looſing from the ſhore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the ſpreading ſheet;
The ſlacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow.
Swift, for a while, they ſcud before the wind,
And leave Heſperia's leſſening ſhores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the maſt the flagging ſail:
The duller waves with ſlower heavings creep,
And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
As when the winter's potent breath conſtrains
The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains;
No more the Boſphori their ſtreams maintain,
Nor ruſhing Iſter heaves the languid main;
Each keel incloſ'd, at once forgets its courſe,
While o'er the new-made champion bounds the horſe:

Bold on the cryſtal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with ſounding keels the ſtable tide.
So ſtill a form th' Ionian waters take,
Dull as the muddy marſh and ſtanding lake:
No breezes o'er the curling ſurface paſs,
Nor ſun-beams tremble in the liquid glaſs;
No uſual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows:
But ſluggiſh ocean ſleeps in ſtupid peace,
And weary nature's motions ſeem to ceaſe.
With differing eyes the hoſtile fleets beheld
The falling winds, and uſeleſs watery field.
There Pompey's daring powers attempt in vain
To plow their paſſage through th' unyielding main;
While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæſar's legions here
The dire diſtreſs of meagre famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the ſkies,
That waves may daſh, and mounting billows riſe;
That ſtorms may with returning fury reign,
And the rude ocean be itſelf again.
At length the ſtill, the ſluggiſh darkneſs fled,
And cloudy morning rear'd its louring head.
The rolling flood the gliding navy bore,
And hills appear'd to paſs upon the ſhore.
Attending breezes waft them to the land,
And Cæſar's anchors bite Palæſte's ſtrand.
In neighbouring camps the hoſtile chiefs ſit down,
Where Genuſus the ſwift, and Apſus run;
Among th' ignobler croud of rivers, theſe
Soon loſe their waters in the mingling ſeas:

No mighty ſtreams nor diſtant ſprings they know,
But riſe from muddy lakes, and melting ſnow.
Here meet the rivals who the world divide,
Once by the tendereſt bands of kindred ty'd.
The world with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a ſingle field.
Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe,
Whene'er they come thus near, they muſt forgive.
Vain hopes! for ſoon they part to meet no more,
Till both ſhall reach the curſt Ægyptian ſhore;
Till the proud father ſhall in arms ſucceed,
And ſee his vanquiſh'd ſon untimely bleed;
Till he beholds his aſhes on the ſtrand,
Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
Till Pompey's fate ſhall Cæſar's tears demand.
The latter yet his eager rage reſtrains,
While Antony the lingering troops detains.
Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
Impatient Cæſar often chides his ſtay,
Oft he is heard to threat, and humbly oft to pray.
Still ſhall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wilt thou ſtop the gods, and hinder fate?
What could be done before, was done by me:
Now ready fortune only ſtays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do rocks thy courſe withſtand?
Or Libyan Syrts oppoſe their faithleſs ſtrand?
Or doſt thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I paſs'd before.
For all thoſe hours thou loſeſt, I complain,
And ſue to heaven for proſperous winds in vain.

My

My ſoldiers (often has their faith been try'd)
If not withheld, had haſten'd to my ſide.
What toil, what hazards will they not partake?
What ſeas and ſhipwrecks ſcorn, for Cæſar's ſake?
Nor will I think the gods ſo partial are,
To give thee fair Auſonia for thy ſhare;
While Cæſar, and the ſenate, are forgot,
And in Epirus bound their barren lot.

In words like theſe, he calls him oft in vain,
And thus the haſty miſſives oft complain.
At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vaſt ſucceſs his raſher darings crown'd;
Who ſaw how much the favouring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious ſtay,
Reſolves by night to prove the doubtful way:
Bold, in a ſingle ſkiff, he means to go,
And tempt thoſe ſeas that navies dare not plow.

'Twas now the time when cares and labour ceaſe,
And ev'n the rage of arms was huſh'd to peace:
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
And ſlept the ſounder for the painful day.
Through the ſtill camp the night's third hour reſounds,
And warns the ſecond watches to their rounds;
When through the horrors of the murky ſhade,
Secret the careful warriors footſteps tread.
His train, unknowing, ſlept within his tent,
And fortune only follow'd where he went.
With ſilent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The ſleepy ſentinels beſtrew the ground:

Yet, unreproving, now, he paſs'd them o'er,
And ſought with eager haſte the winding ſhore.
There through the gloom, his ſearching eyes explor'd,
Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty maſter of this little boat,
Securely ſlept within a neighbouring cot:
No maſſy beams ſupport his humble hall,
But reeds and marſhy ruſhes wove the wall;
Old ſhatter'd planking for a roof was ſpread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy ſhed.
Thrice on the feeble door the warrior ſtruck,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling ſhook.
What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
Driven by the raging ſeas, and ſtormy ſkies,
To my poor lowly roof for ſhelter flies?
He ſpoke; and haſty left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and withering ſea-weed ſpread.
Then from the hearth the ſmoking match he takes,
And in the tow the drouſy fire awakes;
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he ſupplies,
Till kindling ſparks and glittering flames ariſe.
Oh happy poverty! thou greateſt good,
Beſtow'd by heaven, but ſeldom underſtood!
Here nor the cruel ſpoiler ſeeks his prey,
Nor ruthleſs armies take their dreadful way:
Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and ſound thy ſleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great,
Where gods and godlike princes chooſe their ſeat;
See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
Nor ſtarts, though Cæſar's call commands to riſe.

What

What terrors had you felt, that call to hear!
How had your towers and ramparts ſhook with fear,
And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader ſaid)
Beyond thy hopes, or wiſhes, to be paid;
If in this inſtant hour thou waft me o'er,
With ſpeedy haſte, to yon Heſperian ſhore.
No more ſhall want thy weary hand conſtrain,
To work thy bark upon the boiſterous main:
Henceforth good days and plenty ſhall betide;
The gods and I will for thy age provide.
A glorious change attends thy low eſtate,
Sudden and mighty riches round the wait;
Be wiſe, and uſe the lucky hour of fate.
Thus he; and though in humble veſtments dreſs'd,
Spite of himſelf, his words his power expreſs'd,
And Cæſar in his bounty ſtood confeſs'd.
To him the wary pilot thus replies:
A thouſand omens threaten from the ſkies;
A thouſand boding ſigns my ſoul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the ſeas by night.
In clouds the ſetting ſun obſcur'd his head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy weſt with red:
Now north, now ſouth, he ſhot his parted beams,
And tipp'd the ſullen black with golden gleams:
Pale ſhone his middle orb with faintiſh rays,
And ſuffer'd mortal eyes at eaſe to gaze.
Nor roſe the ſilver queen of night ſerene,
Supine and dull her blunted horns were ſeen,
With foggy ſtains and cloudy blots between.

Dreadful awhile ſhe ſhone all fiery red,
Then ſicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.
Nor leſs I fear from that hoarſe hollow roar,
In leafy groves, and on the ſounding ſhore.
In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
And thwart, and run acroſs, and mix their way.
The cormorants the watery deep forſake,
And ſoaring herns avoid the plaſhy lake;
While, waddling on the margin of the main,
The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if ſome great enterprize demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
My venturous bark the troubled deep ſhall try,
To thy wiſh'd port her plunging prow ſhall ply,
Unleſs the ſeas reſolve to beat us by.
He ſpoke; and ſpread his canvas to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the ſhore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they paſt,
Long trails of light the ſhooting meteors caſt;
Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion ſeem,
Shake through the blaſt, and dart a quivering beam;
Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
While loud and louder murmuring winds ariſe,
And growl from every quarter of the ſkies.
When thus the trembling maſter, pale with fear,
Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare;
My art is at a loſs; the various tide
Beats my unſtable bark on every ſide:
From the north-weſt the ſetting current ſwells,
While ſouthern ſtorms the driving rack foretels.

Howe'er

Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is loſt,
Nor can one relick of our wreck be toſt
By winds, like theſe, on fair Heſperia's coaſt.
Our only means of ſafety is to yield,
And meaſure back with haſte the foamy field;
To give our unſucceſsful labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring ſhore.
But Cæſar, ſtill ſuperior to diſtreſs,
Fearleſs, and confident of ſure ſucceſs,
Thus to the pilot loud—The ſeas deſpiſe,
And the vain threatening of the noiſy ſkies.
Though gods deny thee yon Auſonian ſtrand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cauſe thy fears,
Thou know'ſt not what a freight thy veſſel bears;
Thou know'ſt not I am he, to whom 'tis given
Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.
Let winds, and ſeas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waſte upon themſelves their empty rage;
A ſtronger, mightier Dæmon is thy friend,
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæſar's fate depend.
Thou ſtand'ſt amaz'd to view this dreadful ſcene;
And wonder'ſt what the gods and fortune mean!
But artfully their bounties thus they raiſe,
And from my dangers arrogate new praiſe;
Amidſt the fears of death they bid me live,
And ſtill inhance what they are ſure to give.
Then leave yon ſhore behind with all thy haſte,
Nor ſhall this idle fury longer laſt.

Thy keel auſpicious ſhall the ſtorm appeaſe,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer ſeas,
And reach Brunduſium's ſafer port with eaſe.
Nor can the gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they muſt beſtow.
Thus while in vaunting words the leader ſpoke;
Full on his bark the thundering tempeſt ſtruck;
Off rips the rending canvas from the maſt,
And whirling flits before the driving blaſt;
In every joint the groaning alder ſounds,
And gapes wide-opening with a thouſand wounds.
Now, riſing all at once, and unconfin'd,
From every quarter roars the ruſhing wind:
Firſt from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed,
Tempeſtuous Corus rears his dreadful head;
Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the north-eaſt encountering fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffeted the yielding tide.
The curling ſurges loud conflicting meet,
Daſh their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian ſtrand,
Plows up the waves, and ſcoops the loweſt ſand.
Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor ſhowery Notus in th' Æolian cell;
But each from every ſide, his power to boaſt,
Rang'd his proud forces, to defend his coaſt.
Equal in might, alike they ſtrive in vain,
While in the midſt the ſeas unmov'd remain:
In leſſer wars they yield to ſtormy heaven,
captive waves to other deeps are driven;

The

The Tyrrhene billows daſh Ægean ſhores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
How then muſt earth the ſwelling ocean dread,
When floods ran higher than each mountain's head!
Subject and low the trembling beldame lay,
And gave herſelf for loſt, the conquering water's prey.
What other worlds, what ſeas unknown before,
Then drove their billows on our beaten ſhore!
What diſtant deeps, their prodigies to boaſt,
Heav'd their huge monſters on th' Auſonian coaſt!
So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world:
New wrath, the god, new puniſhment diſplay'd
And call'd his watery brother to his aid:
Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
And bade his floods no longer ſtand confin'd;
At once the ſurges o'er the nations riſe,
And ſeas are only bounded by the ſkies.
Such now the ſpreading deluge had been ſeen,
Had not th' Almighty Ruler ſtood between;
Proud waves the cloud-compelling fire obey'd,
Confeſs'd his hand ſuppreſſing, and were ſtay'd.
Nor was that gloom the common ſhade of night,
The friendly darkneſs, that relieves the light;
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell:
So thick the mingling ſeas and clouds were hung,
Scarce could the ſtruggling lightning gleam along.
Through nature's frame the dire convulſion ſtruck,
Heaven groan'd, the labouring pole and axis ſhook.

Uproar,

Uproar, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
And broke the ſacred elemental chain:
Black fiends, unhallow'd, fought the bleſt abodes,
Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods.
One only hope, when every other fail'd,
With Cæſar, and with nature's ſelf, prevail'd;
The ſtorm that fought their ruin, prov'd them ſtrong,
Nor could they fall, who ſtood that ſhock ſo long.
High as Leucadia's leſſening cliffs ariſe,
On the tall billow's top the veſſel flies;
While the pale maſter, from the ſurge's brow,
With giddy eyes ſurveys the depth below.
When ſtraight the gaping main at once divides,
On naked ſands the ruſhing bark ſubſides,
And the low liquid vale the topmaſt hides.
The trembling ſhipman, all diſtraught with fear,
Forgets his courſe, and knows not how to ſteer;
No more the uſeleſs rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling ſwell, or ſhun the blow.
But, lo! the ſtorm itſelf aſſiſtance lends,
While one aſſaults, another wave defends:
This lays the ſidelong alder on the main,
And that reſtores the leaning bark again.
Obedient to the mighty winds ſhe plies,
Now ſeeks the depths, and now invades the ſkies;
There born aloft, ſhe apprehends no more,
Or ſhoaly Saſon, or Theſſalia's ſhore;
High hills ſhe dreads, and promontories now,
And fears to touch Ceraunia's airy brow.
At length the univerſal wreck appear'd,
To Cæſar's ſelf, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.

Why

Why all theſe pains, this toil of fate (he cries)
This labour of the ſeas, and earth, and ſkies?
All nature and the gods, at once alarm'd,
Againſt my little boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye Powers Divine! your will decrees
The glory of my death to theſe rude ſeas;
If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
If that, my firſt of wiſhes, you deny;
My ſoul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your providence aſſigns.
Though immature I end my glorious days,
Cut ſhort my conqueſt, and prevent new praiſe;
My life, already, ſtands the nobleſt theme,
To fill long annals of recording fame.
Far northern nations own me for their lord,
And envious factions crouch beneath my ſword;
Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
And only fills a ſecond place in Rome.
My country has my high beheſts obey'd,
And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
All ſovereignty, all honours are my own,
Conſul, dictator, I am all alone.
But thou, my only goddeſs, and my friend,
Thou, on whom all my ſecret prayers attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
Let none on earth, let none beſide thee, know
I ſunk thus poorly to the ſhades below.
Diſpoſe, ye gods! my carcaſe as you pleaſe,
Deep let it drown beneath theſe raging ſeas;
I aſk no urn my aſhes to infold,
Nor marble monuments, nor ſhrines of gold,

Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
Expect me ſtill, and think I am to come;
So ſhall my name with terror ſtill be heard,
And my return in every nation fear'd.
He ſpoke, and ſudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor ſunk again, alternate, as before,
But ruſhing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the ſhore.
Rome and his fortune were at once reſtor'd,
And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.
Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
The warriors croud, their leader to behold;
In tears, around, the murmuring legions ſtand,
And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.
What means too-daring Cæſar (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthleſs ſeas, and ſtormy ſky?
What a vile helpleſs herd had we been left,
Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy life ſo many thouſands wait,
While nations live dependent on thy fate,
While the whole world on thee, their head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to conſent to die.
And could'ſt thou not one faithful ſoldier find,
One equal to his mighty maſter's mind,
One that deſerv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling billows toſt thee on the main,
We ſlept at eaſe, unknowing of thy pain.
Were we the cauſe, oh ſhame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging ſea?
Is there a ſlave whoſe head thou hold'ſt ſo light,
Give him up to this tempeſtuous night?

While

While Cæſar, whom the ſubject earth obeys,
To ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, his ſacred ſelf betrays.
Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
And ſcatter all the laviſh gods have given?
Doſt thou the care of providence employ,
Only to ſave thee when the ſeas run high?
Auſpicious Jove thy wiſhes would promote;
Thou aſk'ſt the ſafety of a leaky boat:
He proffers thee the world's ſupreme command;
Thy hopes aſpire no farther than to land,
And caſt thy ſhipwreck on th' Heſperian ſtrand.
In kind reproaches thus they waſte the night,
Till the gray eaſt diſclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the ſun his beamy face diſplay'd,
While the tir'd ſtorm and weary waves were laid.
Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their ſails,
And catch the gently-riſing northern gales:
In fair appearance the tall veſſels glide,
The pilots, and the wind, conſpire to guide,
And waft them fitly o'er the ſmoother tide:
Decent they move, like ſome well-order'd band,
In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.
Night fell at length, the winds the ſails forſook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
So when, from Strymon's wintery banks, the cranes,
In feather'd legions, cut th' æthereal plains;
To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in juſt array:
But if ſome ruſhing ſtorm the journey croſs,
The wingy leaders all are at a loſs:

Now

Now cloſe, now looſe, the breaking ſquadrons fly,
And ſcatter in confuſion o'er the ſky.
The day return'd, with Phœbus Auſter roſe,
And hard upon the ſtraining canvas blows.
Scudding afore him ſwift the fleet he bore,
O'er-paſſing Lyſſus, to Nymphæum's ſhore;
There ſafe from northern winds, within the port they moor.
While thus united Cæſar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great deciſion near;
Sad Pompey's ſoul uneaſy thoughts infeſt,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breaſt.
To diſtant Leſbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war, the partner of his love.
Oh, who can ſpeak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderneſs, which pious lovers feel?
Who can their ſecret pangs and ſorrows tell,
With all the croud of cares that in their boſoms dwell?
See what new paſſions now the hero knows,
Now firſt he doubts ſucceſs, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the ſtrife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife.
Oft he prepares to ſpeak, but knows not how,
Knows they muſt part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off Fate from day to day.
The fleeting ſhades began to leave the ſky,
And ſlumber ſoft forſook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia preſt
Her lord, reluctant, to her ſnowy breaſt:

Wonder-

Wondering, ſhe found he ſhunn'd her juſt embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the ſudden woe, ſhe griev'd,
And ſcarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a groan, thus he: My trueſt wife,
To ſay how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expreſſes what my heart would ſhow,
Since life, alas! is grown my burden now;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæſar calls me to the fight.
Haſte then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Leſbian iſle attends thy peaceful ſeat:
Nor ſeek, oh! ſeek not to increaſe my cares,
Seek not to change my purpoſe with thy prayers;
Myſelf, in vain, the fruitleſs ſuit have try'd,
And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy diſtance will increaſe thy fear;
Ruin, if ruin comes, will ſoon be near,
Too ſoon the fatal news ſhall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with juſt and equal fires,
Nor doſt thou love as virtue's law requires;
If thoſe ſoft eyes can ev'n thy huſband bear,
Red with the ſtains of blood, and guilty war.
When horrid trumpets ſound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my ſorrows with thy charms,
And riſe to battle from theſe tender arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy abſence to the public woe.

But thou be hid, be ſafe from every fear,
While kings and nations in deſtruction ſhare:
Shun thou the cruſh of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chace me o'er the plain,
Thou ſhalt be left me ſtill, my better part,
To ſooth my cares, and heal my broken heart;
Thy open arms I ſhall be ſure to meet,
And fly with pleaſure to the dear retreat.
Stunn'd and aſtoniſh'd at the deadly ſtroke,
All ſenſe, at firſt, the matron ſad forſook.
Motion, and life, and ſpeech, at length returns,
And thus in words of heavieſt woe ſhe mourns:
No, Pompey! 'tis not that my lord is dead,
'Tis not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
But like ſome baſe plebeian I am curs'd,
And by my cruel huſband ſtand divorc'd.
But Cæſar bids us part! thy father comes!
And we muſt yield to what that tyrant dooms!
Is thy Cornelia's faith ſo poorly known,
That thou ſhould'ſt think her ſafer whilſt alone?
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
Canſt thou, inhuman, drive me from thy ſide,
And bid my ſingle head the coming ſtorm abide?
Do I not read thy purpoſe in thy eye?
Doſt thou not hope, and wiſh, ev'n now to die?
And can I then be ſafe? Yet death is free,
That laſt relief is not deny'd to me;
Though baniſh'd by thy harſh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the realms below.

Thou bidſt me with the pangs of abſence ſtrive,
And, till I hear thy certain loſs, ſurvive.
My vow'd obedience, what it can, ſhall bear;
But, oh! my heart 's a woman, and I fear.
If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care;
In diſtant climes I may prolong my woe,
And be the laſt thy victory to know.
On ſome bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
A conſtant watch thy weeping wife ſhall keep;
There from each ſail misfortune ſhall I gueſs,
And dread the bark that brings me thy ſucceſs.
Nor ſhall thoſe happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquiſh'd foe may bring new danger near;
Defenceleſs I may ſtill be made a prize,
And Cæſar ſnatch me with him, as he flies:
With eaſe my known retreat he ſhall explore,
While thy great name diſtinguiſhes the ſhore:
Soon ſhall the Leſbian exile ſtand reveal'd,
The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
But if th' o'er-ruling powers thy cauſe forſake,
Grant me this only laſt requeſt I make;
When thou ſhalt be of troops and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy ſafety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But chooſe a refuge in ſome diſtant part.
Where-e'er thy unauſpicious bark ſhall ſteer,
Thy ſad Cornelia's fatal ſhore forbear,
Since Cæſar will be ſure to ſeek thee there.
So ſaying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with ſorrow, left her holy bed:

She ſees all lingering, all delays are vain,
And ruſhes headlong to poſſeſs the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One laſt embrace from her forſaken lord.
Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
Whoſe lives had laſted long, and been ſo true,
To loſe the pleaſure of one laſt adieu.
In all the woful days that croſs'd their bliſs,
Sure never hour was known ſo ſad as this;
By what they ſuffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
They met all after-ſorrows with diſdain,
And fortune ſhot her envious ſhafts in vain.
Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
Her train officious haſten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
Support her, ſlow-deſcending o'er the ſtrand.
There, while with eager arms ſhe graſp'd the ſhore,
Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, theſe pangs, ſhe knew,
When from her native Italy ſhe flew:
Lonely, and comfortleſs, ſhe takes her flight,
Sad ſeems the day, and long the ſleepleſs night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her ſide.
When weary oft in heavineſs ſhe lies,
And dozy ſlumber ſteals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord ſhe would have preſt,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breaſt.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful ſhe lies, and reſtleſs oft ſhe turns.

She ſhuns his ſacred ſide with awful fear,
And would not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh! too ſoon the want ſhall be ſupply'd,
The gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling hours bring back her lord,
And Pompey ſhall be fatally reſtor'd.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after ſeveral marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vaſt line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after ſuffering for want of proviſions, and a very gallant reſiſtance of Scæva, a centurion of Cæſar's, at length breaks through. After this, Cæſar makes another unſucceſsful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Theſſaly: And Pompey, againſt the perſuaſion and counſel of his friends, follows him. After a deſcription of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Theſſaly; the poet takes occaſion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the ſorcereſs Erictho.

NOW, near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring height,
The Latian chiefs prepare for ſudden fight.
The rival pair ſeem hither brought by fate,
As if the gods would end the dire debate,
And here determine of the Roman ſtate.
Cæſar, intent upon his hoſtile ſon,
Demands a conqueſt here, and here alone;
Neglects what laurels captive towns muſt yield,
And ſcorns the harveſt of the Grecian field.

Im-

Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
Eager, that laſt, great chance of war he waits,
Where either's fall determines both their fates.
Thrice, on the hills, all drawn in dread array,
His threatening eagles wide their wings diſplay;
Thrice, but in vain, his hoſtile arms he ſhew'd,
His ready rage, and thirſt of Latian blood.
But when he ſaw, how cautious Pompey's care,
Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war;
Through woody paths he bent his ſecret way,
And meant to make Dyrrhachium's towers his prey.
This Pompey ſaw; and ſwiftly ſhot before,
With ſpeedy marches on the ſandy ſhore:
Till on Taulantian Petra's top he ſtay'd,
Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can boaſt;
The works of labour, and expenſive coſt.
Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
Loſt is the laviſh'd wealth, and loſt the fruitleſs pain!
What walls, what towers ſoe'er they rear ſublime,
Muſt yield to wars, or more deſtructive time;
While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortreſs made,
Where nature's hand the ſure foundation laid,
And with her ſtrength the naked town array'd,
Shall ſtand ſecure againſt the warrior's rage,
Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
Guarded, around, by ſteepy rocks it lies,
And all acceſs from land, but one, denies.

No venturous veſſel there in ſafety rides,
But foaming ſurges break, and ſwelling tides
Roll roaring on, and waſh the craiggy ſides:
Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmaſt cliff they flow,
Burſt on the lofty domes, and daſh the town below.
Here Cæſar's daring heart vaſt hopes conceives,
And high with war's vindictive pleaſures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
How, in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
With ample lines from hill to hill deſign'd.
Secret and ſwift he means the taſk to try,
And runs each diſtance over with his eye.
Vaſt heaps of ſod and verdant turf are brought,
And ſtones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
Each Grecian dwelling round the work ſupplies,
And ſudden ramparts from their ruins riſe.
With wondrous ſtrength the ſtable mound they rear,
Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
Nor hoſtile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine tear.
Through hills, reſiſtleſs, Cæſar plains his way,
And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
Here deep, beneath, the gaping trenches lie,
There forts advance their airy turrets high.
Around vaſt tracts of land the labours wind,
Wide fields and foreſts in the circle bind,
And hold as in a toil the ſavage kind.
Nor ev'n the foe too ſtrictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the plains;
The vaſt incloſure gives free leave around,
Oft to decamp, and ſhift the various ground.

Here,

Here, from far fountains, ſtreams their channels trace,
And, while they wander through the tedious ſpace,
Run many a mile their long extended race:
While ſome, quite worn and weary of the way,
Sink, and are loſt before they reach the ſea:
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf, when through the works he goes,
Tires in the midſt, and ſtops to take repoſe.
Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
Which gods alone could build, and gods deſtroy;
Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have ſeen
The labours of the Babylonian queen:
Behold this large, this ſpacious tract of ground!
Like that, which Tigris or Orontes bound;
Behold this land! that majeſty might bring,
And form a kingdom for an eaſtern king;
Behold a Latian chief this land incloſe,
Amidſt the tumult of impending foes:
He bade the walls ariſe, and as he bade they roſe.
But ah! vain pride of power! ah! fruitleſs boaſt!
Ev'n theſe, theſe mighty labours are all loſt!
A force like this what barriers could withſtand?
Seas muſt have fled, and yielded to the land;
The lovers ſhores united might have ſtood,
Spite of the Helleſpont's oppoſing flood;
While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquiſh'd Iſthmus ride,
And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide;
This power might change unwilling nature's face,
Unfix each order, and remove each place.

Here, as if clos'd within a liſt, the war
Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
To dye the Libyan and Emathian plains;
Here the whole rage of civil diſcord join'd,
Struggles for room, and ſcorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while Cæſar his firſt labours try'd,
The warlike toil by Pompey was deſcry'd.
So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
Safe from the horrid ſound, the happy ſwain
Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main.
So, northern Britons never hear the roar
Of ſeas, that break on the far Cantian ſhore.
Soon as the riſing ramparts hoſtile height,
And towers advancing, ſtruck his anxious ſight,
Sudden from Petra's ſafer camp he led,
And wide his legions on the hills diſpread;
So, Cæſar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various ſtrength defend.
His camp far o'er the large incloſure reach'd,
And guarded lines along the front were ſtretch'd;
Far as Rome's diſtance from Aricia's groves,
(Aricia which the chaſte Diana loves)
Far as from Rome old Tiber ſeeks the ſea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no ſignals for the fight prepare,
Unbidden, ſome the javelin dart from far,
And, ſkirmiſhing, provoke the lingering war.
But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs diſtreſs,
And move, the ſoldiers ardour to repreſs.

Pompey,

Pompey, with ſecret anxious thought, beheld,
How trampling hoofs the riſing graſs repell'd;
Waſte lie the ruſſet fields, the generous ſteed
Seeks on the naked ſoil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from racks of huſky ſtraw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant paſture mourns.
No more his limbs their dying load ſuſtain,
Aiming a ſtride, he falters in the ſtrain,
And ſinks a ruin on the withering plain:
Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
Diſſolve his frame, and melt the maſs away.
Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
Reek to the clouds, and hang malignant there.
From Neſis ſuch, the Stygian vapours riſe,
And with contagion taint the purer ſkies;
Such do Typhœus' ſteamy caves convey,
And breathe blue poiſons on the golden day.
Thence liquid ſtreams the mingling plague receive,
And deadly potions to the thirſty give:
To man the miſchief ſpreads, the fell diſeaſe
In fatal draughts does on his entrails ſeize.
A rugged ſcurf, all loathſom to be ſeen,
Spreads, like a bark, upon his ſilken ſkin;
Malignant flames his ſwelling eye-balls dart,
And ſeem with anguiſh from their ſeats to ſtart;
Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and viſage ſtray,
And mark, in crimſon ſtreaks, their burning way;
Low droops his head, declining from its height,
And nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
With winged haſte the ſwift deſtruction flies,
And ſcarce the ſoldier ſickens ere he dies;

Now falling crouds at once reſign their breath,
And doubly taint the noxious air with death.
Careleſs their putrid carcaſes are ſpread;
And on the earth, their dank unwholſome bed,
The living reſt in common with the dead.
Here none the laſt funereal rites receive;
To be caſt forth the camp, is all their friends can give.
At length kind heaven their ſorrows bade to ceaſe,
And ſtaid the peſtilential foe's increaſe;
Freſh breezes from the ſea begin to riſe,
While Boreas through the lazy vapour flies,
And ſweeps, with healthy wings, the rank polluted ſkies.
Arriving veſſels now their freight unload,
And furniſh plenteous harveſts from abroad:
Now ſprightly ſtrength, now chearful health, returns,
And life's fair lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
But Cæſar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the miſchief of the ſluggiſh ſky:
On hills ſublime he breathes the purer air,
And drinks no damps, nor poiſonous vapours, there.
Yet hunger keen an equal plague is found;
Famine and meagre want beſiege him round:
The fields, as yet, no hopes of harveſt wear,
Nor yellow ſtems diſcloſe the bearded ear.
The ſcatter'd vulgar ſearch around the fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields;
Some ſtrip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
And with the cattle ſhare their graſſy food.
Whate'er the ſoftening flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws, can break;

What

What fleſh, what roots, what herbs ſoe'er they get,
Though new, and ſtrange to human taſte as yet,
At once the greedy ſoldiers ſeize and eat.
What want, what pain ſoe'er they undergo,
Still they perſiſt in arms, and cloſe beſet the foe.
At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the bounds of one appointed field,
O'er every bar which might his paſſage ſtay,
Pompey reſolves to force his warlike way;
Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead,
And give his looſen'd legions room to ſpread.
Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
Nor ſteals a paſſage, nor declines the fight;
But bravely dares, diſdainful of the foe,
Through the proud towers and ramparts breach to go,
Where ſhining ſpears, and creſted helms are ſeen,
Embattled thick to guard the walls within;
Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
There Pompey marks a paſſage for his ſword.
Near to the camp a woody thicket lay,
Cloſe was the ſhade, nor did the greenſward way,
With ſmoky clouds of duſt, the march betray.
Hence, ſudden they appear in dread array,
Sudden their wide-extended ranks diſplay;
At once the foe beholds with wondering eyes,
Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles riſe;
At once the warriors ſhouts and trumpet-ſounds ſurpriſe.
Scarce was the ſword's deſtruction needful here,
So ſwiftly ran before preventing fear;

Some

Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant ſome
Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
Where-e'er they ſtood, now ſcatter'd lie the ſlain,
Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
And clouds of flying javelins fall in vain.
Here ſwift conſuming flames the victors throw,
And here the ram impetuous aims a blow;
Aloft the nodding turrets feel the ſtroke,
And the vaſt rampart groans beneath the ſhock.
And now propitious fortune ſeem'd to doom
Freedom and peace, to Pompey, and to Rome;
High o'er the vanquiſh'd works his eagles tower,
And vindicate the world from Cæſar's power.
But (what nor Cæſar, nor his fortune cou'd)
What not ten thouſand warlike hands withſtood,
Scæva reſiſts alone; repels the force,
And ſtops the rapid victor in his courſe.
Scæva! a name erewhile to fame unknown,
And firſt diſtinguiſh'd on the Gallic Rhone;
There ſeen in hardy deeds of arms to ſhine,
He reach'd the honours of the Latian vine.
Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil
The dictates of a lawleſs tyrant's will;
Nor virtue's love, nor reaſon's laws he knew,
But, careleſs of the right, for hire his ſword he drew.
Thus courage by an impious cauſe is curſt,
And he that is the braveſt, is the worſt.
Soon as he ſaw his fellows ſhun the fight,
And ſeek their ſafety in ignoble flight,

Whence

Whence does, he ſaid, this coward's terror grow,
This ſhame, unknown to Cæſar's arms till now?
Can you, ye ſlaviſh herd, thus tamely yield?
Thus fly, unwounded, from the bloody field?
Behold, where pil'd in ſlaughter'd heaps on high,
Firm to the laſt, your brave companions lie;
Then bluſh to think what wretched lives you ſave,
From what renown you fly, from what a glorious grave.
Though ſacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
Let rage, let indignation, keep you here.
We! we the weakeſt, from the reſt are choſe,
To yield a paſſage to our ſcornful foes!
Yet, Pompey, yet, thou ſhalt be yet withſtood,
And ſtain thy victor's laurel deep in blood.
With pride, 'tis true, with joy I ſhould have dy'd,
If haply I had fall'n by Cæſar's ſide;
But fortune has the noble death deny'd.
Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame ſhalt wait,
Do thou be witneſs, and applaud my fate.
Now puſh we on, diſdain we now to fear,
A thouſand wounds let every boſom bear,
Till the keen ſword be blunt, be broke the pointed ſpear.
And ſee the clouds of duſty battle riſe!
Hark how the ſhout runs rattling through the ſkies!
The diſtant legions catch the ſounds from far,
And Cæſar liſtens to the thundering war,
He comes, he comes, yet ere his ſoldier dies,
Like lightning ſwift the winged warrior flies:
Haſte then to death, to conqueſt haſte away;
Well do we fall, for Cæſar wins the day.

He

He ſpoke, and ſtraight, as at the trumpet's ſound,
Rekindled warmth in every breaſt was found;
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow-ſoldier's fate,
To ſee if haply virtue might prevail,
And, ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than greatly fail.
High on the tottering wall he rears his head,
With ſlaughter'd carcaſes around him ſpread;
With nervous arms uplifting theſe he throws,
Theſe rolls oppreſſive, on aſcending foes.
Each where materials for his fury lie,
And all the ready ruins arms ſupply:
Even his fierce ſelf he ſeems to aim below,
Headlong to ſhoot, and dying dart a blow.
Now his tough ſtaff repels the fierce attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold aſſailants back:
Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcaſe falls,
Whilſt the clench'd fingers gripe the topmoſt walls:
Here ſtones he heaves; the maſs deſcending full,
Cruſhes the brain, and ſhivers the frail ſcull.
Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the flames hiſs in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimſon drown'd.
And now the ſwelling heaps of ſlaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortreſs roſe;
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he ſprung,
And ſhot himſelf amidſt the hoſtile throng.
So daring, fierce with rage, ſo void of fear,
Bounds forth the ſpotted pard, and ſcorns the hunter's ſpear.

The

The cloſing ranks the warrior ſtraight enfold,
And, compaſs'd in their ſteely circle, hold.
Undaunted ſtill, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and every where o'ercomes;
Till, clogg'd with blood, his ſword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful maſter's will;
Edgeleſs it falls, and though it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruiſes ſore.
Mean time, on him, the crouding war is bent,
And darts from every hand, to him are ſent:
It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel ſport ordain'd the fight;
A wondrous match of war ſhe ſeem'd to make,
Her thouſands here, and there her one to ſtake;
As if on nightly terms in liſts they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.
A thouſand darts upon his buckler ring,
A thouſand javelins round his temples ſing;
Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His ſteely helm is inward taught to bow.
The miſſive arms, fix'd all around, he wears,
And ev'n his ſafety in his wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of ſpears.
Ceaſe, ye Pompeian warriors! ceaſe the ſtrife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this ſingle life;
Your darts, your idle javelins caſt aſide,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide:
The forceful rams reſiſtleſs horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vaſt machines of war;

Let

Let dreadful flames, let maſſy rocks be thrown,
With engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this Cæſar's ſoldier, like a town.
At length, his fate diſdaining to delay,
He hurls his ſhield's neglected aid away,
Reſolves no part whate'er from death to hide,
But ſtands unguarded now on every ſide.
Incumber'd ſore with many a painful wound,
Tardy and ſtiff he treads the hoſtile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the croud ſurvey,
Mark where to fix, and ſingle out the prey.
Such, by Getulian hunters compaſs'd in,
The vaſt unwieldy elephant is ſeen:
All cover'd with a ſteely ſhower from far,
Rouzing he ſhakes, and ſheds the ſcatter'd war;
In vain the diſtant troops the fight renew,
And with freſh rage the ſtubborn foe purſue;
Unconquer'd ſtill the mighty ſavage ſtands,
And ſcorns the malice of a thouſand hands.
Not all the wounds a thouſand darts can make,
Though all find place, a ſingle life can take.
When lo! addreſt with ſome ſucceſsful vow,
A ſhaft, ſure flying from a Cretan bow,
Beneath the warrior's brow was ſeen to light,
And ſunk, deep piercing the left orb of ſight.
But he (ſo rage inſpir'd, and mad diſdain)
Remorſeleſs fell, and ſenſeleſs of the pain,
Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
With ſtringy nerves beſmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And ſtamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.

annonian woods the growling bear,
k'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's ſpear,
n her wound, runs madding round with pain,
:ches at the flying ſhaft in vain.
rom his eyeleſs hollow ran the blood,
leous o'er his mangled viſage flow'd;
'd each awful, each ſeverer grace,
l'd the manly terrors of his face.
tors raiſe their joyful voices high,
:h loud triumph ſtrike the vaulted ſky:
ar thus a general joy had ſpread,
Cæſar's ſelf like Scæva thus had bled.
', the wounded ſoldier, in his breaſt,
ng indignation deep repreſt,
s, in humble vein, his haughty foes addreſt:
your rage, ye Romans, ceaſe, he ſaid,
d your fellow-citizen your aid;
: your darts nor uſeleſs javelins try
which I bear, will deaths enow ſupply,
rth your weapons, and behold I die.
r bear me hence, and let me meet
m beneath the mighty Pompey's feet:
great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis true,
nounce that glorious fate for you.
uld I yet prolong this vital breath,
it even Cæſar, ſo I fly from death.
vretched Aulus liſten'd to the wile,
nd greedy of the future ſpoil;
ng fondly on, with heedleſs eaſe,
ght the captive and his arms to ſeize,

When, ere he was aware, his thundering ſword
Deep in his throat the ready Scæva gor'd.
Warm'd with the ſlaughter, with freſh rage he burns,
And vigour with the new ſucceſs returns.
So may they fall (he ſaid) by juſt deceit,
Such be their fate, ſuch as this fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquiſh'd yet!
If you would ſtop the vengeance of my ſword,
From Cæſar's mercy be your peace implor'd,
There let your leader kneel, and humbly own his lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, me
Baſe, like yourſelves, and fond of life to be!
But know, not all the names which grace your cauſe,
Your reverend ſenate, and your boaſted laws,
Not Pompey's ſelf, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like death to Scæva, dear.
Thus while he ſpoke, a riſing duſt betray'd
Cæſarian legions marching to his aid.
Now Pompey's troops with prudence ſeem to yield,
And to increaſing numbers quit the field;
Diſſembling ſhame, they hide their foul defeat,
Nor vanquiſh'd by a ſingle arm retreat.
Then fell the warrior, for till then he ſtood;
His manly mind ſupply'd the want of blood.
It ſeem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
And courage to oppoſe, from oppoſition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell.
Straight with officious haſte his friends draw near,
nd, raiſing, joy the noble load to bear:

To

To reverence and religious awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
That god within his mangled breaſt inſhrin'd.
The wounding weapons, ſtain'd with Scæva's blood,
Like ſacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from every part with care,
And kept to dreſs the naked God of War.
Oh! happy ſoldier, had thy worth been try'd,
In pious daring, on thy country's ſide!
Oh! had thy ſword Iberian battles known,
Or purple with Cantabrian ſlaughter grown;
How had thy name in deathleſs annals ſhone!
But now no Roman Pæan ſhalt thou ſing,
Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,
Nor loudly bleſt in ſolemn pomp ſhalt move,
Through crouding ſtreets, to Capitolian Jove,
The laws defender, and the people's love:
Oh, hapleſs victor thou! oh, vainly brave!
How haſt thou fought, to make thyſelf a ſlave!
Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
Nor reſts encompaſs'd round by Cæſar's lines;
Once more he means to force his warlike way,
And yet retrieve the fortune of the day.
So when fierce winds with angry ocean ſtrive,
Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
Stable awhile the lofty mounds abide,
Check the proud ſurge, and ſtay the ſwelling tide:
Yet reſtleſs ſtill the waves unweary'd roll,
Work underneath at length, and ſap the ſinking mole.
With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
Where to the ſhore the jutting wall extends;

There proves, by land and ſea, his various might,
And wins his paſſage by the double fight.
Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
And their cloſe camp for freer fields exchange.
So, rais'd by melting ſtreams of Alpine ſnow,
Beyond his utmoſt margin ſwells the Po,
And looſely lets the ſpreading deluge flow:
Where-e'er the weaker banks oppreſt retreat,
And ſink beneath the heapy waters weight,
Forth guſhing at the breach, they burſt their way,
And waſteful o'er the drowned country ſtray:
Far diſtant fields and meads they wander o'er,
And viſit lands they never knew before;
Here, from its ſeat the mouldering earth is torn,
And by the flood to other maſters borne;
While gathering, there, it heaps the growing ſoil,
And loads the peaſant with his neighbour's ſpoil.
Soon as aſcending high, a riſing flame,
To Cæſar's ſight, the combat's ſignal, came,
Swift to the place approaching near, he found
The ruin ſcatter'd by the victor round,
And his proud labours humbled to the ground.
Thence to the hoſtile camp his eyes he turns,
Where for their peace, and ſleep ſecure, he mourns,
With rancorous deſpite, and envious anguiſh, burns.
At length reſolv'd (ſo rage inſpir'd his breaſt)
He means to break the happy victor's reſt;
Once more to kindle up the fatal ſtrife,
And daſh their joys with hazard of his life.
Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way,
(Torquatus near a neighbouring caſtle lay)

But he, by prudent caution taught to yield,
Truſts to his walls, and quits the open field;
There, ſafe within himſelf, he ſtands his ground,
And lines the guarded rampart ſtrongly round.
So when the ſeamen from afar deſcry
The clouds grow black upon the lowering ſky,
Hear the winds roar, and mark the ſeas run high,
They furl the fluttering ſheet with timely care,
And wiſely for the coming ſtorm prepare.
But now the victor, with reſiſtleſs haſte,
Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had paſt;
When ſwift deſcending from the riſing grounds,
Pompey with lengthening files the foe ſurrounds.
As when in Ætna's hollow caves below,
Round the vaſt furnace kindling whirlwinds blow;
Rouz'd in his baleful bower the giant roars,
And with a burſt the burning deluge pours;
Then pale with horror ſhrieks the ſhuddering ſwain,
To ſee the fiery ruin ſpread the plain.
Nor with leſs horror Cæſar's bands behold
Huge hoſtile duſty clouds their rear infold;
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to ſhun,
Blind with their fear, full on their fates they run.
Well, on that day, the world repoſe had gain'd,
And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious chief the rage of war reſtrain'd.
Oh, Rome! how free, how happy hadſt thou been!
Thy own great miſtreſs, and the nations queen!
Had Sylla, then, thy great avenger ſtood,
And dy'd his thirſty ſword in traitors blood.

But, oh! for ever ſhalt thou now bemoan
The two extremes, by which thou wert undone,
The ruthleſs father, and too tender ſon.
With fatal pity, Pompey, haſt thou ſpar'd,
And given the blackeſt crime the beſt reward:
How had that one, one happy day, withheld
The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!
The Pharian Nile had known no crime more great
Than ſome vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
Nor Afric, then, nor Juba, had bemoan'd,
Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghoſts aton'd;
Cato had, for his country's good, ſurviv'd,
And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
And Fate had undecreed Pharſalia's plain.
But Cæſar, weary of th' unlucky land,
Swift to Æmathia leads his ſhatter'd band;
While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wiſe,
To quit the baffled foe's purſuit adviſe.
To Italy they point his open way,
And bid him make the willing land his prey.
Oh! never, (he replies) ſhall Pompey come,
Like Cæſar arm'd, and terrible to Rome;
Nor need I from thoſe ſacred walls have fled,
Could I have borne our ſtreets with ſlaughter red,
And ſeen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead.
Much rather let me pine in Scythia's froſt,
Or burn on ſwarthy Libya's ſultry coaſt;
No clime, no diſtant region, is too far,
Where I can baniſh, with me, fatal war.

I fled,

I fled, to bid my country's ſorrows ceaſe;
And ſhall my victories invade her peace?
Let her but ſafe and free from arms remain,
And Cæſar ſtill ſhall think ſhe wears his chain.
He ſpoke, and eaſtward ſought the foreſt wide,
That riſing clothes Candavia's ſhady ſide;
Thence to Æmathia took his deſtin'd way,
Reſerv'd by fate for the deciding day.
Where Eurus blows, and wintery ſuns ariſe,
Theſſalia's boundary proud Oſſa lies;
But when the god protracts the longer day,
Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
Where through the Lion's fiery ſign he flies,
Othrys his leafy groves for ſhades ſupplies.
On Pindus ſtrikes the fady weſtern light,
When glittering Veſper leads the ſtarry night.
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle ſpace, a valley low depreſs'd,
Once a wide, lazy, ſtanding lake poſſeſs'd;
While growing ſtill the heapy waters ſtood,
Nor down through Tempe ran the ruſhing flood:
But when Alcides to the taſk apply'd,
And cleft a paſſage through the mountains wide;
Guſhing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
While Nereus groan'd beneath th' increaſing load.
Then roſe (oh, that it ſtill a lake had lain!)
Above the waves Pharſalia's fatal plain,
Once ſubject to the great Achilles' reign.
Then Phylace was built, whoſe warriors boaſt
Their chief firſt landed on the Trojan coaſt;

Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion, for the Muſes' wrath renown'd:
Then Trachin high, and Melibœa ſtood,
Where Hercules his fatal ſhafts beſtow'd;
Lariſſa ſtrong aroſe, and Argos, now
A plain, ſubmitted to the labouring plow.
Here ſtood the town, if there be truth in fame,
That from Bœotian Thebes receiv'd its name.
Here ſad Agave's wandering ſenſe return'd,
Here for her murder'd ſon the mother mourn'd;
With ſtreaming tears ſhe waſh'd his ghaſtly head
And on the funeral pile the precious relick laid.
The guſhing waters various ſoon divide,
And every river rules a ſeparate tide;
The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood,
Evenos bluſhes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with th' Ionian ſea,
While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
And in hoarſe murmurs his loſt daughter calls.
Thick Acheloüs rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbour iſles he laves;
While pure Amphryſus winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed
Oft on the banks he ſat a ſhepherd ſwain,
And watch'd his charge upon the graſſy plain.
Swift to the main his courſe Sperchios bends,
And, ſounding, to the Malian gulph deſcends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
No dewy miſts, nor fleecy clouds ariſe.

Here Phœnix, Melas, and Aſopus run,
And ſtrong Apidanus drives ſlow Enipeus on.
A thouſand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mix'd, and loſt in Peneus' nobler name:
Bold Titareſus ſcorns his rule, alone,
And, join'd to Peneus, ſtill himſelf is known:
As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll, unmingling, a ſuperior tide.
'Tis ſaid, through ſecret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth:
Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
He ſcorns to mingle with a mean ally.
When riſing grounds unrear'd at length their heads,
And rivers ſhrunk within their oozy beds;
Bebrycians firſt are ſaid, with early care,
In furrows deep to ſink the ſhining ſhare.
The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
And Dolopes, invade the mellow ſoil.
To theſe the bold Æolidæ ſucceed,
Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery ſteed,
And Minyæ, to explore the deep, decreed.
Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace,
The mother Cloud diſclos'd the Centaurs' race:
In Pelethronian caves ſhe brought them forth,
And fill'd the land with many a monſtrous birth.
Here dreadful Monychus firſt ſaw the light;
And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
Here talleſt trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
Which baffled ſtorms had try'd in vain before.
Here Pholus, of a gentler human breaſt,
Receiv'd the great Alcides for his gueſt.

Here,

Here, with brute-fury, luſtful Neſſus try'd
To violate the hero's beauteous bride,
'Tis juſtly by the fatal ſhaft he dy'd.
This parent land the pious leach confeſt,
Chiron, of all the double race the beſt:
'Midſt golden ſtars he ſtands refulgent now,
And threats the ſcorpion with his bended bow.
Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
And form'd the firſt Theſſalians fierce and bold:
Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent ſtroke,
Omen of war, the neighing courſer broke;
Here, taught by ſkilful riders to ſubmit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit.
From fair Theſſalia's Pegaſæan ſhore,
The firſt bold pine the daring warriors bore,
And taught the ſons of earth wide oceans to explore.
Here, when Itonus held the regal ſeat,
The ſtubborn ſteel he firſt ſubdued with heat,
And the tough bars on ſounding anvils beat:
In furnaces he ran the liquid braſs,
And caſt in curious works the molten maſs.
He taught the ruder artiſt to refine,
Explor'd the ſilver and the golden mine,
And ſtamp'd the coſtly metal into coin.
From that old æra avarice was known,
Then all the deadly ſeeds of war were ſown;
Wide o'er the world, by tale, the miſchief ran,
And thoſe curſt pieces were the bane of man.
Huge Python, here, in many a ſcaly fold,
To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd:

', Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
aurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.
proud Alæus durſt the gods defy,
aught his impious brood to ſcale the ſky:
: mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
heaven's bright orbs, and ſtop the circling ſphere.
this curſt land, by Fate's appointed doom,
one conſent the warring leaders come;
camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear,
: the terrible event ſo near.
', and but a few, with ſouls ſerene,
the diſcloſing of the dubious ſcene.
extus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
hem was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
ith unworthy of the hero's race,
orn to be his nobler ſire's diſgrace.
ay ſhall come, when this inglorious ſon
tain the trophies all by Pompey won:
f, and ſpoiler, ſhall he live confeſs'd,
ct thoſe wrongs his father's arm redreſs'd.
with a coward's fond impatience now,
es into that fate he fears to know;
eks he, with religious vows, to move
elphic Tripod, or Dodonian Jove;
eſtly Augur's arts employs his cares,
abylonian ſeers, who read the ſtars;
: by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
ıy juſt, though ſecret, rites inquires;
rrid altars, and infernal powers,
ıyſteries of magic he explores,
s high heaven and gracious Jove abhors.

He

He thinks, 'tis little thoſe above can know,
And ſeeks accurſt aſſiſtance from below.
The place itſelf the impious means ſupplies,
While near Hæmonian hags incamp'd he lies:
All dreadful deeds, all monſtrous forms of old,
By fear invented, and by falſehood told,
Whate'er tranſcends belief, and reaſon's view,
Their art can furniſh, and their power makes true.
The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly uſe:
With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,
And liſtening rocks attend the charmer's ſong.
There, potent and myſterious plants ariſe,
Plants that compel the gods, and awe the ſkies;
There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
Such as her native Colchos never knew.
Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice aſcends,
Through the whole vaſt expanſe, each power attends;
Ev'n all thoſe ſullen deities, who know
No care of heaven above, or earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' Aſſyrian then, in vain,
And Memphian prieſts, their local gods detain;
From every altar looſe at once they fly,
And with the ſtronger foreign call comply.
The coldeſt hearts Theſſalian numbers warm,
And ruthleſs boſoms own the potent charm;
With monſtrous power they rouze perverſe deſire,
And kindle into luſt the wintery fire:
Where noxious cups, and poiſonous philtres fail,
More potent ſpells and myſtic verſe prevail.

No

No draughts ſo ſtrong the knots of love prepare,
Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
Oft, ſullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
Melt, as the thread runs on, and ſighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
Whene'er the proud inchantreſs gives command,
Eternal motion ſtops her active hand;
No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
But univerſal nature ſtands foredone:
The lazy god of day forgets to riſe,
And everlaſting night pollutes the ſkies.
Jove wonders, to behold her ſhake the pole,
And, unconſenting, hears his thunders roll.
Now, with a word, ſhe hides the ſun's bright face,
And blots the wide æthereal azure ſpace:
Looſely, anon, ſhe ſhakes her flowing hair,
And ſtraight the ſtormy lowering heavens are fair:
At once, ſhe calls the golden light again,
The clouds fly ſwift away, and ſtops the drizly rain.
In ſtilleſt calms, ſhe bids the waves run high,
And ſmooths the deep, though Boreas ſhakes the ſky;
When winds are huſh'd, her potent breath prevails,
Wafts on the bark, and fills the flagging ſails.
Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
And torrents from the rock ſuſpended hung.
No more the Nile his wonted ſeaſons knows,
And in a line the ſtraight Mæander flows.
Arar has ruſh'd with headlong waters down,
And driven unwillingly the ſluggiſh Rhone.

Huge

Huge mountains have been level'd with the plain,
And far from heaven has tall Olympus lain.
Riphæan cryſtal has been known to melt,
And Scythian ſnows a ſudden ſummer felt.
No longer preſt by Cynthia's moiſter beam,
Alternate Tethys heaves her ſwelling ſtream;
By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
But ſhun the margin of the guarded ſhore.
The ponderous earth, by magic numbers ſtruck,
Down to her inmoſt centre deep has ſhook;
Then rending with a yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper, and the nether day;
While wondering eyes, the dreadful cleft between,
Another ſtarry firmament have ſeen.
Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire hags, and execute their will.
Lions, to them, their nobler rage ſubmit,
And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet;
For them, the ſnake foregoes her wintery hold,
And on the hoary froſt untwines her fold:
The poiſonous race they ſtrike with ſtronger death,
And blaſted vipers die by human breath.
What law the heavenly natures thus conſtrains,
And binds ev'n godheads in reſiſtleſs chains?
What wondrous power do charms and herbs imply,
And force them thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command them to obey?
Does choice incline, or awful terror ſway?
Do ſecret rites their deities atone,
Or myſtic piety to man unknown?

Do

Do ſtrong enchantments all immortals brave?
Or is there one determin'd god their ſlave?
One, whoſe command obedient nature awes,
Who, ſubject ſtill himſelf to magic laws,
Acts only as a ſervile ſecond cauſe?
Magic the ſtarry lamps from heaven can tear,
And ſhoot them gleaming through the duſky air;
Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance ſerene,
And poiſon with foul ſpells the ſilver queen:
Now pale the ghaſtly goddeſs ſhrinks with dread,
And now black ſmoky fires involve her head;
As when earth's envious interpoſing ſhade,
Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid:
Held by the charming ſong, ſhe ſtrives in vain,
And labours with the long purſuing pain;
Till down, and downward ſtill, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd herbs ſhe ſheds her fatal foam.
But theſe, as arts too gentle, and too good,
Nor yet with death, or guilt enough embrued,
With haughty ſcorn the fierce Erictho view'd.
New miſchief ſhe, new monſters durſt explore,
And dealt in horrors never known before.
From towns and hoſpitable roofs ſhe flies,
And every dwelling of mankind defies;
Through unfrequented deſerts lonely roams,
Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.
Spite of all laws, which heaven or nature know,
The rule of gods above, and man below;
Grateful to hell the living hag deſcends,
And ſits in black aſſemblies of the fiends.

Dark

Dark matted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathſome burden grow:
Ghaſtly, and frightful-pale her face is ſeen,
Unknown to chearful day, and ſkies ſerene:
But when the ſtars are veil'd, when ſtorms ariſ
And the blue forky flame at midnight flies,
Then, forth from graves, ſhe takes her wicked
And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they pl
Where-e'er ſhe breathes, blue poiſons roun
ſpread,
The withering graſs avows her fatal tread,
And drooping Ceres hangs her blaſted head.
Nor holy rites, nor ſuppliant prayer ſhe knows
Nor ſeeks the gods with ſacrifice, or vows:
Whate'er ſhe offers is the ſpoil of urns,
And funeral fire upon her altars burns;
Nor needs ſhe ſend a ſecond voice on high,
Scar'd at the firſt, the trembling gods comply.
Oft in the grave the living has ſhe laid,
And bid reviving bodies leave the dead:
Oft at the funeral pile ſhe ſeeks her prey,
And bears the ſmoking aſhes warm away;
Snatches ſome burning bone, or flaming brand
And tears the torch from the ſad father's hand;
Seizes the ſhroud's looſe fragments as they fly,
And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.
But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moiſt carcaſe by degrees ſhall waſte,
There, greedily on every part ſhe flies,
Strips the dry nails, and digs the gory eyes.

Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the ſtrangling nooſe,
And from the croſs dead murderers unlooſe:
Her charms the uſe of ſun-dry'd marrow find,
And huſky entrails wither'd in the wind;
Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
With cordy ſinews oft her jaws are ſtrung,
And thus ſuſpended oft the filthy hag has hung.
Where-e'er the battle bleeds, and ſlaughter lies,
Thither, preventing birds and beaſts, ſhe hies;
Nor then content to ſeize the ready prey,
From their fell jaws ſhe tears their food away:
She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morſel from his mouth.
Nor ever yet remorſe could ſtop her hand,
When human gore her curſed rites demand.
Whether ſome tender infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's ſide is torn;
Whether her purpoſe aſks ſome bolder ſhade,
And by her knife, the ghoſt ſhe wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
She catches the firſt guſhing of the flood;
All miſchief is of uſe, and every murder good.
When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She ſtands a terrible attendant by;
The downy growth from off their cheeks ſhe tears,
Or cuts left-handed ſome ſelected hairs.
Oft when in death her gaſping kindred lay,
Some pious office would ſhe feign to pay;
And while cloſe hovering o'er the bed ſhe hung,
Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quivering tongue;

Then, in hoarſe murmurs, ere the ghoſt could go,
Mutter'd ſome meſſage to the ſhades below.
A fame like this around the region ſpread,
To prove her power, the younger Pompey led.
Now half her ſable courſe the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy ſun;
When the vile youth in ſilence croſs'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthleſs train.
Through ruins waſte and old, long wandering round,
Lonely upon a rock, the hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in ſullen mood ſhe ſate,
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that ſame hour, ſhe ran new numbers o'er,
And ſpells unheard by hell itſelf before;
Fearful, leſt wavering deſtiny might change,
And bid the war in diſtant regions range.
She charm'd Pharſalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the ſlaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reign,
And riot in the plenty of the ſlain:
So, many a royal ghoſt ſhe may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthleſs hand,
And rob of many an urn Heſperia's mourning land.
Already ſhe enjoys the dreadful field,
And thinks what ſpoils the rival chiefs ſhall yield;
With what fell rage each corſe ſhe ſhall invade,
And fly rap[ ]he proſtrate dead.
To her [ ]ant, thus begun
The nobl[ ] unworthy ſon:
Hail! [ ]æmonian arts,
To whom [ ]crees imparts;

At

At thy approving, bids her purpoſe ſtand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
From thee, my humbler awful hopes preſume
To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou ſhalt know me for great Pompey's ſon;
With him, all fortunes am I born to ſhare,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir.
Let not blind chance for ever wavering ſtand,
And awe us with her unreſolving hand:
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then—no matter——Let the time draw near.
Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,
Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.
Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from herſelf her fatal purpoſe know;
Conſtrain'd by thee, the phantom ſhall declare
Whom ſhe decrees to ſtrike, and whom to ſpare.
Nor ever can thy ſkill divine foreſee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee.
Pleas'd that her magic fame diffuſely flies,
Thus, with a horrid ſmile, the hag replies.
Hadſt thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,
For any leſs deciſion of the ſword;
The gods, unwilling, ſhould my power confeſs,
And crown thy wiſhes with a full ſucceſs.
Hadſt thou deſir'd ſome ſingle friend to ſave,
Long had my charms withheld him from the grave:

Or would thy hate ſome foe this inſtant doom,
He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come.
But when effects are to their cauſes chain'd,
From everlaſting, mightily, ordain'd;
When all things labour for one certain end,
And on one action centre and depend:
Then far behind we own our arts are caſt,
And magic is by fortune's power ſurpaſs'd.
Howe'er, if yet thy ſoul can be content,
Only to know that undiſclos'd event;
My potent charms o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And from a thouſand mouths extort the tale:
This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks, ſhall tell,
The thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell:
Though, ſtill, more kindly oracles remain,
Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.
Of theſe a corſe our myſtic rites ſhall raiſe,
As yet unſhrunk by Titan's parching blaze;
So ſhall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
But the ſad ſhade ſhall breathe, diſtinct in human ſound.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, a double darkneſs ſpread,
Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footſteps tread.
Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er ſhe took her way,
And hungry vultures left the mangled prey;
The ſavage race, abaſh'd, before her yield,
And while ſhe culls her prophet, quit the field.
To various carcaſes by turns ſhe flies,
And, griping w[illegible] fingers, tries;
Till one of perf[illegible]e found,
And fibrous lu[illegible] wound.

Or

Of all the flitting ſhadows of the ſlain,
Fate doubts which ghoſt ſhall turn to life again.
At her ſtrong bidding (ſuch is her command)
Armies at once had left the Stygian ſtrand;
Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,
And legions of the dead had ris'n to arms.
Among the dreadful carnage ſtrew'd around,
One, for her purpoſe fit, at length ſhe found;
In his pale jaws a ruſty hook ſhe hung,
And dragg'd the wretched lifeleſs load along:
Anon, beneath a craggy cliff ſhe ſtaid,
And in a dreary delve her burden laid;
There evermore the wicked witch delights
To do her deeds accurs'd, and practiſe helliſh rites.
Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is crown'd,
Subſides the gloomy vale within the ground;
A downward grove, that never knew to riſe,
Or ſhoot its leafy honours to the ſkies,
From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
And covers in the cave with dreadful ſhade;
Within diſmay, and fear, and darkneſs dwell,
And filth obſcene beſmears the baleful cell.
There, laſting night no beamy dawning knows,
No light but ſuch as magic flames diſcloſe;
Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there
In dull ſtagnation ſleeps the lazy air.
There meet the boundaries of life and death,
The borders of our world, and that beneath;
Thither the rulers of th' infernal court
Permit their airy vaſſals to reſort:

Thence with like eaſe the ſorcereſs could tell,
As if deſcending down, the deeds of hell.
And now ſhe for the ſolemn taſk prepares,
A mantle patch'd with various threads ſhe wears,
And binds, with twining ſnakes, her wilder hairs.
All pale, for dread, the daſtard youth ſhe ſpy'd,
Heartleſs his mates ſtood quivering by his ſide.
Be bold! (ſhe cries) diſmiſs this abject fear;
Living and human ſhall the form appear,
And breathe no ſounds but what ev'n you may hear.
How had your vile, your coward ſouls been quell'd,
Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld;
Heard the loud floods of rolling ſulphur roar,
And burſt in thunder on the burning ſhore?
Had you ſurvey'd yon priſon-houſe of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below?
Seen the vaſt dog with curling vipers ſwell,
Heard ſcreaming Furies, at my coming, yell,
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell?
This ſaid, ſhe runs the mangled carcaſe o'er,
And wipes from every wound the cruſty gore;
Now with hot blood the frozen breaſt ſhe warms,
And with ſtrong lunar dews confirms her charms.
Anon ſhe mingles every monſtrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverſe, brings forth.
Nor entrails of the ſpotted Lynx ſhe lacks,
Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with ſnaky food;
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.
Her ſtore the tardy Remora ſupplies,
With ſtones from eagles warm, and dragons eyes;

Snake

Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way,
And nimbly o'er Arabian deſerts prey;
The viper bred in Erythræan ſtreams,
To guard in coſtly ſhells the growing gems;
The ſlough by Libya's horned ſerpent caſt,
With aſhes by the dying Phœnix plac'd
On odorous altars in the fragrant eaſt.
To theſe ſhe joins dire drugs without a name,
A thouſand poiſons never known to fame;
Herbs o'er whoſe leaves the hag her ſpells had ſung,
And wet with curſed ſpittle as they ſprung;
With every other miſchief moſt abhorr'd,
Which hell, or worſe Eriſtho, could afford.
At length, in murmurs hoarſe her voice was heard,
Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the loweſt Stygian gods rever'd.
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Diſcordant, and unlike to human ſounds:
It ſeem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful ſkreeching of the midnight owl;
The hiſs of ſnakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The bound of billows beating on the ſhore;
The groan of winds amongſt the leafy wood,
And burſt of thunder from the rending cloud:
'Twas theſe, all theſe in one. At length ſhe breaks
Thus into magic verſe, and thus the gods beſpeaks.
Ye Furies! and thou black accurſed hell!
Ye woes! in which the damn'd for ever dwell;
Chaos, the world, and form's eternal foe!
And thou ſole arbiter of all below,

Pluto! whom ruthleſs fates a god ordain,
And doom to immortality of pain;
Ye fair Elyſian manſions of the bleſt,
Where no Theſſalian charmer hopes to reſt;
Styx! and Perſephone, compell'd to fly
Thy fruitful mother, and the chearful ſky!
Third Hecate! by whom my whiſpers breathe
My ſecret purpoſe to the ſhades beneath;
Thou greedy dog, who at th' infernal gate,
In everlaſting hunger, ſtill doſt wait!
And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar!
For ever labouring back from ſhore to ſhore:
Who murmuring doſt in wearineſs complain,
That I ſo oft demand thy dead again;
Hear, all ye powers! If e'er your hell rejoice,
In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice;
If ſtill with human fleſh I have been fed,
If pregnant mothers have, to pleaſe you, bled;
If from the womb theſe ruthleſs hands have torn
Infants, mature, and ſtruggling to be born;
Hear and obey! nor do I aſk a ghoſt,
Long ſince receiv'd upon your Stygian coaſt;
But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy gates.
Let the pale ſhade theſe herbs, theſe numbers hear,
And in his well-known warlike form appear.
Here let him ſtand, before his leader's ſon,
And ſay what dire events are drawing on:
If blood be your delight, let this be done.
Foaming ſhe ſpoke: then rear'd her hateful head,
And hard at hand beheld th' attending ſhade.

Too

Too well the trembling ſprite the carcaſe knew,
And fear'd to enter into life anew;
Fain from thoſe mangled limbs it would have run,
And, lothing, ſtrove that houſe of pain to ſhun.
Ah! wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
That privilege of human kind, to die!
Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay,
And wonder'd hell could dare to diſobey;
With curling ſnakes the ſenſeleſs trunk ſhe beats,
And curſes dire, at every laſh, repeats;
With magic numbers cleaves the groaning ground,
And, thus, barks downwards to th' abyſs profound:
Ye fiends hell-born, ye ſiſters of deſpair!
Thus? is it thus my will becomes your care?
Still ſleep thoſe whips within your idle hands,
Nor drive the loitering ghoſt this voice demands?
But mark me well! my charms, in Fate's deſpite,
Shall drag you forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light;
Through vaults and tombs, where now ſecure you roam,
My vengeance ſhall purſue, and chace you home.
And thou, oh! Hecate, that dar'ſt to riſe,
Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
No more ſhalt veil thy horrors in diſguiſe;
Still in thy form accurſed ſhalt thou dwell,
Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
Each myſtery beneath I will diſplay,
And Stygian loves ſhall ſtand confeſs'd to day.
Thee, Proſerpine! thy fatal feaſt I 'll ſhow,
What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
And why thy once-fond mother loaths thee now.

At

At my command, earth's barrier ſhall remove,
And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
Full on his throne the blazing beams ſhall beat,
And light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy ſeat.
Yet, am I yet, ye ſullen fiends, obey'd?
Or muſt I call your maſter to my aid?
At whoſe dread name the trembling Furies quake,
Hell ſtands abaſh'd, and earth's foundation ſhake?
Who views the Gorgons with intrepid eyes,
And your unviolable flood defies?
She ſaid; and, at the word, the frozen blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
Through the known channels ſtole the purple tide,
And warmth and motion through the members glide;
The nerves are ſtretch'd, the turgid muſcles ſwell,
And the heart moves within its ſecret cell;
The haggard eyes their ſtupid lights diſcloſe,
And heavy by degrees the corpſe aroſe.
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears,
And death, all-o'er, the livid viſage wears.
Pale, ſtiff, and mute, the ghaſtly figure ſtands,
Nor knows to ſpeak, but at her dread commands.
When thus the hag: Speak what I wiſh to know,
And endleſs reſt attends thy ſhade below;
Reveal the truth, and, to reward thy pain,
No charms ſhall drag thee back to life again;
Such hallow'd wood ſhall feed thy funeral fire,
Such numbers to thy laſt repoſe conſpire,
No ſiſter of our art thy ghoſt ſhall wrong,
Or force thee liſten to her potent ſong.

Since

Since the dark gods in myſtic tripods dwell,
Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
While each event aright and plain is read,
To every bold inquirer of the deed:
Do thou unfold what end theſe wars ſhall wait,
Perſons, and things, and time, and place relate,
And be the juſt Interpreter of Fate.
She ſpoke, and, as ſhe ſpoke, a ſpell ſhe made,
That gave new preſcience to th' unknowing ſhade.
When thus the ſpectre, weeping all for woe;
Seek not from me the Parcæ's will to know.
I ſaw not what their dreadful looms ordain,
Too ſoon recall'd to hated life again;
Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghoſt had paſs'd
The ſilent ſtream, that wafts us all to reſt.
All I could learn, was from the looſe report
Of wandering ſhades, that to the banks reſort.
Uproar, and diſcord, never known till now,
Diſtract the peaceful realms of death below;
From bliſsful plains of ſweet Elyſium ſome,
Others from doleful dens, and torments, come;
While in the face of every various ſhade,
The woes of Rome too plainly might be read.
In tears lamenting, ghoſts of patriots ſtood,
And mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
Sad were the Decii, and the Curii ſeen,
And heavy was the great Camillus' mien:
On fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd;
The Cenſor ſad foreſaw his Cato's doom,
Reſolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.

Of all the ſhades that haunt the happy field,
Thee only, Brutus! ſmiling I beheld;
Thee, thou firſt conſul, haughty Tarquin's dread,
From whoſe juſt wrath the conſcious tyrant fled,
When freedom firſt uprear'd her infant head.
Meanwhile the damn'd exult amidſt their pains,
And Catiline audacious breaks his chains.
There the Cethegan naked race I view'd,
The Marii fierce, with human gore embrued,
The Gracchi, fond of miſchief-making laws,
And Druſi, popular in faction's cauſe;
All clap'd their hands in horrible applauſe.
The craſh of brazen fetters rung around,
And hell's wide caverns trembled with the ſound.
No more the bounds of fate their guilt conſtrain,
But proudly they demand th' Elyſian plain.
Thus they, while dreadful Dis, with buſy cares,
New torments for the conquerors prepares;
New chains of adamant he forms below,
And opens all his deep reſerves of woe:
Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in ſtore,
And flames yet ten times hotter than before.
But thou, oh noble youth! in peace depart,
And ſooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful heart:
Sweet is the reſt, and bliſsful is the place,
That wait thy ſire, and his illuſtrious race.
Nor fondly ſeek to lengthen out thy date,
Nor envy the ſurviving victor's fate;
The hour draws near when all alike muſt yield,
And death ſhall mix the fame of every field.

Haſte then, with glory, to your deſtin'd end,
And proudly from your humbler urns deſcend;
Bold in ſuperior virtue ſhall you come,
And trample on the demigods of Rome.
Ah! what ſhall it import the mighty dead,
Or by the Nile or Tiber to be laid?
'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.
Seek not to know what for thyſelf remains,
That ſhall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;
Prophetic there, thy father's ſhade ſhall riſe,
In awful viſion to thy wondering eyes:
He ſhall thy fate reveal; though doubting yet,
Where he may beſt adviſe thee to retreat.
In vain to various climates ſhall you run,
In vain purſuing Fortune ſtrive to ſhun,
In Europe, Afric, Aſia, ſtill undone.
Wide as your triumphs ſhall your ruins lie,
And all in diſtant regions ſhall you die.
Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can yield
No ſafer refuge, than Emathia's field.
He ſaid, and with a ſilent, mournful look,
A laſt diſmiſſion from the hag beſpoke.
Nor can the ſprite, diſcharg'd by death's cold hand,
Again be ſubject to the ſame command;
But charms and magic herbs muſt lend their aid,
And render back to reſt the troubled ſhade.
A pile of hollow'd wood Erictho builds,
The ſoul with joy its mangled carcaſe yields;
She bids the kindling flames aſcend on high,
And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.

Then,

Then, while the ſecret dark their footſteps hides,
Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, ſhe guides;
And, for the light began to ſtreak the eaſt,
With potent ſpells the dawning ſhe repreſs'd;
Commanded night's obedient queen to ſtay,
And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the riſing day.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Seventh Book is told, firſt, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharſalia; after that, the impatient deſire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though againſt his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the ſpeech of each general to his army, and the battle itſelf: the flight of Pompey; Cæſar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective againſt him, and the very country of Theſſaly, for being the ſcene (according to this and other authors) of ſo many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LATE, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
Uprear'd the mournful ſun his cloudy head;
He ſicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have fought the backward eaſt again:
Full oft he turn'd him from the deſtin'd race,
And wiſh'd ſome dark eclipſe might veil his radiant face.
Pompey, meanwhile, in pleaſing viſions paſt
The night, of all his happy nights the laſt.
It ſeem'd, as if, in all his former ſtate,
In his own theatre ſecure he ſate:
About his ſide unnumber'd Romans croud,
And, joyful, ſhout his much-lov'd name aloud;

The

The echoing benches ſeem to ring around,
And his charm'd ears devour the pleaſing ſound.
Such both himſelf, and ſuch the people ſeem,
In the falſe proſpect of the feigning dream;
As when in early manhood's beardleſs bloom,
He ſtood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
When fierce Sertorius by his arms ſuppreſt,
And Spain ſubdued, the conqueror confeſt:
When rais'd with honours never known before,
The conſul's purple, yet a youth, he wore:
When the pleas'd ſenate ſat with new delight,
To view the triumph of a Roman knight.
Perhaps, when our good days no longer laſt,
The mind runs backward, and enjoys the paſt:
Perhaps, the riddling viſions of the night
With contrarieties delude our ſight;
And when fair ſcenes of pleaſure they diſcloſe,
Pain they foretel, and ſure enſuing woes.
Or was it not, that, ſince the fates ordain
Pompey ſhould never ſee his Rome again,
One laſt good office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a dream this parting view?
Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake!
Long, let him long the bliſsful ſlumber take!
Too ſoon the morrow's ſleepleſs night will come,
Full fraught with ſlaughter, miſery, and Rome;
With horror, and diſmay, thoſe ſhades ſhall riſe,
And the loſt battle live before his eyes.
How bleſt his fellow-citizens had been,
Though but in dreams, their Pompey to have ſeen!

Oh!

Oh! that the gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long-try'd friends their deſtiny to know;
So each to each might their ſad thoughts convey,
And make the moſt of their laſt mournful day.
But now, unconſcious of the ruin nigh,
Within his native land he thinks to die:
While her fond hopes with confidence preſume,
Nothing ſo terrible from fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb.
Had the ſad city Fate's decree foreknown,
What floods, faſt falling, ſhould her loſs bemoan!
Then ſhould the luſty youth, and fathers hoar,
With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore;
Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpleſs train,
As juſtice for godlike Brutus, ſhould complain;
Their treſſes ſhould they tear, their boſoms beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful ſtreet.
Nor ſhalt thou, Rome, thy guſhing ſorrows keep,
Though aw'd by Cæſar, and forbid to weep;
Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
He ſhakes his threatening fauchion o'er thy head.
Lamenting crouds the conqueror ſhall meet,
And with a peal of groans his triumph greet;
In ſad proceſſion, ſighing ſhall they go,
And ſtain his laurels with the ſtreams of woe.
But now, the fainting ſtars at length gave way,
And hid their vanquiſh'd fires in beamy day;
When round the leader's tent the legions croud,
And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little life to waſte,
And hurry on thoſe hours that fly too faſt!

Too ſoon, for thouſands, ſhall the day be done,
Whoſe eyes no more ſhall ſee the ſetting ſun.
Tumultuous ſpeech th' impulſive rage confeſt,
And Rome's bad genius roſe in every breaſt.
With vile diſgrace they blot their leader's name,
Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, ſlow, and tame,
And cry, He ſinks beneath his father's fame.
Some charge him with ambition's guilty views,
And think 'tis power, and empire, he purſues;
That, fearing peace, he practiſes delay,
And would, for ever, make the world obey.
While eaſtern kings of lingering wars complain,
And wiſh to view their native realms again.
Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
Our own raſh hands are to the taſk aſſign'd;
By them ordain'd the tools of Fate to be,
We blindly act the miſchiefs they decree;
We call the battle, we the ſword prepare,
And Rome's deſtruction is the Roman prayer.
The general voice, united, Tully takes,
And for the reſt the ſweet perſuader ſpeaks;
Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd,
With every Roman grace of language crown'd;
Beneath whoſe rule and government rever'd,
Fierce Catiline the peaceful axes fear'd:
But now, detain'd amidſt an armed throng,
Where loſt his arts, and uſeleſs was his tongue,
The orator had borne the camp too long.
He to the vulgar ſide his pleading draws,
And thus enforces much their feeble cauſe:

For

r all that fortune for thy arms has done,
ll thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won;
only boon her ſuppliant vows implore,
thou would'ſt deign to uſe her aid once more:
is, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
to chaſtiſe proud Cæſar, aſk the fight.
he, one man againſt the world combin'd,
act deſtruction, and embroil mankind?
t will the vanquiſh'd nations murmuring ſay,
e once thy conqueſts cut their winged way;
n they behold thy virtue lazy now,
ſee thee move thus languiſhing and ſlow?
re are thoſe fires that warm'd thee to be great?
ſtable ſoul, and confidence in Fate?
thou the gods ungratefully miſtruſt?
in the ſenate's ſacred cauſe unjuſt?
e are th' impatient enſigns yet withheld:
art thou, thus, to victory compell'd?
thou Rome's chief, and in her cauſe, appear?
iers to chooſe the field, and ſhe appoints it here.
is this ardor of the world withſtood,
njur'd world, that thirſts for Cæſar's blood?
where the troops with indignation ſtand,
javelin trembling in an eager hand,
wait, unwillingly, the laſt command.
ve the ſenate then, and let them know,
hey thy ſervants, or their ſervant thou?
e ſigh'd the liſtening chief, who well could read
dire deluſion by the gods decreed;
w the fates malignantly inclin'd,
iwart his purpoſe, and perplex his mind.

Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient friends and country need
My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
Pompey no longer ſhall your fate delay,
But let pernicious Fortune take her way,
And waſte the world on one devoted day.
But, oh! be witneſs thou, my native Rome,
With what a ſad fore-boding heart I come;
To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy raſh ſons compel me to the field.
How eaſily had Cæſar been ſubdued,
And the bleſt victory been free from blood!
But the fond Romans cheap renown diſdain,
They wiſh for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
And reeking gore their guilty ſwords to ſtain.
Driv'n by my fleets, behold, the flying foe
At once the empire of the deep forego;
Here by neceſſity they ſeem to ſtand,
Coop'd-up within a corner of the land.
By famine to the laſt extremes compell'd,
They ſnatch green harveſts from th' unripen'd field;
And wiſh we may this only grace afford,
To let them die like ſoldiers, by the ſword.
'Tis true, it ſeems an earneſt of ſucceſs,
That thus our bolder youth for action preſs:
But let them try their inmoſt hearts with care,
And judge betwixt true valour and raſh fear;
Let them be ſure this eagerneſs is right,
And certain fortitude demands the fight.
In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driven the headlong coward on.

Give

Give me the man, whoſe cooler ſoul can wait,
With patience, for the proper hour of Fate.
See what a proſperous face our fortunes bear!
Why ſhould we truſt them to the chance of war?
Why muſt we riſk the world's uncertain doom,
And rather chooſe to fight, than overcome?
Thou Goddeſs Chance! who to my careful hand
Haſt given this weariſome ſupreme command;
If I have, to the taſk of empire juſt,
Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my truſt;
Be kind, and to thyſelf the rule reſume,
And, in the fight, defend the cauſe of Rome:
To thy own crowns, the wreath of conqueſt join;
Nor let the glory, nor the crime, be mine.
But ſee! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail:
We fight; and Cæſar's ſtronger vows prevail.
Oh, what a ſcene of guilt this day ſhall ſhow!
What crouds ſhall fall, what nations be laid low!
Red ſhall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
And to the margin ſwell his foamy flood.
Oh! if our cauſe my aid no longer need,
Oh! may my boſom be the firſt to bleed:
Me let the thrilling javelin foremoſt ſtrike,
Since death and victory are now alike.
To-day, with ruin ſhall my name be join'd,
Or ſtand the common curſe of all mankind;
By every woe the vanquiſh'd ſhall be known,
And every infamy the victor crown.
He ſpoke; and, yielding to th' impetuous croud,
The battle to his frantic bands allow'd.

So, when long vex'd by ſtormy Corus' blaſt,
The weary pilot quits the helm at laſt;
He leaves his veſſel to the winds to guide,
And drive unſteady with the tumbling tide.
Loud through the camp the riſing murmurs ſound,
And one tumultuous hurry runs around;
Sudden their buſy hearts began to beat,
And each pale viſage wore the marks of Fate.
Anxious, they ſee the dreadful day is come,
That muſt decide the deſtiny of Rome.
This ſingle vaſt concern employs the hoſt,
And private fears are in the public loſt.
Should earth be rent, ſhould darkneſs quench the ſun,
Should ſwelling ſeas above the mountains run,
Should univerſal nature's end draw near,
Who could have leiſure for himſelf to fear?
With ſuch conſent his ſafety each forgot,
And Rome and Pompey took up every thought.
And now the warriors all, with buſy care,
Whet the dull ſword, and point the blunted ſpear;
With tougher nerves they ſtring the bended bow,
And in full quivers ſteely ſhafts beſtow;
The horſeman ſees his furniture made fit,
Sharpens the ſpur, and burniſhes the bit;
Fixes the rein, to check or urge his ſpeed,
And animates to fight the ſnorting ſteed.
Such once the buſy gods employments were,
If mortal men to gods we may compare,
When earth's bold ſons began their impious war.
The Lemnian power, with many a ſtroke, reſtor'd
Blue Neptune's trident, and ſtern Mars's ſword;

In

In terrible array, the blue-ey'd maid
The horrors of her Gorgon ſhield diſplay'd;
Phœbus his once victorious ſhafts renew'd,
Diſus'd, and ruſty with the Python's blood;
While, with unweary'd toil, the Cyclops ſtrove
To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.
Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
What curſt events Theſſalia's plains prepare;
Black ſtorms oppos'd againſt the warriors lay,
And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;
Full in their eyes the dazzling flaſhes broke,
And with amaze their troubled ſenſes ſtroke:
Tall fiery columns in the ſkies were ſeen,
With watery Typhons interwove between.
Glancing along the bands ſwift meteors ſhoot,
And from the helm the plumy honours cut;
Sudden the flame diſſolves the javelin's head,
And liquid runs the ſhining ſteely blade.
Strange to behold! their weapons diſappear,
While ſulphurous odour taints the ſmoking air.
The ſtandard, as unwilling to be borne,
With pain from the tenacious earth is torn:
Anon, black ſwarms hang cluſtering on its height,
And preſs the bearer with unwonted weight.
Big drops of grief each ſweating marble wears,
And Parian gods and heroes ſtand in tears.
No more th' auſpicious victim tamely dies,
But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;
Breaks off the rites with prodigies prophane,
And bellowing ſeeks Emathia's fatal plain.

But who, O Cæſar! who were then thy gods?
Whom didſt thou ſummon from their dark abodes?
The Furies liſten'd to thy grateful vows,
And dreadful to the day the powers of hell aroſe.
Did then the monſters, fame records, appear?
Or were they only phantoms form'd by fear?
Some ſaw the moving mountains meet like foes,
And rending earth new gaping caves diſcloſe.
Others beheld a ſanguine torrent take
Its purple courſe, through fair Bœbeïs' lake;
Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
Loud ſhouts of battle on Pharſalia's field.
While others thought they ſaw the light decay,
And ſudden ſhades oppreſs the fainting day;
Fancy'd wild horrors in each other's face,
And ſaw the ghoſts of all their bury'd race;
Beheld them riſe and glare with pale affright,
And ſtalk around them, in the new-made night.
Whate'er the cauſe, the croud, by fate decreed,
To make their brothers, ſons, and fathers bleed,
Conſenting, to the prodigies agreed;
And, while they thirſt impatient for that blood,
Bleſs theſe nefarious omens all as good.
But wherefore ſhould we wonder, to behold
That death's approach by madneſs was foretold?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which laſt ſurvive;
And theſe had not another day to live.
Theſe ſhook for what they ſaw; while diſtant climes,
Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes.
Where Tyrian Gades ſees the ſetting ſun,
where Araxes' rapid waters run,

From

From the bright orient to the glowing weſt,
In every nation, every Roman breaſt
The terrors of that dreadful day confeſt.
Where Aponus firſt ſprings in ſmoky ſteam,
And full Timavus rolls his nobler ſtream;
Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
A learned augur ſat the ſkies to view:
'Tis come, the great event is come (he cry'd)
Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.
Whether the ſeer-obſerv'd Jove's forky flame,
And mark'd the firmament's diſcordant frame;
Or whether, in that gloom of ſudden night,
The ſtruggling ſun declar'd the dreadful fight:
From the firſt birth of morning in the ſkies,
Sure never day like this was known to riſe;
In the blue vault, as in a volume ſpread,
Plain might the Latian deſtiny be read.
Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods aſſign'd
To be the worthy maſters of mankind!
On thee, the heavens with all their ſignals wait,
And ſuffering nature labours with thy fate.
When thy great names to lateſt times convey'd,
By fame, or by my verſe immortal made,
In free-born nations juſtly ſhall prevail,
And rouze their paſſions with this nobleſt tale;
How ſhall they fear for thy approaching doom,
As if each paſt event were yet to come!
How ſhall their boſoms ſwell with vaſt concern,
And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!
Ev'n then the favouring world with thee ſhall join,
And every honeſt heart to Pompey's cauſe incline.

De-

Deſcending, now, the bands in juſt array,
From burniſh'd arms reflect the beamy day;
In an ill hour they ſpread the fatal field,
And with portentous blaze the neighbouring mountains gild.
On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
The firſt and fourth ſelected legions led:
Luckleſs Domitius, vainly brave in war,
Drew forth the right with unauſpicious care.
In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submiſſive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undiſtinguiſh'd took his ſtand,
Reſerv'd to be the chief on Libya's burning ſand.
Near the low marſhes and Enipeus' flood.
The Pontic horſe and Cappadocian ſtood.
While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train,
Leigemen and vaſſals to the Latian reign,
Poſſeſs'd the riſing grounds and drier plain.
Here troops of black Numidians ſcour the field,
And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,
And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known foe.
Go, Pompey, lead to death th' unnumber'd hoſt,
Let the whole human race at once be loſt.
Let nations, upon nations, heap the plain,
And tyranny want ſubjects for its reign.
Cæſar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed
The ſpoiling bands of foragers to lead;
When, with a ſudden, but a glad ſurprize,
The foe deſcending ſtruck his wondering eyes.

Eager

Lager, and burning for unbounded sway,
Long had he borne the tedious war's delay;
Long had he struggled with protracting time,
That sav'd his country, and deferr'd his crime:
At length he sees the wish'd-for day is come,
To end the strife for liberty, and Rome;
Fate's dark mysterious threatenings to explain,
And ease th' impatience of ambition's pain.
But, when he saw the vast event so nigh,
Unusual horror damp'd his impious joy;
For one cold moment sunk his heart suppress'd,
And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breast.
Though his past fortunes promise now success,
Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no less.
His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer,
With these forbid to hope, and those to fear.
At length his wanted [illegible],
With [illegible];
As [illegible]
And [illegible]
Ye warriors [illegible] your Cæsar great.
On whom the [illegible] fortunes wait,
To-day, the [illegible] afford,
And fate [illegible]
By your [illegible] stands,
And [illegible] hands,
This day [illegible]
The hour [illegible]
For [illegible]
Deferr'd our fame, and [illegible]

This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring and the tender wife;
Shall find my veteran out a ſafe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful ſeat.
The long diſpute of guilt ſhall now be clear'd,
And conqueſt ſhall the juſter cauſe reward.
Have you, for me, with ſword and fire laid waſte
Your country's bleeding boſom, as you paſt?
Let the ſame ſwords as boldly ſtrike to-day,
And the laſt wounds ſhall wipe the firſt away.
Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cauſe to which my vows are join'd,
I ſeek to make you free, and maſters of mankind.
I have no hopes, no wiſhes of my own,
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expence of fame, exalt your powers,
Let me be nothing, ſo the world be yours.
Nor think the taſk too bloody ſhall be found,
With eaſy glory ſhall our arms be crown'd:
Yon hoſt come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of diſputants from Grecian ſchools.
To theſe, luxurious eaſtern crouds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a differing kind:
Their own firſt ſhouts ſhall fill each ſoul with fears,
And their own trumpets ſhook their tender ears.
Unjuſtly this, a civil war, we call,
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.

On

On then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
Lay these soft, lazy, worthless nations low.
Shew Pompey, that subdued them, with what ease
Your valour gains such victories as these:
Shew him, if justice still the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.
From distant Tigris shall Armenians come,
To judge between the citizens of Rome?
Will fierce barbarian aliens waste their blood,
To make the cause of Latian Pompey good?
Believe me, no. To them we are all the same,
They hate alike the whole Ausonian Name;
But most those haughty masters whom they know,
Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
Mean-while, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my try'd companions I behold;
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode,
And many a march in partnership have trod.
Is there a soldier to your chief unknown?
A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?
Could I not mark each javelin in the sky,
And say from whom the fatal weapons fly?
Ev'n now I view auspicious furies rise,
And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
With joy those omens of success I read,
And see the certain victory decreed;
I see the purple deluge float the plain,
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain:
Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I survey,
And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.

But,

But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long;
My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can ask, with full consent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er, what boon can I deny?
The treasures of the world before you lie.
Oh Thessaly! what stars, what powers divine,
To thy distinguish'd land this great event assign?
Between extremes, to-day our fortune lies,
The vilest punishment, and noblest prize.
Consider well the captive's lost estate,
Chains, racks, and crosses, for the vanquish'd wait.
My limbs are each allotted to its place,
And my pale head the Rostrum's height shall grace:
But that 's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care,
More for my friends than for myself I fear.
On my good sword securely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.
But oh! for you my anxious soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy Sylla's curst decrees;
The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
And massacres once more the peaceful Septa stain.
Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's struggling share,
Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your care;
Hear, and let him the happy victor live,
Who shall with mercy use the power you give;
Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall cease,
And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.

Nor

Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot,
hat was then our brave companions lot;
by advantage of the straiter ground,
ful Pompey compass'd us around;
quite disarm'd your useless valour stood,
is fell sword was satiated with blood.
entler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
oh! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,
ver Roman flies before you, spare.
while oppos'd and menacing they stand,
regard withhold the lifted hand:
iendship, kindred, all remorse, give place,
mangling wounds deform the reverend face:
st resistance be repaid with blood,
ostile force by hostile force subdued;
ef, or friend, whatever be the name,
merit still, to Cæsar, is the same.
ien the trenches, break the ramparts round,
et our works lie level with the ground;
ll no obstacles our march delay,
op one moment our victorious way.
are your camp; this night we mean to lie
t from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly.
rce had he spoke, when, sudden at the word,
seize the lance, and draw the shining sword:
ce the turfy fences all lie waste,
hrough the breach the crouding legions haste;
dless all of order and array
stand, and trust to fate alone the day.
had propos'd an empire to be won,
ach once known a Pompey for his son;

Had

Had Cæſar's ſoul inform'd each private breaſt,
A fiercer fury could not be expreſs'd.
With ſad preſages, Pompey, now, beheld
His foes advancing o'er the neighbouring field:
He ſaw the gods had fix'd the day of fate,
And felt his heart hang heavy with new weight.
Dire is the omen when the valiant fear,
Which yet he ſtrove to hide, with well-diſſembled che
High on his warrior ſteed, the chief o'erran
The wide array, and thus at length began:
The time to eaſe your groaning country's pain,
Which long your eager valour ſought in vain;
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the ſtrivings of diſtracted Rome:
For this one laſt effort exert your power,
Strike home to day, and all your toils are o'er.
If the dear pledges of connubial love,
Your houſhold-gods, and Rome, your ſouls can move,
Hither by fate they ſeem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle ſhall be fought.
Let none the favouring gods aſſiſtance fear;
They always make the juſter cauſe their care.
The flying dart to Cæſar ſhall they guide,
And point the ſword at his devoted ſide:
Our injur'd laws ſhall be on him made good,
And liberty eſtabliſh'd in his blood.
Could heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
It had not ſpar'd your Pompey's head ſo long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age to ſee the wrong.

All

All we can wiſh for, to ſecure ſucceſs,
With large advantage, here, our arms poſſeſs:
See, in the ranks of every common band,
Where Rome's illuſtrious names for ſoldiers ſtand.
Could the great dead reviſit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be ſlain;
The Curii, and Camilli, might we boaſt,
Proud to be mingled in this nobleſt hoſt.
If men, if multitudes, can make us ſtrong,
Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where-e'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round,
Where-ever earth, or people, can be found;
To us the nations iſſue forth in ſwarms,
And in Rome's cauſe all human nature arms.
What then remains, but that our wings incloſe,
Within their ample folds, our ſhrinking foes?
Thouſands, and thouſands, uſeleſs, may we ſpare;
Yon handful will not half employ our war.
Think, from the ſummit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud-lamenting matrons call;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands, they ſue,
And place their laſt, their only hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling age before you ſpread,
Each hoary reverend majeſtic head;
Imagine, Rome herſelf your aid implor'd,
To ſave her from a proud imperious lord.
Think how the preſent age, how that to come,
What multitudes from you expect their doom:
On your ſucceſs dependent all rely;
Theſe to be born in freedom, thoſe to die.

Think (if there be a thought can move you more,
A pledge more dear than thoſe I nam'd before)
Think you behold (were ſuch a poſture meet)
Ev'n me, your Pompey, proſtrate at your feet.
Myſelf, my wife, my ſons, a ſuppliant band,
From you our lives and liberties demand;
Or conquer you, or I, to exile born,
My laſt diſhonourable years ſhall mourn,
Your long reproach, and my proud father's ſcorn.
From bonds, from infamy, your general ſave,
Nor let his hoary head deſcend to earth a ſlave.

Thus while he ſpoke, the faithful legions round,
With indignation caught the mournful ſound;
Falſely, they think, his fears thoſe dangers view,
But vow to die, ere Cæſar proves them true.
What differing thoughts the various hoſts incite,
And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!
Thoſe bold ambition kindles into rage,
And theſe their fears for liberty engage.
How ſhall this day the peopled earth deface,
Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
Though all the years to come ſhould roll in peace,
And future ages bring their whole increaſe;
Though nature all her genial powers employ,
All ſhall not yield what theſe curſt hands deſtroy.
Soon ſhall the greatneſs of the Roman name,
To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;
Low ſhall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;
While yearly magiſtrates, in turns compell'd
To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field,

Shall

Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine,
Who could to ſuch bleak wilds his Latine rites aſſign.
Ev'n now behold! where waſte Heſperia lies,
Where empty cities ſhock our mournful eyes;
Untouch'd by time, our infamy they ſtand,
The marks of civil diſcord's murderous hand.
How is the ſtock of human-kind brought low!
Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plow.
Our fathers fertile fields by ſlaves are till'd,
And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd:
Such were the heaps, the millions of the ſlain,
As 'twere the purpoſe of Emathia's plain,
That none for future miſchiefs ſhould remain.
Well may our annals leſs misfortunes yield,
Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field;
But let Pharſalia's day be ſtill forgot,
Be ras'd at once from every Roman thought.
'Twas there, that fortune, in her pride, diſplay'd
The greatneſs her own mighty hands had made;
Forth in array the powers of Rome ſhe drew,
And ſet her ſubject nations all to view;
As if ſhe meant to ſhew the haughty queen,
Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
Oh countleſs loſs! that well might have ſupply'd
The deſolation of all deaths beſide.
Though famine with blue peſtilence conſpire,
And dreadful earthquakes with deſtroying fire;
Pharſalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
And built again the ruins of mankind.
Immortal gods! with what reſiſtleſs force,
Our growing empire ran its rapid courſe!

Still every year with new ſucceſs was crown'd,
And conquering chiefs enlarge the Latian bound;
Till Rome ſtood miſtreſs of the world confeſs'd,
From the gray orient, to the ruddy weſt;
From pole to pole, her wide dominions run,
Where-e'er the ſtars, or brighter Phœbus ſhone;
As heaven and earth were made for her alone.
But now, behold, how fortune tears away
The gift of ages in one fatal day!
One day ſhakes off the vanquiſh'd Indians chain,
And turns the wandering Däæ looſe again:
No longer ſhall the victor conſul now
Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plow:
Exulting Parthia ſhall her ſlaughters boaſt,
Nor feel the vengeance due to Craſſus' ghoſt.
While liberty, long wearied by our crimes,
Forſakes us for ſome better barbarous climes;
Beyond the Rhine and Tanaïs ſhe flies,
To ſnowy mountains, and to frozen ſkies;
While Rome, who long purſued that chiefeſt good,
O'er fields of ſlaughter, and through ſeas of blood,
In ſlavery, her abject ſtate ſhall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the goddeſs will return.
Why were we ever free? Oh why has heaven
A ſhort liv'd tranſitory bleſſing given?
Of thee, firſt Brutus, juſtly we complain!
Why didſt thou break thy groaning country's chain,
And end the proud laſcivious tyrant's reign?
Why did thy patriot hand on Rome beſtow
Laws, and her conſuls righteous rule to know?

In

In ſervitude more happy had we been,
Since Romulus firſt wall'd his refuge in,
Ev'n ſince the twice ſix vulturs bad him build,
To this curſt period of Pharſalia's field.
Medes and Arabians of the ſlaviſh Eaſt
Beneath eternal bondage may be bleſt;
While, of a differing mold and nature, we,
From ſire to ſon accuſtom'd to be free,
Feel indignation riſing in our blood,
And bluſh to wear the chains that make them proud.
Can there be gods, who rule yon azure ſky?
Can they behold Emathia from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly?
Is it the buſineſs of a thundering Jove,
To rive the rocks, and blaſt the guiltleſs grove?
While Caſſius holds the balance in his ſtead,
And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
The ſun ran back from Atrens' monſtrous feaſt,
And his fair beams in murky clouds ſuppreſs'd;
Why ſhines he now? why lends his golden light
To theſe worſe parricides, this more accurſed ſight?
But chance guides all; the gods their taſk forego,
And providence no longer [illegible] below.
Yet are they juſt, and [illegible] afford
While their own heavens are tumbled [illegible] the ſword,
And the proud victors, [illegible]
With rays adorn'd, with [illegible] hand,
And incenſe, prayers, [illegible]
While, trembling, ſlaviſh, [illegible]
Swears by a mortal wrete[illegible]

Now either hoſt the middle plain had paſs'd,
And front to front in threatening ranks were plac'd;
Then every well known feature ſtood to view,
Brothers their brothers, ſons their fathers knew.
Then firſt they feel the curſe of civil hate,
Mark where their miſchiefs are aſſign'd by fate,
And ſee from whom themſelves deſtruction wait.
Stupid awhile, and at a gaze, they ſtood,
While creeping horror froze the lazy blood:
Some ſmall remains of piety withſtand,
And ſtop the javelin in the lifted hand;
Remorſe for one ſhort moment ſtep'd between,
And motionleſs, as ſtatues, all were ſeen.
And oh! what ſavage fury could engage,
While lingering Cæſar yet ſuſpends his rage?
For him, ye gods! for Craſtinus, whoſe ſpear
With impious eagerneſs began the war,
Some more than common puniſhment prepare;
Beyond the grave long laſting plagues ordain,
Surviving ſenſe, and never-ceaſing pain.
Straight, at the fatal ſignal, all around
A thouſand fifes, a thouſand clarions, ſound;
Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors ſtrike the vaulted ſky.
The joining battles ſhout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn;
From pole to pole the tumult ſpreads afar,
And the world trembles at the diſtant war.

Now

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various maſters bear:
Some ſeek the nobleſt Roman heart to wound,
And ſome to err upon the guiltleſs ground;
While chance decrees the blood that ſhall be ſpilt,
And blindly ſcatters innocence and guilt.
But random ſhafts too ſcanty death afford,
A civil war is buſineſs for the ſword:
Where face to face the parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.
Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
Stood the Pompeian infantry diſpos'd;
So crouded was the ſpace, it ſcarce affords
The power to toſs their piles, or yield their ſwords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they ſtand,
With headlong wrath ruſh furious Cæſar's band;
In vain the lifted ſhield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted boſoms guards;
Through ſhields, through mail, the wounding weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each deadly blow;
Oh rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal war,
Which thoſe wage proudly, and theſe tamely bear!
Theſe, by cold, ſtupid piety diſarm'd:
Thoſe, by hot blood, and ſmoking ſlaughter warm'd.
Nor in ſuſpenſe uncertain fortune hung,
But yields, o'er-maſter'd by a power too ſtrong,
And borne by fates impetuous ſtream along.
From Pompey's ample wings, at length the horſe
Wide o'er the plain extending take their courſe;

Wheeling around the hoſtile line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the ſhot ſucceed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the miſſile rage;
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heating bullets whiſtle through the ſky:
Of feather'd ſhafts, a cloud thick ſhading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows:
But driven by random aim they ſeldom wound;
At firſt they hide the heaven, then ſtrew the ground;
While Roman hands unerring miſchief ſend,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.
  But Cæſar, timely careful to ſupport
His wavering front againſt the firſt effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reſerve behind,
And the ſtrong rear with choſen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careleſs foe the fight purſue,
A ſudden band and ſtable forth he drew;
When ſoon, oh ſhame! the looſe barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken ſquadrons o'er the field,
And ſhew, too late, that ſlaves attempt in vain,
The ſacred cauſe of freedom to maintain.
The fiery ſteeds, impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground;
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpleſs foot are borne.
Hence foul confuſion and diſmay ſucceed,
The victors murder, and the vanquiſh'd bleed:
Their weary hands the tir'd deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die.

Oh,

In ſhades and ſilence hide her crimes from fame,
And ſpare thy miſerable country's ſhame.
But Cæſar's rage ſhall with oblivion ſtrive,
And for eternal infamy ſurvive.
From rank to rank, unweary'd, ſtill he flies,
And with new fires their fainting wrath ſupplies.
His greedy eyes each ſign of guilt explore,
And mark whoſe ſword is deepeſt dy'd in gore;
Obſerve where pity and remorſe prevail,
What arm ſtrikes faintly, and what cheek turns pale.
Or, while he rides the ſlaughter'd heaps around,
And views ſome foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the guſhing blood reſtrain,
And ſtrive to keep the parting ſoul in pain:
As when Bellona drives the world to war,
Or Mars comes thundering in his Thracian car;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon ſhield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart:
The many ſhout, arms claſh, the wounded cry,
And one promiſcuous peal groans upwards to the ſky.
Nor furious Cæſar, on Emathia's plains,
Leſs terribly the mortal ſtrife ſuſtains;
Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
Now with his voice, his geſture now, he ſtrives,
Now with his lance the lagging ſoldier drives:
The weak he ſtrengthens, and confirms the ſtrong,
And hurries war's impetuous ſtream along.

Strike

Strike home, he cries, and let your ſwords eraſe
Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
Nor waſte your fury on the vulgar band;
See! where the hoary doting ſenate ſtand;
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty ſhall bleed at every wound.
The curs'd deſtroyer ſpoke; and, at the word,
The purple nobles ſunk beneath the ſword:
The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
Illuſtrious names, for love of laws renown'd.
The great Metelli and Torquati bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the ſtate had ſo decreed,
And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead.
Say thou! thy ſinking country's only prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's laſt hope;
What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidſt the croud,
Thy ſacred undiſtinguiſh'd viſage ſhroud?
Where fought thy arm that day? But, ah! forbear!
Nor ruſh unwary on the pointed ſpear;
Seek not to haſten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia wait:
Nor hunt fierce Cæſar on this bloody plain,
To-day thy ſteel purſues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the meaſure of his crimes complete;
As yet he has not every law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmoſt heights of daring pride.
Ere long thou ſhalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripen'd by ambition for thy ſword:
Then, thy griev'd country vengeance ſhall demand,
And aſk the victim at thy righteous hand.

Among

Among huge heaps of the Patrician ſlain,
And Latian chiefs, who ſtrew'd that purple plain,
Recording ſtory has diſtinguiſh'd well,
How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell.
In every loſs of Pompey ſtill he ſhar'd,
And dy'd in liberty, the beſt reward;
Though vanquiſh'd oft by Cæſar, ne'er enſlav'd,
Ev'n to the laſt, the tyrant's power he brav'd:
Mark'd o'er with many a glorious ſtreaming wound,
In pleaſure ſunk the warrior to the ground;
No longer forc'd on vileſt terms to live,
For chance to doom, and Cæſar to forgive.
Him, as he paſs'd inſulting o'er the field,
Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld:
And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
Forſake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?
Muſt the war loſe that ſtill ſucceſsful ſword,
And my neglected province want a lord?
He ſpoke; when, lifting ſlow his cloſing eyes,
Fearleſs the dying Roman thus replies:
Since wickedneſs ſtands unrewarded yet,
Nor Cæſar's arms their wiſh'd ſucceſs have met;
Free and rejoicing to the ſhades I go,
And leave my chief ſtill equal to his foe;
And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
Yet ſhalt thou bow thy vanquiſh'd head ere night.
Dire puniſhments the righteous gods decree,
For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
In hell's dark realms thy tortures I ſhall know,
And hear thy ghoſt lamenting loud below.

He

He ſaid; and ſoon the leaden ſleep prevail'd,
And everlaſting night his eyelids ſeal'd.
But, oh! what grief the ruin can deplore!
What verſe can run the various ſlaughter o'er!
For leſſer woes our ſorrows may we keep;
No tears ſuffice, a dying world to weep.
In differing groups ten thouſand deaths ariſe,
And horrors manifold the ſoul ſurprize.
Here the whole man is open'd at a wound,
And guſhing bowels pour upon the ground:
Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,
And in his utmoſt throat receives the ſword:
At once, a ſingle blow a third extends;
The fourth a living trunk diſmember'd ſtands.
Some in their breaſts erect the javelin bear,
Some cling to earth with the transfixing ſpear.
Here, like a fountain, ſprings a purple flood,
Spouts on the foe, and ſtains his arms with blood.
There horrid brethren on their brethren prey;
One ſtarts, and hurls a well-known head away.
While ſome deteſted ſon, with impious ire,
Lops by the ſhoulders cloſe his hoary ſire:
Ev'n his rude fellows damn the curſed deed,
And baſtard-born the murderer aread.
No private houſe its loſs lamented then,
But count the ſlain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian ſtreams, and Aſiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
More than the world at once was given away,
And late poſterity was loſt that day:

A race

A race of future ſlaves receiv'd their doom,
And children yet unborn were overcome.
How ſhall our miſerable ſons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign?
Did our baſe hands, with juſtice ſhall they ſay,
The ſacred cauſe of liberty betray?
Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
Their age, to ours, the curſe of bondage leaves;
Themſelves were cowards, and begot us ſlaves.
'Tis juſt; and Fortune, that impos'd a lord,
One ſtruggle for their freedom might afford;
Might leave their hands their proper cauſe to fight,
And let them keep, or loſe themſelves, their right.
But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome deſcry'd,
And ſaw the changing gods forſake her ſide.
Hard to believe, though from a riſing ground
He view'd the univerſal ruin round,
In crimſon ſtreams he ſaw deſtruction run,
And in the fall of thouſands felt his own.
Nor wiſh'd he, like moſt wretches in deſpair,
The world one common miſery might ſhare:
But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
Beſought the gods to pity poor mankind,
To let him die, and leave the reſt behind:
This hope came ſmiling to his anxious breaſt,
For this his earneſt vows were thus addreſs'd.
Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!'
Let me be wretched, but let Rome ſurvive.
Or if this head ſuffices not alone,
My wife, my ſons, your anger ſhall atone:

If

If blood the yet unſated war demand,
Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
At length behold me cruſh'd beneath the weight:
Give then your long-purſuing vengeance o'er,
And ſpare the world, ſince I can loſe no more.
So ſaying, the tumultuous field he croſs'd,
And warn'd from battle his deſpairing hoſt.
Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed ſword;
Had he not fear'd th' example might ſucceed,
And faithful nations by his ſide would bleed.
Or did his ſwelling ſoul diſdain to die,
While his inſulting father ſtood ſo nigh?
Fly where he will, the gods ſhall ſtill purſue,
Nor his pale head ſhall 'ſcape the victor's view.
Or elſe, perhaps, and Fate the thought approv'd,
For her dear ſake he fled, whom beſt he lov'd:
Malicious Fortune to his wiſh agreed,
And gave him in Cornelia's ſight to bleed.
Borne by his winged ſteed at length away,
He quits the purple plain, and yields the day.
Fearleſs of danger, ſtill ſecure and great,
His daring ſoul ſupports his loſt eſtate;
Nor groans his breaſt, nor ſwell his eyes with tears,
But ſtill the ſame majeſtic form he wears.
An awful grief ſat decent in his face,
Such as became his loſs, and Rome's diſgrace:
His mind, unbroken, keeps her conſtant frame,
In greatneſs and misfortune ſtill the ſame;

While

While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging ſees him leave Pharſalia's field.
Now, diſentangled from unwieldy power,
O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er;
At leiſure now review the glorious ſcene,
And call to mind how mighty thou haſt been.
From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
And from thy thoughts exclude the murderous war;
Let the juſt gods bear witneſs on thy ſide,
Thy cauſe no more ſhall by the ſword be try'd.
Whether ſad Afric ſhall her loſs bemoan,
Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
The guilty bloodſhed ſhall be all their own.
No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name ſhall charm
The peaceful world, with one conſent, to arm;
Nor for thy ſake, nor aw'd by thy command,
But for themſelves, the fighting ſenate ſtand:
The war but one diſtinction ſhall afford,
And Liberty, or Cæſar, be the word.

Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquiſh'd lot deplore,
But fly with pleaſure from thoſe ſeas of gore:
Look back upon the horror, guiltleſs thou,
And pity Cæſar, for whoſe ſake they flow.
With what a heart, what triumph ſhall he come,
A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
Though miſery thy baniſhment attends,
Though thou ſhalt die, by thy falſe Pharian friends;
Yet truſt ſecurely to the choice of heaven,
And know thy loſs was for a bleſſing giv'n:
Though flight may ſeem the warrior's ſhame and curſe;
To conquer, in a cauſe like this, is worſe.

And

And, oh! let every mark of grief be ſpar'd.
May no tear fall, no groan, no ſigh be heard;
Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of power.
Meanwhile ſurvey th' attending world around,
Cities by thee poſſeſs'd, and monarchs crown'd:
On Afric, or on Aſia, caſt thy eye,
And mark the land where thou ſhalt chooſe to die.
Lariſſa firſt the conſtant chief beheld,
Still great, though flying from the fatal field:
With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
And, ſighing, pour their preſents at his feet.
She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feaſt:
Would put on joy to chear her noble gueſt;
But weeps, and begs to ſhare his woes at leaſt.
So was he lov'd ev'n in his loſt eſtate,
Such faith, ſuch friendſhip, on his ruins wait;
With eaſe Pharſalia's loſs might be ſupply'd,
While eager nations haſten to his ſide:
As if misfortune meant to bleſs him more,
Than all his long proſperity before.
In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquiſh'd aid;
Henceforth to Cæſar be your homage paid,
Cæſar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead.
With that, his courſer urging on to flight,
He vaniſh'd from the mournful city's ſight.
With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
And curſe the cruel gods, in fierceneſs of deſpair.
Now in huge lakes Heſperian crimſon ſtood,
And Cæſar's ſelf grew ſatiated with blood.

The great patricians fall'n, his pity ſpar'd
The worthleſs, unreſiſting, vulgar herd.
Then, while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
And ſcattering terror ſpread the wild alarm,
Straight to the hoſtile camp his way he bent,
Careful to ſeize the haſty flier's tent,
The leiſure of a night, and thinking to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary ſoldiers toil,
But led them prone, and greedy to the ſpoil,
Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
The glorious recompence attends you yet:
Much have you done to-day, for Cæſar's ſake;
'Tis mine to ſhew the prey, 'tis yours to take.
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquiſh'd foe has left;
'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
Treaſures immenſe yon wealthy tents enfold,
The gems of Aſia, and Heſperian gold;
For you the once-great Pompey's ſtore attends,
With regal ſpoils of his barbarian friends:
Haſte then, prevent the foe, and ſeize that good,
For which you paid ſo well with Roman blood.
He ſaid; and with the rage of rapine ſtung,
The multitude tumultuous ruſh along.
On ſwords, and ſpears, on fires and ſons they tread,
And all remorſeleſs ſpurn the gory dead.
What trench can intercept, what fort withſtand
The brutal ſoldier's rude rapacious hand;
When eager to his crime's reward he flies,
And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize?
There, wealth collected from the world around,
The deſtin'd recompence of war, they found.

But,

But, oh! not golden Arimaſpus' ſtore,
Nor all the Tagus or rich Iber pour,
Can fill the greedy victor's griping hands:
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands;
All other ſpoils they ſcorn, as worthleſs prey,
And count their wicked labours robb'd of pay.
Here, in patrician tents, plebeians reſt,
And regal couches are by ruffians preſs'd:
There impious parricides the bed invade,
And ſleep where late their ſlaughter'd ſires were laid.
Meanwhile the battle ſtands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their ſlumbers brood.
Aſtoniſhment and dread their ſouls infeſt,
And guilt ſits painful on each heaving breaſt.
Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring brain;
They ſigh, they ſtart, they ſtrive, and fight it o'er again.
Aſcending fiends infect the air around,
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground:
Hence dire affright diſtracts the warriors ſouls,
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controuls,
Snakes hiſs, and livid flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbrued,
By ſome pale ſpectre flies all night purſued.
In various forms the ghoſts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, the father, and the ſon:
To every wretch his proper phantom fell,
While Cæſar ſleeps the general care of hell.
Such were his pangs as mad Oreſtes felt,
Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
Such horrors Pentheus, ſuch Agave knew;
He when his rage firſt came, and ſhe when her's withdrew.

Preſent and future ſwords his boſom bears,
And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.
Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends;
To wheels ſhe binds him, and with vultures rends,
With racks of conſcience, and with whips of fiends.
But ſoon the viſionary horrors paſs,
And his firſt rage with day reſumes its place:
Again his eyes rejoice to view the ſlain,
And run unweary'd o'er the dreadful plain.
He bids his train prepare his impious board,
And feaſts amidſt the heaps of death abhorr'd.
There each pale face at leiſure he may know,
And ſtill behold the purple current flow.
He views the woeful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth is no where to be found,
And owns, thoſe gods he ſerves, his utmoſt wiſh have crown'd;
Still greedy to poſſeſs the curs'd delight,
To glut his ſoul, and gratify his ſight,
The laſt funereal honours he denies,
And poiſons with the ſtench Emathia's ſkies.
Not thus the ſworn inveterate foe of Rome,
Refus'd the vanquiſh'd conſul's bones a tomb:
His piety the country round beheld,
And bright with fires ſhone Cannæ's fatal field.
But Cæſar's rage from fiercer motives roſe;
Theſe were his countrymen, his worſt of foes.
But, oh! relent, forget thy hatred paſt,
And give the wandering ſhades to reſt at laſt.
Nor ſeek we ſingle honours for the dead,
At once let nations on the pile be laid:

To

To feed the flame, let heapy foreſts riſe,
Far be it ſeen to fret the ruddy ſkies,
And grieve deſpairing Pompey where he flies.
Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain
Strews with unbury'd carcaſes the plain.
What is it to thy malice, if they burn,
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?
The forms of matter all diſſolving die,
And loſt in nature's blending boſom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
Theſe and the world one common lot ſhall have;
One laſt appointed flame, by Fate's decree,
Shall waſte yon azure heavens, this earth, and ſea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled maſs,
Where ſtars and they ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd paſs.
And though thou ſcorn their fellowſhip, yet know,
High as thy own can ſoar theſe ſouls ſhall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.
Death is beyond thy Goddeſs Fortune's power,
And parent Earth receives whate'er ſhe bore.
Nor will we mourn thoſe Romans fate, who lie
Beneath the glorious covering of the ſky;
That ſtarry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler ſhelter far than tombs or urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence?
Does ſlaughter ſtrike too ſtrongly on thy ſenſe;
Yet ſtay, yet breathe the thick infectious ſtream,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted ſteam.
But ſee, they fly! the daring warriors yield!
And the dead heaps drive Cæſar from the field!

Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling train,
Speed hungry from the far Biſtonian plain;
From Pholoe the tawny lion comes,
And growling bears forſake their darkſome homes:
With theſe, lean dogs in herds obſcene repair,
And every kind that ſnuffs the tainted air.
For food the cranes their wonted flight delay,
That erſt to warmer Nile had wing'd their way:
With them the feather'd race convene from far,
Who gather to the prey, and wait on war.
Ne'er were ſuch flocks of vultures ſeen to fly,
And hide with ſpreading plumes the crouded ſky:
Gorging on limbs in every tree they ſat,
And drop'd raw morſels down, and gory fat:
Oft their tir'd talons, looſening as they fled,
Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head.
But while the ſlain ſupply'd too full a feaſt,
The plenty bred ſatiety at laſt;
The ravenous feeders riot at their eaſe,
And ſingle out what dainties beſt may pleaſe.
Part borne away, the reſt neglected lie,
For noon-day ſuns, and parching winds, to dry;
Till length of time ſhall wear them quite away,
And mix them with Emathia's common clay.
Oh fatal Theſſaly! Oh land abhorr'd!
How have thy fields the hate of heaven incurr'd;
That thus the gods to thee deſtruction doom,
And lead thee with the curſe of falling Rome!
Still to new crimes, new horrors, doſt thou haſte,
When yet thy former miſchiefs ſcarce were paſt.

What

What rolling years, what ages, can repay
The multitudes thy wars have ſwept away!
Though tombs and urns their numerous ſtore ſhould ſpread,
And long antiquity yield all her dead;
Thy guilty plains more ſlaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all thoſe tombs, and all thoſe urns, infold.
Hence bloody ſpots ſhall ſtain thy graſſy green,
And crimſon drops on bladed corn be ſeen:
Each plowſhare ſome dead patriot ſhall moleſt,
Diſturb his bones, and rob his ghoſt of reſt.
Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own,
Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone;
No mariner his labouring bark ſhould moor,
In hopes of ſafety, on thy dreadful ſhore;
No ſwain thy ſpectre-haunted plain ſhould know,
Nor turn thy blood-ſtain'd fallow with his plow:
No ſhepherd e'er ſhould drive his flock to feed,
Where Romans ſlain enrich the verdant mead:
All deſolate ſhould lie thy land and waſte,
As in ſome ſcorch'd or frozen region plac'd.
But the great gods forbid our partial hate
On Theſſaly's diſtinguiſh'd land to wait;
New blood, and other ſlaughters, they decree,
And others ſhall be guilty too, like thee.
Munda and Mutina ſhall boaſt their ſlain,
Pachynus' waters ſhare the purple ſtain,
And Actium juſtify Pharſalia's plain.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

From Pharſalia, Pompey flies, firſt to Lariſſa, and after to the ſea-ſhore; where he embarks upon a ſmall veſſel for Leſbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refuſal of the Mitylenians invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coaſt of Aſia. In the way thither he is joined by his ſon Sextus, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, who had fled likewiſe from the late battle; and among the reſt by Deiotarus, king of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the ſoliciting of ſupplies from the king of Parthia, and the reſt of his allies in Aſia. After coaſting Cilicia for ſome time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedræ, where great part of the ſenate meet him. With theſe, he deliberates upon the preſent circumſtances of the commonwealth, and propoſes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whoſe kings he may expect aſſiſtance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, oppoſes very warmly; and, in conſideration of young Ptolemy's perſonal obligations to Pompey, prefers Ægypt. This advice is generally approved and followed, and Pompey ſets ſail accordingly for Ægypt. Upon his arrival on that coaſt, the king calls a council, where at the inſtigation of Pothinus, a villainous miniſter, it is reſolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achillas, formerly the king's governor, and then general

general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegado Roman ſoldier, who had formerly ſerved under Pompey, upon ſome frivolous pretences, perſuades him to quit his ſhip, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the ſhore, he treacherouſly murders him, in the ſight of his wife, his ſon, and the reſt of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the ſea. The head is fixed upon a ſpear, and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had ſeen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the ſucceeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the ſhore, brings it to land with ſome difficulty; and, with a few planks that remained from a ſhipwrecked veſſel, burns it. The melancholy deſcription of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective againſt the gods, and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of ſo great a man, concludes this book.

NOW through the vale, by great Alcides made,
And the ſweet maze of Tempe's pleaſing ſhade,
Chearleſs, thy flying chief renew'd his ſpeed,
And urg'd, with gory ſpurs, his fainting ſteed.
Fall'n from the former greatneſs of his mind,
He turns where doubtful paths obſcurely wind.
The fellows of his flight increaſe his dread,
While hard behind the trampling horſemen tread:
He ſtarts at every ruſtling of the trees,
And fears the whiſpers of each murmuring breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his loſt eſtate;
And, though he flies, believes himſelf ſtill great;
Imagines millions for his life are bid,
And rates his own, as he would Cæſar's head.

Where-

Where-e'er his fear explores untrodden ways,
His well-known village ſtill his flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
Whoſe gathering forces to his aid advance.
With gaze aſtoniſh'd, theſe their chief behold,
And ſcarce believe what by himſelf is told.
In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
Fortune ſtill grieves him with purſuing eyes:
Still aggravates, ſtill urges his diſgrace,
And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.
His youthful triumph ſadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While ſtung with ſecret ſhame and anxious care he burns.
Thus age to ſorrows oft the great betrays,
When loſs of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment ſtill one end ſhall have,
Left early miſery prevent the grave,
The good, that laſts not, was in vain beſtow'd,
And eaſe once paſt becomes the preſent load:
Then let the wiſe, in fortune's kindeſt hour,
Still keep one ſafe retreat within his power;
Let death be near, to guard him from ſurprize,
And free him, when the fickle goddeſs flies.
Now to thoſe ſhores the hapleſs Pompey came,
Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient ſtream:
Red with Emathian ſlaughter ran his flood,
And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.
There a poor bark, whoſe keel perhaps might glide
Safe down ſome river's ſmooth deſcending tide,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd the mighty maſter of the main,
Whoſe ſpreading navies hide the liquid plain.
In this he braves the winds and ſtormy ſea,
And to the Leſbian iſle directs his way.
There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languiſh'd there:
At that ſad diſtance more unhappy far,
Than in the midſt of danger, death, and war.
There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Foreboding thought a weary burden lay:
Sad viſions haunt her ſlumbers with affright,
And Theſſaly returns with every night.
Soon as the ruddy morning paints the ſkies,
Swift to the ſhore the penſive mourner flies;
There, lonely ſitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her ſight ſhe fixes on the ſeas below;
Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound,
And kens each ſail that riſes in the round:
Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws near,
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.
At length, behold! the fatal bark is come!
See! the ſwoln canvas labouring with her doom.
Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's ſelf his own ſad ſtory brings.
Now bid thy eyes, thou loſt Cornelia, flow,
And change thy fears to certain ſorrows, now.
Swift glides the woeful veſſel on to land;
Forth flies the headlong matron to the ſtrand.
There ſoon ſhe found what worſt the gods could do,
There ſoon her dear much-alter'd lord ſhe knew;
Though fearful all and ghaſtly was his hue.

Rude

Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown,
And duſt was caſt upon his Roman gown.
She ſaw, and, fainting, ſunk in ſudden night;
Grief ſtopp'd her breath, and ſhut out loathſome light:
The looſening nerves no more their force exert,
And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart;
Death kindly ſeem'd her wiſhes to obey,
And, ſtretch'd upon the beach, a corſe ſhe lay.

But now the mariners the veſſel moor,
And Pompey, landing, views the lonely ſhore.
The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And reverendly their ruder grief ſuppreſs'd.
Straight, while with duteous care they kneel around,
And raiſe their wretched miſtreſs from the ground,
Her lord infolds her with a ſtrict embrace,
And joins his cheek cloſe to her lifeleſs face:
At the known touch, her failing ſenſe returns,
And vital warmth in kindling bluſhes burns.
At length, from virtue thus he ſeeks relief,
And kindly chides her violence of grief:

Canſt thou then ſink, thou daughter of the great,
Sprung from the nobleſt guardians of our ſtate;
Canſt thou thus yield to the firſt ſhock of fate?
Whatever deathleſs monuments of praiſe
Thy ſex can merit, 'tis in thee to raiſe.
On man alone life's ruder trials wait,
The fields of battle, and the cares of ſtate;
While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
When faithleſs fortune quits her huſband's ſide.
Arm then thy ſoul, the glorious taſk to prove,
And learn, thy miſerable lord to love.

Behold me of my power and pomp bereft,
By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left:
Oh make that loſs thy glory; and be thou
The only follower of Pompey now.
This grief becomes thee not, while I ſurvive;
War wounds not thee, ſince I am ſtill alive:
Theſe tears a dying huſband ſhould deplore,
And only fall when Pompey is no more.
'Tis true, my former greatneſs all is loſt;
Who weep for that, no love for me can boaſt,
But mourn the loſs of what they valued moſt.
Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron roſe;
Yet, ſtill complaining, thus avow'd her woes:
Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal bride, to Cæſar's hated bed?
To thee unlucky, and a curſe, I came,
Unbleſt by yellow Hymen's holy flame:
My bleeding Craſſus, and his fire, ſtood by,
And fell Erynnis ſhook her torch on high.
My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws,
And urges heaven to hate the juſter cauſe.
Ah! my once greateſt lord! ah! cruel hour!
Is thy victorious head in fortune's power?
Since miſeries my baneful love purſue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undo?
But ſee, to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
Long ſince, for thee, my life I would have given;
Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of heaven.

Kill me, and ſcatter me upon the ſea,
So ſhall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.
And thou, where-e'er thy ſullen phantom flies,
Oh! Julia! let thy rival's blood ſuffice;
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey ſpare.
She ſaid, and ſunk within his arms again;
In ſtreams of ſorrow melt the mournful train:
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That ſaw, without a tear, Pharſalia's field.
Now to the ſtrand the Mitylenians preſs'd,
And humbly thus beſpoke their noble gueſt:
If, to ſucceeding times, our iſle ſhall boaſt
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coaſt,
Diſdain not, if thy preſence now we claim,
And fain would conſecrate our walls to fame.
Make thou this place in future ſtory great,
Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
To view with adoration thy retreat.
This may we plead, in favour of the town;
That, while mankind the proſperous victor own,
Already, Cæſar's foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
Some ſafety too our ambient ſeas ſecure;
Cæſar wants ſhips, and we defy his power.
Here may Rome's ſcatter'd fathers well unite
And arm againſt a ſecond happier fight.
Our Leſbian youth with ready courage ſtands,
To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.

For

For gold, whate'er to ſacred uſe is lent,
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
This only mark of friendſhip we intreat,
Seek not to ſhun us in thy low eſtate;
But let our Leſbos, in thy ruin, prove,
As in thy greatneſs, worthy of thy love.
  Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear;
Witneſs the pledge committed to your care:
Here in ſecurity I plac'd my home,
My houſhold-gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome.
I know what ranſom might your pardon buy,
And yet I truſt you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh! too long my woes you ſingly bear;
I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
But that the world the common load may ſhare.
Leſbos! for ever ſacred be thy name!
May late poſterity thy truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair example ſpread around,
Or whether, ſingly, faithful thou art found:
For 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
Oh! grant, good heaven! if there be one alone,
One gracious power ſo loſt a cauſe to own,
Grant, like the Leſbians, I my friends may find;
Such who, though Cæſar threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the ſame juſt hoſpitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.
  He ceas'd; and to the ſhip his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the ſounding ſhore.

It ſeem'd as if the nation with her paſs'd,
And baniſhment had laid their iſland waſte.
Their ſecond ſorrows they to Pompey give,
For her, as for their citizen, they grieve.
Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence,
And her lord's bidding been the juſt pretence;
The Leſbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
And brought her weeping to the watery bound.
So was ſhe lov'd, ſo winning was her grace,
Such lowly ſweetneſs dwelt upon her face;
In ſuch humility her life ſhe led,
Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding head;
As if his fortune were already fled.
Half hid in ſeas deſcending Phœbus lay,
And upwards half, half downwards ſhot the day;
When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's ſoul,
And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
Weary'd at length beneath the load of woes,
And thoſe ſad ſcenes his future views diſcloſe,
In converſation for relief he ſought,
And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
Now ſits he by the careful pilot's ſide,
And aſks what rules their watery journey guide;
What lights of heaven his art attends to moſt,
Bound by the Libyan or the Syrian coaſt.
To him, intent upon the rolling ſkies,
The heaven-inſtructed ſhipman thus replies:
Of all yon multitude of golden ſtars,
Which the wide rounding ſphere inceſſant bears,

The

The cautious mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the conſtant pole alone.
When o'er the yard the leſſer Bear aſpires,
And from the topmaſt gleam its paly fires,
Then Boſphorus near-neighbouring we explore,
And hear loud billows beat the Scythian ſhore:
But when Caliſto's ſhining ſon deſcends,
And the low Cynoſure tow'rds ocean bends,
For Syria ſtraight we know the veſſel bears,
Where firſt Canopos' ſouthern ſign appears.
If ſtill upon the left thoſe ſtars thou keep,
And, paſſing Pharos, plow the foamy deep,
Then right a-head thy luckleſs bark ſhall reach
The Libyan ſhoals, and Syrts unfaithful beach.
But ſay, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
What courſe doſt thou aſſign? what ſeas, what land?
Speak, and the helm ſhall turn at thy command.
To him the chief, by doubts uncertain toſt;
Oh, fly the Latian and Theſſalian coaſt:
Thoſe only lands avoid. For all beſide,
Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide;
Let fortune, where ſhe pleaſe, a port provide.
Till Leſbos did my deareſt pledge reſtore,
That thought determin'd me to ſeek that ſhore:
All ports, all regions, but thoſe fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſtraight the maſter veer'd,
And right for Chios, and for Aſia ſteer'd.
The working waves the courſe inverted feel,
And daſh and foam beneath the winding keel.

With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
Around the column ſkilful racers turn:
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The farther, wide, in diſtant circles roll.
Now day's bright beams the various earth diſcloſe,
And o'er the fading ſtars the ſun aroſe;
When Pompey gathering to his ſide beheld
The ſcatter'd relicks of Pharſalia's field.
Firſt from the Leſbian iſle his ſon drew near,
And ſoon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
Nor purple princes, yet, diſdain to wait
On vanquiſh'd Pompey's humbler low eſtate.
Proud monarchs, who in eaſtern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illuſtrious exile's train.
From theſe, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long-approv'd companion of his cauſe:
Thou beſt (he cries) of all my royal friends!
Since with our loſs Rome's power and empire ends;
What yet remains, but that we call from far
The eaſtern nations, to ſupport the war!
Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæſar's ſide,
And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.
Let it not grieve thee, then, to ſeek for aid
From the wild Scythian, and remoteſt Mede.
To Parthia's monarch my diſtreſs declare,
And at his throne ſpeak this my humble prayer.
If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
Now ſtring the Getic and Armenian bow,
And in full quivers feather'd ſhafts beſtow.

If

If when o'er Caſpian hills my troops I led,
'Gainſt Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
I ſought not once to make your Parthians yield,
But left them free to range the Perſian field.
Beyond th' Aſſyrian bounds my eagles flew,
And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew;
Ev'n to the utmoſt eaſt I urg'd my way,
And ere the Perſian, ſaw the riſing day:
Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend,
I ſought the Parthian only as my friend.
Yet more; when Carræ bluſh'd with Craſſus' blood,
And Latium her ſevereſt vengeance vow'd;
When war with Parthia was the common cry,
Who ſtop'd the fury of that rage, but I?
If this be true, through Zeugma take your way,
Nor let Euphrates' ſtream the march delay;
In gratitude, to my aſſiſtance come;
Fight Pompey's cauſe, and conquer willing Rome.
He ſaid; the monarch chearfully obey'd,
And ſtraight aſide his royal robes he laid;
Then bid his ſlaves their humbler veſtments bring:
And in that ſervile veil conceals the king.
Thus majeſty gives its proud trappings o'er,
And humbly ſeeks for ſafety from the poor.
The poor, who no diſguiſes need, nor wear;
Unbleſt with greatneſs, and unvex'd with fear.
His princely friend now ſafe convey'd to land,
The chief o'erpaſs'd the fam'd Epheſian ſtrand,
Icaria's rocks, with Colophon's ſmooth deep,
And foamy cliffs with rugged Samos keep.

From Coan ſhores ſoft breathes the weſtern wind,
And Rhodes and Gnidos ſoon are left behind.
Then croſſing o'er Telmeſſos' ample bay,
Right to Pamphilia's coaſt he cuts his way.
Suſpicious of the land, he keeps the main,
Till poor Phaſelis, firſt, receives his wandering train.
There, free from fears, with eaſe he may command
Her citizens, ſcarce equal to his band.
Nor lingering there, his ſwelling ſails are ſpread,
Till he diſcerns proud Taurus' riſing head:
A mighty maſs he ſtands, while down his ſide
Deſcending Dipſas rolls his headlong tide.
In a ſlight bark he runs ſecurely o'er
The pirates once-infeſted dreadful ſhore.
Ah! when he ſet the watery empire free,
And ſwept the fierce Cilician from the ſea,
Could the ſucceſsful warrior have forethought
'Twas for his future ſafety, then, he fought!
At length the gathering fathers of the ſtate,
In full aſſembly, on their leader wait:
Within Syedra's walls their ſenate meets,
Whom, ſighing, thus th' illuſtrious exile greets.
My friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
And now are to me in my country's ſtead;
Though quite defenceleſs and unarm'd we ſtand,
On this Cilician, naked, foreign ſtrand;
Though every mark of fortune's wrath we bear,
And ſeem to ſeek for counſel in deſpair;
Preſerve your ſouls undaunted, free, and great,
And know I am not fall'n intirely, yet,

Spite

Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
From Afric's duſt abandon'd Marius roſe,
To ſeize the Faſces, and inſult his foes.
My loſs is lighter, leſs is my diſgrace;
Shall I deſpair to reach my former place?
Still on the Grecian ſeas my navies ride,
And many a valiant leader owns my ſide.
All that Pharſalia's luckleſs field could do,
Was to diſperſe my forces, not ſubdue.
Still ſafe beneath my former fame I ſtand,
Dear to the world, and lov'd in every land.
'Tis yours to counſel and determine, whom
We ſhall apply to, in the cauſe of Rome;
What faithful friend may beſt aſſiſtance bring;
The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian king.
For me, what courſe my thoughts incline to take,
Here freely, and at large, I mean to ſpeak.
What moſt diſlike me in the Pharian prince,
Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd ſenſe:
Virtue, in youth, no ſtable footing finds,
And conſtancy is built on manly minds.
Nor, with leſs danger, may our truſt explore
The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor:
From Carthaginian blood he draws his race,
Still mindful of the vanquiſh'd town's diſgrace;
From thence Numidian miſchiefs he derives,
And Hannibal in his falſe heart ſurvives:
With pride he ſaw ſubmiſſive Varus bow,
And joys to hear the Roman power lies low.

To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
Where ſtars unknown in diſtant azure burn;
Where Caſpian hills to part the world ariſe,
And night and day ſucceed in other ſkies;
Where rich Aſſyrian plains Euphrates laves,
And ſeas diſcolour'd roll their ruddy waves.
Ambition, there, delights in arms to reign,
There ruſhing ſquadrons thunder o'er the plain;
There young and old the bow promiſcuous bend,
And fatal ſhafts with aim unerring ſend.
They firſt the Macedonian phalanx broke,
And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian ſtroke;
They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the field,
And taught aſpiring Babylon to yield;
Fearleſs againſt the Roman pile they ſtood,
And triumph'd in our vanquiſh'd Craſſus' blood.
Nor truſt they to the points of piercing darts,
But furniſh death with new improving arts,
In mortal juices dipt their arrows fly,
And if they taſte the blood, the wounded die.
Too well their powers and favouring gods we know,
And wiſh our fate much rather would allow
Some other aid againſt the common foe.
With unauſpicious ſuccour ſhall they come,
Nurs'd in the hate and rivalſhip of Rome.
With theſe, the neighbouring nations round ſhall arm,
And the whole eaſt rouze at the dire alarm.
Should the barbarian race their aid deny,
Yet would I chooſe in that ſtrange land to die:
There let our ſhipwreck'd poor remains be thrown,
Our loſs forgotten, and our names unknown:

Securely

Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
Nor meanly ſue to kings, whoſe crowns I gave:
From Cæſar free, enjoy my lateſt hour,
And ſcorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
Still, when my thoughts my former days reſtore,
With joy, methinks, I run thoſe regions o'er;
There, much the better parts of life I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd;
Wide o'er Mæotis ſpread my happy name;
And Tanaïs ran conſcious of my fame;
My vanquiſh'd enemies my conqueſts mourn'd,
And cover'd ſtill with laurels, I return'd.
Approve then, Rome, my preſent cares for thee;
Thine is the gain, whate'er the event ſhall be.
What greater boon canſt thou from heaven demand,
Than in thy cauſe to arm the Parthian's hand?
Barbarians thus ſhall wage thy civil war,
And thoſe that hate thee, in thy ruin ſhare.
When Cæſar and Phraates battle join,
They muſt revenge, or Craſſus' wrongs, or mine.
  The leader ceas'd; and ſtraight a murmuring ſound
Ran through the diſapproving fathers round.
With theſe, in high pre-eminence, there ſate
Diſtinguiſh'd Lentulus, the conſul late:
None with more generous indignation ſtung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.
Sudden he roſe, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the ſubject, and the man:
  Can then Pharſalia's ruins thus control
The former greatneſs of thy Roman ſoul?

Muſt the whole world, our laws and country, yield
To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?
Haſt thou no hopes of ſuccour, no retreat,
But mean proſtration at the Parthian's feet?
Art thou grown weary of our earth and ſky,
That thus thou ſeek'ſt a fugitive to fly;
New ſtars to view, new regions to explore,
To learn new manners, and new gods adore?
Wilt thou before Chaldean altars bend,
Worſhip their fires, and on their kings depend?
Why didſt thou draw the world to arms around,
Why cheat mankind with liberty's ſweet ſound?
Why on Emathia's plain fierce Cæſar brave,
When thou canſt yield thyſelf a tyrant's ſlave?
Shall Parthia, who with terror ſhook from far,
To hear thee nam'd, to head the Roman war,
Who ſaw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main;
Shall ſhe, that very Parthia, ſee thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble ſuppliant bow?
Then haughtily with Rome her greatneſs mate,
And ſcorn thy country, for thy groveling fate?
Thy tongue, in eaſtern languages untaught,
Shall want the words that ſhould explain thy thought:
Tears, then, unmanly, muſt thy ſuit declare;
And ſuppliant hands, uplifted, ſpeak thy prayer.
Shall Parthia (ſhall it to our ſhame be known)
Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her own?
Our war no interfering kings demands,
Nor ſhall be truſted to barbarian hands:

Among

Among ourſelves our bonds we will deplore,
And Rome ſhall ſerve the rebel ſon ſhe bore.
Why would'ſt thou bid our foes trangreſs their bound,
And teach their feet to tread Heſperian ground?
With enſigns, torn from Craſſus, ſhall they come,
And, with his raviſh'd honours, threaten Rome;
His fate thoſe blood-ſtain'd eagles ſhall recall,
And hover dreadful o'er their native wall.
Canſt thou believe the monarch, who withheld
His only forces from Emathia's field,
Will bring his ſuccours to thy waining ſtate,
And bravely now defy the victor's hate?
No eaſtern courage forms a thought ſo great.
In cold laborious climes the wintery north
Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,
In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of ſoul, and ſteady in the field;
While Aſia's ſofter climate, form'd to pleaſe,
Diſſolves her ſons in inſolence and eaſe.
Here ſilken robes inveſt unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple ſtreams.
Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds reſtrain,
Or ruſhing Tigris cuts the level plain,
Swifter than winds along the champian borne,
At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
And, diſtant ſtill, the vain purſuer ſcorn.
Nor with like eaſe they force their warlike way,
Where rough unequal grounds their ſpeed delay.
Whene'er the thicker ſhades of night ariſe,
Unaim'd the ſhaft, and unavailing, flies.

Nor

Nor are they form'd with conſtancy to meet
Thoſe toils, that make the panting ſoldier ſweat:
To climb the heights, to ſtem the rapid flood,
To make the duſty noon-day battle good,
Horrid with wounds, and cruſted o'er in blood.
Nor war's machines they know, nor have the ſkill
To ſhake the rampire, or the trench to fill:
Each fence that can their winged ſhafts endure,
Stands, like a fort impregnable, ſecure.
Light are their ſkirmiſhes, their war is flight,
And ſtill to wheel their wavering troops delight.
To taint their coward darts, is all their care,
And then to truſt them to the flitting air.
Whene'er their bows have ſpent the feather'd ſtore,
The mighty buſineſs of their war is o'er:
No manly ſtrokes they try, nor hand to hand
With cleaving ſwords in ſturdy combate ſtand.
With ſwords the valiant ſtill their foes invade;
Theſe call in drugs and poiſon to their aid.
Are theſe the powers to whom thou bidſt us fly?
Is this the land in which thy bones would lie?
Shall theſe barbarian hands for thee provide
The grave, to thy unhappy friend deny'd?
But be it ſo! that death ſhall bring thee peace,
That here thy ſorrows and thy toils ſhall ceaſe.
Death is what man ſhould wiſh. But, oh! what fate
Shall on thy wife, thy ſad ſurvivor, wait!
For her, where luſt with lawleſs empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than death remains.
Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd deſires
The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?

How their wild monarch, like the beſtial race,
Spreads the pollution of his lewd embrace?
Unaw'd by reverence of connubial rites,
In multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with feaſting, and inflam'd with wine,
No joys can ſate him, and no laws confine;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain,
From ſiſters and from mothers to abſtain.
The Greek and Roman, with a trembling ear,
Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear;
While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
And boaſt inceſtuous titles to the throne.
If crimes like theſe they can ſecurely brave,
What laws, what power, ſhall thy Cornelia ſave?
Think, how the helpleſs matron may be led,
The thouſandth harlot, to the royal bed.
Though when the tyrant claſps his noble ſlave,
And hears to whom her plighted hand ſhe gave,
Her beauties oft in ſcorn he ſhall prefer,
And chooſe t' inſult the Roman name in her.
Theſe are the powers to whom thou would'ſt ſubmit,
And Rome's revenge and Craſſus' quite forget.
Thy cauſe, preferr'd to his, becomes thy ſhame,
And blots, in common, thine and Cæſar's name.
With how much greater glory might you join,
To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine!
How well your conquering legions might you lead,
'Gainſt the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede!
Level proud Babylon's aſpiring domes,
And with their ſpoils inrich our ſlaughter'd leaders tombs?

No

No longer, Fortune! let our friendſhip laſt,
Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous Eaſt;
If civil ſtrife with Cæſar's conqueſt end,
To Aſia let his proſperous arms extend:
Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
There I, there all, his victories may bleſs,
And Rome herſelf make vows for his ſucceſs.
Whene'er thou paſs the cold Araxes o'er,
An aged ſhade ſhall greet thee on the ſhore,
Transfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.
And art thou (ſhall he cry, complaining) come
In peace and friendſhip, to theſe foes of Rome?
Thou! from whoſe hand we hop'd revenge in vain,
Poor naked ghoſts, a thin unbury'd train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain?
On every ſide new objects ſhall diſcloſe
Some mournful monument of Roman woes;
On every wall freſh marks thou ſhalt deſcry,
Where pale Heſperian heads were fix'd on high:
Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
Shall own his waves in Latian ſlaughter dy'd.
If ſights like theſe thou canſt with patience bear,
What are the horrors which thy ſoul would fear?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf with joy may be beheld,
Inthron'd on ſlaughter in Emathia's field.
Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain,
Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithleſs reign;
Abounding Ægypt ſhall receive thee yet,
And yield, unqueſtion'd, a ſecure retreat.

By

By nature ſtrengthen'd with a dangerous ſtrand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatneſs of her plenteous ſoil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.
Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
His crown, the largeſs of thy bounty, wears.
Nor let unjuſt ſuſpicions brand his truth;
Candour and innocence ſtill dwell with youth.
Truſt not a power accuſtom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked policies of ſtate.
Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
By intereſt and by craft alone are ſway'd,
And violate with eaſe the leagues they made:
While new ones ſtill make conſcience of the truſt,
True to their friends, and to their ſubjects juſt.
He ſpoke; the liſtening fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,
When Pompey's ſuffrage, and his counſel fail'd.
And now Cilicia's coaſt the fleet forſake,
And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.
Cyprus to love's ambroſial goddeſs dear,
For ever grateful ſmoke the altars there:
Indulgent ſtill ſhe hears the Paphian vows,
And loves the favourite ſeas from whence ſhe roſe.
So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from eternity the ſame.
The craggy clifts of Cyprus quickly paſt,
The chief runs ſouthward o'er the ocean vaſt.

Nor

Nor views he, through the murky veil of night,
The Caſian mountains far diſtinguiſh'd height,
The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light.
Hap'ly at leng the labouring canvas bore
Full on the fartheſt bounds of Ægypt's ſhore,
Where near Peluſium parting Nile deſcends,
And in her utmoſt eaſtern channel ends.
'Twas now the time, when equal Jove on high
Had hung the golden balance of the ſky:
But, ah! not long ſuch juſt proportions laſt,
The righteous ſeaſon ſoon was chang'd and paſs'd;
And Spring's incroachment, on the ſhortening ſhade,
Was fully to the wintery nights equaid:
When to the chief from ſhore they made report,
That, near high Caſium, lay the Pharian court.
This known, he thither turns his ready ſail,
The light yet laſting with the favouring gale.
The fleet arriv'd, the news flies ſwiftly round,
And their new gueſts the troubled court confound.
The time was ſhort; howe'er the council met,
Vile miniſters, a monſtrous motley ſet.
Of theſe, the chief in honour, and the beſt,
Was old Achoreus the Memphian prieſt:
In Iſis and Oſiris he believ'd,
And reverend tales, from ſire to ſon receiv'd;
Could mark the ſwell of Nile's increaſing tide,
And many an Apis in his time had dy'd;
Yet was his age with gentleſt manners fraught,
Humbly he ſpoke, and modeſtly he taught.
With good intent the pious ſeer aroſe,
I told how much their ſtate to Pompey owes:

What

What large amends their monarch ought to make,
Both for his own, and for his father's ſake.
But fate had plac'd a ſubtler ſpeaker there,
A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear,
Pothinus, deep in arts of miſchief read,
Who thus, with falſe perſuaſion, blindly led
The eaſy king, to doom his guardian dead:
To ſtricteſt juſtice many ills belong,
And honeſty is often in the wrong:
Chiefly when ſtubborn rules her zealots puſh,
To favour thoſe whom fortune means to cruſh.
But thou, oh royal Ptolemy! be wiſe;
Change with the gods, and fly whom fortune flies.
Not earth, from yon high heavens which we admire,
Not from the watery element the fire,
Are ſever'd by diſtinction half ſo wide,
As intereſt and integrity divide.
The mighty power of kings no more prevails,
When juſtice comes with her deciding ſcales.
Freedom for all things, and a lawleſs ſword,
Alone ſupport an arbitrary lord.
He that is cruel muſt be bold in ills,
And find his ſafety from the blood he ſpills.
For piety, and virtue's ſtarving rules,
To mean retirements let them lead their fools:
There, may they ſtill ingloriouſly be good;
None can be ſafe in courts, who bluſh at blood.
Nor let this fugitive deſpiſe thy years,
Or think a name, like his, can cauſe thy fears:
Exert thyſelf, and let him feel thy power,
And know, that we dare drive him from our ſhore.

But

But if thou wilh to lay thy greatneſs down,
To ſome more juſt ſucceſſion yield thy crown;
Thy rival ſiſter willingly ſhall reign,
And ſave our Ægypt from a foreign chain.
As now, at firſt, in neutral peace we lay,
Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæſar's prey.
Vanquiſh'd, where-e'er his fortune has been try'd,
And driv'n, with ſcorn, from all the world beſide,
By Cæſar chac'd, and left by his allies,
To us a baffled vagabond he flies.
The poor remaining ſenate loath his ſight,
And ruin'd monarchs curſe his fatal flight:
While thouſand fantoms from th' unbury'd ſlain,
Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
Diſaſtrous ſtill purſue him in the rear,
And urge his ſoul with horror and deſpair.
To us for refuge now he ſeeks to run,
And would once more with Ægypt be undone.
Rouſe then, oh! Ptolemy, repreſs the wrong;
He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long:
And therefore kindly comes, that we may ſhare
The crimes of ſlaughter, and the woes of war.
His friendſhip ſhewn to thee ſuſpicions draws,
And makes us ſeem too guilty of his cauſe:
Thy crown beſtow'd, the victor may impute;
The ſenate gave it, but at Pompey's ſuit.
Nor, Pompey! thou thyſelf ſhall think it hard,
If from thy aid, by fate, we are debarr'd.
We follow where the god, conſtraining, lead;
We ſtrike at thine, but wiſh 'twere Cæſar's head.

Our

Our weakneſs this, this fate's compulſion call;
We only yield to him who conquers all.
Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to ſpill;
Power awes us; if we can, we muſt, and will.
What hopes thy fond miſtaking ſoul betray'd,
To put thy truſt in Ægypt's feeble aid?
Our ſlothful nation, long diſus'd to toil,
With pain ſuffice to till their ſlimy ſoil,
Our idle force due modeſty ſhould teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach.
Shall we reſiſt where Rome was forc'd to yield,
And make us parties to Pharſalia's field?
We mix'd not in the fatal ſtrife before:
And ſhall we, when the world has given it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging victor's power?
Nor do we turn, unpitying, from diſtreſs;
We fly not Pompey's woes, but ſeek ſucceſs.
The prudent on the proſperous ſtill attends,
And none but fools chooſe wretches for their friends.
He ſaid; the vile aſſembly all aſſent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent.
Fond of the royalty his ſlaves beſtow'd,
And by new power of wickedneſs made proud.
Where Caſium high o'erlooks the ſhoaly ſtrand,
A bark with armed ruffians ſtraight is mann'd,
And the taſk truſted to Achillas' hand.
Can then Ægyptian ſouls thus proudly dare!
Is Rome, ye gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let ſuch blood by cowards hands be ſpilt?

Some kindred murderer at leaſt afford,
And let him fall by Cæſar's worthy ſword,
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardleſs boy!
Dar'ſt thou thy hand in ſuch a deed employ?
Does not thy trembling heart, with horror, dread
Jove's thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty head?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd,
And ev'n the vanquiſh'd world his conqueſt own'd;
Had not the reverend ſenate call'd him head,
And Cæſar given fair Julia to his bed,
He was a Roman ſtill: a name ſhould be
For ever ſacred to a king, like thee.
Ah, fool! thus blindly by thyſelf undone,
Thou ſeek'ſt his ruin, who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain,
Who gave thee firſt o'er Ægypt's realm to reign.
The ſeamen, now, advancing near to ſhore,
Strike the wide ſail, and ply the plunging oar;
When the falſe miſcreants the navy meet,
And with diſſembled chear the Roman greet.
They feign their hoſpitable land addreſs'd,
With ready friendſhip, to receive her gueſt;
Excuſing much an inconvenient ſhore,
Where ſhoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar:
From his tall ſhip, unequal to the place,
They beg him to their lighter bark to paſs.
Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,
A thouſand ſigns the danger near foretel,
Seen by his ſad preſaging friends too well.

Had

Had their low fawning juſtly been deſign'd,
If truth could lodge in an Ægyptian mind,
Their king himſelf with all his fleet had come,
To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.
But thus Fate will'd; and Pompey choſe to bear
A certain death, before uncertain fear.
While, now, aboard the hoſtile boat he goes,
To follow him, the frantic matron vows,
And claims her partnerſhip in all his woes.
But, oh! forbear (he cries) my love, forbear;
Thou and my ſon remain in ſafety here.
Let this old head the danger firſt explore,
And prove the faith of you' ſuſpected ſhore.
He ſpoke; but ſhe, unmov'd at his commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, ſtretch'd her eager hands:
Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still muſt I weep our common griefs alone?
Joy ſtill, with thee, forſakes my boding heart;
And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
Why did thy veſſel to my Leſbos turn?
Why was I from the faithful iſland borne?
Muſt I all lands, all ſhores, alike, forbear,
And only on the ſeas thy ſorrows ſhare?
Thus, to the winds, loud plain'd her fruitleſs tongue,
While eager from the deck on high ſhe hung;
Trembling with wild aſtoniſhment and fear,
She dares not, while her parting lord they bear,
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there.
On him his anxious navy all are bent,
And wait, ſolicitous, the dire event.

No danger aim'd againſt his life they doubt;
Care for his glory only, fills their thought:
They wiſh he may not ſtain his name renown'd,
By mean ſubmiſſion to the boy he crown'd.
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the veſſel's ſide,
Hail, general! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
But now (what vile diſhonour muſt it bring)
The ruffian ſlave of an Ægyptian king.
Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
And ruthleſs as the ſavage of the wood.
Oh, Fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld
This hand of miſchief from Pharſalia's field?
But, thus, thou ſcatter'ſt thy deſtroying ſwords,
And every land thy victims thus affords.
Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed!
Can Roman hands be to the taſk decreed!
Ev'n Cæſar, and his gods, abhor the deed.
Say you! who with the ſtain of murder brand
Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
What monſtrous title, yet to ſpeech unknown,
To lateſt times ſhall mark Septimius down!
Now in the boat defenceleſs Pompey ſate,
Surrounded and abandon'd to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
Ere every villain drew his ruthleſs ſword:
The chief perceiv'd their purpoſe ſoon, and ſpread
His Roman gown with patience, o'er his head;

And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his breaſt,
His riſing indignation cloſe repreſs'd.
No ſighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
Nor tears his ſtill unſully'd glory ſtain'd:
Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his ſeat,
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
Meanwhile, within his equal parting ſoul,
Theſe lateſt pleaſing thoughts revolving roll.
In this my ſtrongeſt trial, and my laſt,
As in ſome theatre I here am plac'd:
The faith of Ægypt, and my fate, ſhall be
A theme for preſent times, and late poſterity.
Much of my former life was crown'd with praiſe,
And honours waited on my early days:
Then, fearleſs, let me this dread period meet,
And force the world to own the ſcene complete.
Nor grieve, my heart! by ſuch baſe hands to bleed;
Whoever ſtrikes the blow, 'tis Cæſar's deed.
What, though this mangled carcaſe ſhall be torn,
Theſe limbs be toſt about for public ſcorn;
My long proſperity has found its end,
And death comes opportunely, like a friend:
It comes, to ſet me free from fortune's power,
And gives, what ſhe can rob me of no more.
My wife and ſon behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no tears, no groans, my fate purſue!
My virtue rather let their praiſe approve,
Let them admire my death, and my remembrance love.
Such conſtancy in that dread hour remain'd,
And, to the laſt, the ſtruggling ſoul ſuſtain'd.

Not ſo the matron's feebler powers repreſs'd
The wild impatience of her frantic breaſt:
With every ſtab her bleeding heart was torn,
With wounds much harder to be ſeen, than borne.
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (ſhe cries)
My love the ſword and ruthleſs hand ſupplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal iſle,
That cruel Cæſar firſt might reach the Nile;
For Cæſar ſure is there; no hand but his
Has right to ſuch a parricide as this.
But whether Cæſar, or whoe'er thou art,
Thou haſt miſtook the way to Pompey's heart:
That ſacred pledge in my ſad boſom lies,
There plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies.
Me too, moſt worthy of thy fury know,
The partner of his arms, and ſworn your foe.
Of all our Roman wives, I ſingly bore
The camp's fatigue, the ſea's tempeſtuous roar:
No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd;
What mighty monarchs durſt not do, I dar'd.
Theſe guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
And claſp'd him, flying from Pharſalia's field.
Ah, Pompey! doſt thou thus thy faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be ſpar'd?
But Fate ſhall many means of death afford,
Nor want th' aſſiſtance of a tyrant's ſword.
And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidſt the tumbling deep:
Or to my neck the ſtrangling cordage tie;
If their be any friend of Pompey nigh,
Tranſfix me, ſtab me, do but let me die.

My

My lord! my huſband!—Yet thou art not dead;
And ſee! Cornelia is a captive led:
From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain,
Reſerv'd to wear th' inſulting victor's chain.
She ſpoke; and ſtiffening ſunk in cold deſpair;
Her weeping maids the lifeleſs burden bear;
While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
Spread every ſail, and fly the faithleſs ſhore.
Nor agonies, nor livid death, diſgrace
The ſacred features of the hero's face;
In the cold viſage, mournfully ſerene;
The ſame indignant majeſty was ſeen;
There virtue ſtill unchangeable abode,
And ſcorn'd the ſpite of every partial god.
The bloody buſineſs now complete and done,
New Furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
And to full view expos'd the recent dead;
Hard in his horrid gripe the face he preſs'd,
While yet the quivering muſcles life confeſs'd:
He drew the dragging body down with haſte,
Then croſs a rower's ſeat the neck he plac'd;
There, aukward, haggling, he divides the bone
(The headſman's art was then but rudely known).
Straight on the ſpoil his Pharian partner flies,
And robs the heartleſs villain of his prize.
The head, his trophy, proud Achillas bears;
Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
And in the meaner miſchief poorly ſhares.
Caught by the venerable locks, which grow,
In hoary ringlets, on his generous brow,

To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear.
Thoſe ſacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
On which the liſtening Forum oft has hung;
That tongue which could the world with eaſe reſtrain,
And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
That face, in which ſucceſs came ſmiling home,
And doubled every joy it brought to Rome;
Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a ſpear,
And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
To keep this pledge of his deteſted deed.
His ſlaves ſtraight drain the ſerous parts away,
And arm the waſting fleſh againſt decay;
Then drugs and gums through the void veſſels paſs,
And for duration fix the ſtiffening maſs.
Inglorious boy! degenerate and baſe!
Thou laſt and worſt of the Lagæan race!
Whoſe feeble throne, ere long, ſhall be compell'd,
To thy laſcivious ſiſter's reign to yield:
Canſt thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
The raſh vain youth of Macedon inſhrine;
Can Ægypt ſ- h ſtupendous fabrics build;
Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd;
Canſt thou, beneath ſuch monumental pride,
Thy worthleſs Ptolomæan fathers hide;
While the great Pompey's headleſs trunk is toſs'd
In ſcorn, unbury'd, on thy barbarous coaſt?
Was it ſo much? Could not thy care ſuffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes?

In

In this, his fortune ever held the ſame,
Still wholly kind, or wholly croſs, ſhe came.
Patient, his long proſperity ſhe bore,
But kept this death, and this ſad day, in ſtore.
No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To eaſe his ſorrows, or to damp his joy;
Unmingled came the bitter and the ſweet,
And all his good and evil was complete.
No ſooner was he ſtruck by fortune's hand,
But, ſee! he lies unbury'd on the ſand;
Rocks tear him, billows toſs him up and down,
And Pompey by a headleſs trunk is known.
Yet ere proud Cæſar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile:
In pity half, and half in ſcorn, ſhe gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.
Cordus, a follower long of Pompey's fate,
(His quæſtor in Idalian Cyprus late)
From a cloſe cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring ſhore betook his way:
Safe in the ſhelter of the gloomy ſhade,
And by ſtrong ties of pious duty ſway'd,
The fearleſs youth the watery ſtrand ſurvey'd.
'Twas now the thickeſt darkneſs of the night,
And waining Phœbe lent a feeble light;
Yet ſoon the glimmering goddeſs plainly ſhew'd
The paler corſe, amidſt the duſky flood.
The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with ſtrong arms infolds the floating chief.
Long ſtrove his labour with the tumbling main,
And dragg'd the ſacred burden on with pain.

Nigh weary now, the waves inſtruct him well,
To ſeize th' advantage of th' alternate ſwell:
Borne on the mounting ſurge, to ſhore he flies,
And on the beach in ſafety lands his prize.
There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
And drops in every gaping wound a tear:
Then, lifting to the gloomy ſkies his head,
Thus to the ſtars, and cruel gods, he pray'd:
  See, fortune! where thy Pompey lies! and oh!
In pity, one, laſt little boon beſtow.
He aſks no heaps of frankincenſe to riſe,
No eaſtern odours to perfume the ſkies;
No Roman necks his patriot corſe to bear,
No reverend train of ſtatues to appear;
No pageant ſhows his glories to record,
And tell the triumphs of his conquering ſword;
No inſtruments in plaintive notes to ſound.
No legions ſad to march in ſolemn round;
A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
With ſome poor hand to tend the homely fire,
Is all, theſe wretched relicks now require.
Your wrath, ye powers! Cornelia's hand denies;
Let that, for every other loſs, ſuffice;
She takes not her laſt leave, ſhe weeps not here,
And yet ſhe is, ye gods! ſhe is too near.
  Thus while he ſpoke, he ſaw where through the ſhade
A ſlender flame its gleaming light diſplay'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd.

He

He ſeiz'd the kindled brands; and oh! (he ſaid)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendleſs ſhade;
And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
Thyſelf a better office ſhalt ſupply.
If there be ſenſe in ſouls departed, thine
To my great leader ſhall her rites reſign:
With humble joy ſhall quit her meaner claim,
And bluſh to burn, when Pompey wants the flame.
He ſaid; and, gathering in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighbouring ſhore.
There ſoon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half waſh'd into the flood, half reſting on the ground.
With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cloven oaks in lofty order lie,
To lift the great patrician to the ſky:
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By ſome late ſhipwreck caſt upon the ſtrand;
Theſe pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as beſt he may.
Now while the blaze began to riſe around,
The youth ſat mournful by upon the ground:
And ah (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
Diſgrace thy great, majeſtic, Roman name;
If the rude outrage of the ſtormy ſeas
Seem better to thy ghoſt, than rites like theſe;
Yet let thy injur'd ſhade the wrong forget,
Which duty and officious zeal commit.
Fate ſeems itſelf, in my excuſe to plead,
And thy hard fortune juſtifies my deed,

I only wiſh'd, nor is that wiſh in vain,
To ſave thee from the monſters of the main;
From vultures claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæſar's power.
No longer, then, this humbler flame withſtand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand.
If e'er the gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd Heſperian land to ſee,
With me thy exil'd aſhes ſhall return,
And chaſte Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
Mean-while, a ſignal ſhall thy care provide,
Some future Roman votary to guide;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to theſe thy limbs reſtore:
Then ſhall he mark the witneſs of my ſtone,
And, taught by me, thy ſacred ghoſt atone.
He ſpoke; and ſtraight, with buſy, pious hands,
Heap'd on the ſmoaking corſe the ſcatter'd brands,
Slow ſunk amidſt the fire the waſting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering ſtars to fade away,
Before the roſy promiſe of the day,
When the pale youth th' unfiniſh'd rites forſook,
And to the covert of his cave betook,
Ah! why thus raſhly would thy fears diſclaim
That only deed, which muſt record thy name?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf ſhall juſt applauſe beſtow,
And praiſe the Roman that inters his foe.
Securely tell him where his ſon is laid,
And he ſhall give thee back his mangled head.

But

But ſoon behold! the bolder youth returns,
While, half conſum'd, the ſmouldering carcaſe burns;
Ere yet the cleanſing fire had melted down
The fleſhy muſcles, from the firmer bone.
He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them, haſty, in a narrow grave:
Then with a ſtone the ſacred duſt he binds,
To guard it from the breath of ſcattering winds:
And leſt ſome heedleſs mariner ſhould come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb;
Thus with a line the monument he keeps,
"Beneath this ſtone the once great Pompey ſleeps."
Oh fortune! can thy malice ſwell ſo high?
Canſt thou with Cæſar's every wiſh comply?
Muſt he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, miſtaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Where there are ſeas, or air, or earth, or ſkies,
Where-e'er Rome's empire ſtretches, Pompey lies:
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this ſtone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nyſa's hill, for Bacchus only, ſtand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cauſe of liberty and Rome?
If fate decrees he muſt in Ægypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave ſupply:
Yield the wide country to his awful ſhade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead.

But

But if one ſtone muſt bear the ſacred name,
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
There let the paſſenger, with wonder, read,
The pirates vanquiſh'd, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war;
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
With theſe, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquiſh'd eaſt:
Tell with what loud applauſe of Rome, he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
Tell too, the patriot's greateſt, beſt renown,
Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown.
But ah! what marbles to the taſk ſuffice!
Inſtead of theſe, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
Seek the known name our Faſti us'd to wear,
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.
Oh fatal land! what curſe can I beſtow,
Equal to thoſe, we to thy miſchiefs owe?
Well did the wiſe Cumæan maid of yore
Warn our Heſperian chiefs to ſhun thy ſhore.
Forbid, juſt heavens! your dews to bleſs the ſoil,
And thou withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
Like Ægypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
And her fat earth to ſandy deſerts turn.
Have we, with honours, dead Oſiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's ſound;

Receiv'd

Receiv'd her Iſis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods;
While, in deſpite to Pompey's injur'd ſhade,
Low in her duſt his ſacred bones are laid!
And thou, oh Rome! by whoſe forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, ſtand,
Canſt thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghoſt in baniſhment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy baſe fear,
Bad thee, at firſt, the pious taſk forbear;
Yet now, at leaſt, oh let him now return,
And reſt with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let miſtaken ſuperſtition dread,
On ſuch occaſions, to diſturb the dead:
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious taſk ſhould be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
And bear his aſhes in my boſom home!
Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
Or groaning earth ſhall from the center ſhake;
When blaſting dews the riſing harveſt ſeize,
Or nations ſicken with ſome dire diſeaſe:
The gods, in mercy to us, ſhall command
To fetch our Pompey from th' accurſed land.
Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
In long proceſſions ſhall the prieſts appear,
And their great chief the ſacred relicks bear.
Or if thou ſtill poſſeſs the Pharian ſhore,
What traveller but ſhall thy grave explore;
Whether he tread Syene's burning ſoil,
Or viſit ſultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:

Or

Or if the merchants drawn by hopes of gain,
Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
With holy rites thy ſhade ſhall he atone,
And bow before thy venerable ſtone.
For who but ſhall prefer thy tomb above
The meaner fane of an Ægyptian Jove?
Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raiſe
Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praiſe;
Though his proud name on altars may preſide,
And thine be waſh'd by every rolling tide;
Thy grave ſhall the vain pageantry deſpiſe,
Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune, lies
Ev'n thoſe who kneel not to the gods above,
Nor offer ſacrifice or prayer to Jove,
To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worſhip where the bury'd thunder lies.
Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble ſhall record thy mighty name.
So may thy duſt, ere long, be worn away,
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better age ſhall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this ſtone;
When Ægypt's boaſt of Pompey's tomb ſhall pr
As unbelievd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove.

LUC.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheoſis; from thence, after a ſhort account of Cato's gathering up the relicks of the battle of Pharſalia, and tranſporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to deſcribe Cornelia's paſſion upon the death of her huſband. Amongſt other things, ſhe informs his ſon Sextus of his father's laſt commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus ſets ſail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occaſion the poet deſcribes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the diſorders that happened in the camp, both which Cato appeaſes. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he reſolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a deſcription of the Syrts, and their dangerous paſſage by them, follows Cato's ſpeech to encourage the ſoldiers to march through the deſerts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the deſerts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digreſſion concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's perſuaſion to Cato to enquire of the oracle concerning the event of the war, and Cato's famous anſwer. From thence, after a warm elogy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of ſerpents in Afric; and this, with the deſcription of the various kinds, and the ſeveral deaths of

the ſoldiers by them, is perhaps the moſt poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæſar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having ſhewn him the ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an occaſion to ſpeak well of poetry in general, and himſelf in particular. Cæſar, upon his arrival on the coaſt of Ægypt, is met by an ambaſſador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the preſent (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a ſeeming grief for the misfortune of ſo great a man.

NOR in the dying embers of its pile
Slept the great ſoul upon the banks of Nile,
Nor longer, by the earthy parts reſtrain'd,
Amidſt its wretched reliques was detain'd;
But, active and impatient of delay,
Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards urg'd its way.
Far in thoſe azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling ſtarry ſphere,
Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
Where Cynthia drives around her ſilver light;
Their happy ſeats the demi-gods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliſs;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven and ſtars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
There Pompey's ſoul, adorn'd with heavenly light,
Soon ſhone among the reſt, and as the reſt was bright.
New to the bleſt abode, with wonder fill'd,
The ſtars and moving planets he beheld;

Then

Then looking down on the ſun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our duſky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.
But when he ſaw, how on the ſhore forlorn
His headleſs trunk was caſt for public ſcorn;
When he beheld, how envious fortune, ſtill,
Took pains to uſe a ſenſeleſs carcaſe ill,
He ſmil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pity'd impotent mankind below,
Then lightly paſſing o'er Emathia's plain,
His flying navy ſcatter'd on the main,
And cruel Cæſar's tents; he fix'd at laſt
His reſidence in Brutus' ſacred breaſt:
There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he ſate,
The ſtate's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
There mournful Rome might ſtill her Pompey find,
There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.
He, while in deep ſuſpenſe the world yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it ſhould obey,
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's ſelf did bear,
Though his companion in the common war.
Though, by the ſenate's juſt command, they ſtood
Engag'd together for the public good;
But dread Pharſalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquiſh'd ſide.
His helpleſs country, like an orphan left,
Friendleſs and poor, of all ſupport bereft,
He took and cheriſh'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bad her not to fear;
And taught her feeble hands once more the trade of war.

Nor luſt of empire did his courage ſway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Paſſions and private intereſt he forgot;
Not for himſelf, but liberty he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The ſwift advancing victor to prevent;
Who, marching ſudden on to new ſucceſs,
The ſcatter'd legions might with eaſe oppreſs,
There, with the ruins of Æmathia's field,
The flying hoſt, a thouſand ſhips he fill'd.
Who that from land, with wonder, had deſcry'd
The paſſing fleet, in all its naval pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the diſtant ocean ſpread,
Could have believ'd thoſe mighty numbers fled?
Malea o'erpaſt, and the Tænarian ſhore,
With ſwelling ſails he for Cythera bore:
Then Crete he ſaw, and with a northern wind
Soon left the fam'd Dictæan iſle behind.
Urg'd by the bold Phycuntine's churliſh pride,
(Their ſhores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
The chief reveng'd the wrong, and as he paſs'd,
Laid their unhoſpitable city waſte.
Thence wafted forward, to the coaſt he came
Which took of old from Palinure its name.
(Nor Italy this monument alone
Can boaſt, ſince Libya's Palinure has ſhown
Her peaceful ſhores were to the Trojan known.)
From hence they ſoon deſcry with doubtful pain,
Another navy on the diſtant main.
Anxious they ſtand, and now expect the foe,
Now their companions in the public woe:

The victor's haſte inclines them moſt to fear;
Each veſſel ſeems a hoſtile face to wear,
And every ſail they ſpy, they fancy Cæſar there.
But oh thoſe ſhips a different burden bore,
A mournful freight they wafted to the ſhore:
Sorrows that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.
When long the ſad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
With Sextus long had ſtrove, and long implor'd,
To wait the relicks of her murder'd lord;
The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge reſtore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithleſs ſhore:
Still grief and love their various hopes inſpire,
Till ſhe beholds her Pompey's funeral fire,
Till on the land ſhe ſees th' ignoble flame
Aſcend, unequal to the hero's name;
Then into juſt complaints at length ſhe broke,
And thus with pious indignation ſpoke:
Oh fortune! doſt thou then diſdain t'afford
My love's laſt office to my deareſt lord?
Am I one chaſte, one laſt embrace deny'd?
Shall I not lay me by his clay-cold ſide,
Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the ſad torch to bear,
To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
To gather from the ſhore the noble ſpoil,
And place it decent on the fatal pile?
Shall not his bones and ſacred duſt be borne,
In this ſad boſom, to their peaceful urn?

Whate'er the laſt conſuming flame ſhall leave,
Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
And to the gods the precious relicks give?
Perhaps, this laſt reſpect, which I ſhould ſhow,
Some vile Ægyptian hand does now beſtow,
Injurious to the Roman ſhade below.
Happy, my Craſſus, were thy bones, which lay
Expos'd to Parthian birds and beaſts of prey!
Here the laſt rites the cruel gods allow,
And for a curſe my Pompey's pile beſtow.
For ever will the ſame ſad fate return?
Still an unburied huſband muſt I mourn,
And weep my ſorrows o'er an empty urn?
But why ſhould tombs be built, or urns be made?
Does grief like mine require their feeble aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within thy heart,
And fix'd in every deareſt vital part?
O'er monuments ſurviving wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need them, who diſdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant flames
Caſt feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
From my lov'd lord, his dear remains, they riſe,
And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes;
And now they ſink, the languid lights decay,
The cloudy ſmoke all eaſtward rolls away,
And wafts my hero to the riſing day.
Me too the winds demand, with freſhening gales;
Envious they call, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
No land on earth ſeems dear as Ægypt now,
No land that crowns and triumphs did beſtow,
And with new laurels bound my Pompey's brow.

That

That happy Pompey to my thoughts is loſt,
He that is left, lies dead on yonder coaſt;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curſed land:
Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian ſhore.
Thou, Sextus, thou ſhalt prove the chance of war,
And through the world thy father's enſigns bear,
Then hear his laſt command, intruſted to my care.
" When e'er my laſt, my fatal hour ſhall come,
" Arm you, my ſons, for liberty and Rome;
" While one ſhall of our free-born race remain,
" Let him prevent the tyrant Cæſar's reign.
" From each free city round, from every land,
" Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
" Theſe are the parties, theſe the friends he leaves,
" This legacy your dying father gives.
" If for the ſea's wide rule your arms you bear,
" A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
" Heirs of my fame, my ſons, ſhall wage my war.
" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight,
" And, like your father, ſtill defend the right.
" To Cato, if for liberty he ſtand,
" Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,
" Brave, juſt, and only worthy to command."
At length to thee, my Pompey, I am juſt,
I have ſurviv'd, and well diſcharg'd my truſt;
Through chaos now, and the dark realms below,
To follow thee, a willing ſhade I go:

If longer with a lingering fate I ſtrive,
'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
'Tis to be curs'd for daring to ſurvive.
She, who could bear to ſee thy wounds, and live,
New proofs of love, and fatal grief, ſhall give.
Nor need ſhe fly for ſuccour to the ſword,
The ſteepy precipice, and deadly cord;
She from herſelf ſhall find her own relief,
And ſcorn to die of any death but grief.
So ſaid the matron; and about her head
Her veil ſhe draws, her mournful eyes to ſhade.
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt ſhades her woe,
She ſeeks the ſhip's deep darkſome hold below:
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her ſorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with freſh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her huſband's ſtead.
In vain the beating ſurges rage aloud,
And ſwelling Eurus grumbles in the ſhroud;
Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,
Nor all the noiſy cries of fear can move;
In ſullen peace compos'd for death ſhe lies,
And, waiting, longs to hear the tempeſt riſe;
Then hopes the ſeamens vows ſhall all be croſt,
Prays for the ſtorm, and wiſhes to be loſt.
Soon from the Pharian coaſt the navy bore,
And ſought through foamy ſeas the Cyprian ſhore;
Soft eaſtern gales prevailing thence alone,
To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.
With mournful looks from land, (as oft, we know,
A ſad prophetic ſpirit waits on woe,)

Pompey

Pompey his brother and the fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the watery field:
Straight to the beach with headlong haſte he flies:
Where is our father, Sextus, where? he cries:
Do we yet live? Stands yet the ſovereign ſtate?
Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate?
Sink we at length before the conquering foe?
And is the mighty head of Rome laid low?
He ſaid; the mournful brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom lands and ſeas divide
From woes, which did to theſe ſad eyes betide:
Theſe eyes! which of their horror ſtill complain,
Since they beheld our godlike father ſlain.
Nor did his fate an equal death afford,
Nor ſuffer'd him to fall by Cæſar's ſword.
Truſting in vain to hoſpitable gods,
He dy'd, oppreſs'd by vile Ægyptian odds:
By the curs'd monarch of Nile's ſlimy wave.
He fell, a victim to the crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody deed;
Theſe eyes beheld our valiant father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and ſcarce believ'd my fear,
Nor thought th' Ægyptian could ſo greatly dare;
But ſtill I look'd, and fancy'd Cæſar there.
But, oh! not all his wounds ſo much did move,
Pierc'd my ſad ſoul, and ſtruck my filial love,
As that his venerable head they bear,
Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a ſpear;
Through every town 'tis ſhown, the vulgar's ſport,
And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, that Ptolemy preſerves this prize,
Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
The body, whether rent or borne away,
By foul Ægyptian dogs, and birds of prey:
Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
Or by thoſe wretched flames, we ſaw, conſum'd;
Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That crime unpuniſh'd, to the gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preſerv'd alone we grieve.
Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
With noble fury, calls aloud to arm;
Nor ſeeks in ſighs and helpleſs tears relief,
But thus in pious rage expreſs'd his grief:
Hence all aboard, and haſte to put to ſea,
Urge on againſt the winds our adverſe way;
With me let every Roman leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er ſo juſt as now.
Pompey's unbury'd relicks aſk your aid,
Call for due rites and honours to be paid.
Let Ægypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
And ſooth the ghoſt with his inglorious blood.
Not Alexander ſhall his prieſts defend,
Forc'd from his golden ſhrine he ſhall deſcend:
In Mareotis deep I 'll plunge him down,
Deep in the ſluggiſh waves the royal carcaſe drown.
From his proud pyramid Amaſis torn,
With his long dynaſties my rage ſhall mourn,
And floating down their muddy Nile be borne.
Each ſtately tomb and monumental ſtone,
For thee, unburied Pompey, ſhall atone.

no more ſhall draw the cheated crowd,
God Oſiris in his linen ſhrowd;
pt of their ſhrines, with ſcorn they ſhall be caſt,
be by ignominious hands defac'd;
ir holy Apis, of diviner breed,
Pompey's duſt a ſacrifice ſhall bleed,
ile burning deities the flame ſhall feed.
ſte ſhall the land be laid, and never know
: tiller's care, not feel the crooked plow:
ie ſhall be left for whom the Nile may flow:
l, the gods baniſh'd, and the people gone,
ypt to Pompey ſhall be left alone.
le ſaid; then haſty to revenge he flew,
d ſeaward out the ready navy drew;
cooler Cato did the youth aſſwage,
d praiſing much, compreſt his filial rage.
Meantime the ſhores, the ſeas, and ſkies around,
th mournful cries for Pompey's death reſound.
are example have their ſorrows ſhown,
: in no age beſide, nor people known,
w falling power did with compaſſion meet,
d crouds deplor'd the ruins of the great.
: when the ſad Cornelia firſt appear'd,
ien on the deck her mournful head ſhe rear'd,
: locks hang rudely o'er the matron's face,
th all the pomp of grief's diſorder'd grace;
ien they beheld her, waſted quite with woe,
d ſpent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
ain they feel their loſs, again complain,
d heaven and earth ring with their cries again.

Soon

Soon as ſhe landed on the friendly ſtrand,
Her lord's laſt rites employ her pious hand;
To his dear ſhade ſhe builds a funeral pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble ſpoil.
There ſhone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
There the rich robes which ſhe herſelf had made,
Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erſt diſplay'd:
The relicks of his paſt victorious days,
Now this his lateſt trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping matron's pious care:
The ſoldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
To every valiant friend a pile they build,
That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharſalia's field:
Stretch'd wide along the ſhores, the flames extend,
And, grateful to the wandering ſhades, aſcend.
So when Apulian hinds, with art, renew
The wintery paſtures to their verdant hue,
That flowers may riſe, and ſpringing graſs return,
With ſpreading flames the wither'd fields they burn,
Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
And draw the diſtant wandering ſwains to gaze;
Far are the glittering fires deſcry'd by night,
And gild the duſky ſkies around with light.
But, oh! not all the ſorrows of the croud
That ſpoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
And charg'd them with neglect of things below;
Not all the marks of the wild people's love,
The hero's ſoul, like Cato's praiſe, could move;

Few

Few were his words, but from an honeſt heart,
Where faction and where favour had no part,
But truth made up for paſſion and for art.
We 've loſt a Roman citizen (he ſaid):
One of the nobleſt of that name is dead;
Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
Nor by their ſtricteſt rules of juſtice bound,
Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
He, for his country's good, tranſgreſs'd her law,
To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
Rome held her freedom ſtill, though he was great;
He ſway'd the ſenate, but they rul'd the ſtate.
When crouds were willing to have worn his chain,
He choſe his private ſtation to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundleſs power he never ſought to uſe,
Nor aſk'd, but what the people might refuſe:
Much he poſſeſs'd, and wealthy was his ſtore,
Yet ſtill he gather'd but to give the more,
And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the ſword, but knew its rage to charm,
And lov'd peace beſt, when he was forc'd to arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaſter houſhold and his frugal board,
Nor lewdneſs did, nor luxury afford,
Ev n in the higheſt fortunes of their lord.
His noble name, his country's honour grown,
Was venerably round the nations known,
And as Rome's faireſt light and brighteſt glory ſhone.

When

When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toſt,
The commonwealth her ancient freedom loſt,
Some ſhadow yet was left, ſome ſhew of power;
Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more:
Senate and people all at once are gone,
Nor need the tyrant bluſh to mount the throne.
Oh, happy Pompey! happy in thy fate,
Happy by falling with the falling ſtate,
Thy death a benefit the gods did grant,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd thoſe Pharian ſwords to want.
Freedom, at leaſt, thou doſt by dying gain,
Nor liv'ſt to ſee thy Julia's father reign;
Free death is man's firſt bliſs, the next is to be ſlain.
Such mercy only I from Juba crave,
(If Fortune ſhould ordain me Juba's ſlave)
To Cæſar let him ſhew, but ſhew me dead,
And keep my carcaſe, ſo he takes my head.
He ſaid, and pleas'd the noble ſhade below,
More than a thouſand orators could do;
Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
And Rome's full Forum with his praiſe had rung.
But diſcord now infects the ſullen croud,
And now they tell their diſcontents aloud:
When Tarchon firſt his flying enſigns bore,
Call'd out to march, and haſten'd to the ſhore;
Him Cato thus, purſuing as he mov'd,
Sternly beſpoke, and juſtly thus reprov'd:
Oh, reſtleſs author of the roving war,
Doſt thou again piratic arms prepare?
Pompey, thy terror and thy ſcourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'ſt to rule the ſeas alone.

He

He ſaid, and bent his frown upon the reſt,
Of whom one bolder thus the chief addreſs'd,
And thus their wearineſs of war confeſs'd:
For Pompey's ſake (nor thou diſdain to hear)
The Civil War we wage, theſe arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to peace: but, Cato, now,
That cauſe, that maſter of our arms lies low.
Let us no more our abſent country mourn,
But to our homes and houſhold gods return;
To the chaſte arms from whoſe embrace we fled,
And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
For, oh! what period can the war attend,
Which nor Pharſalia's field nor Pompey's death can end?
The better times of flying life are paſt,
Let death come gently on in peace at laſt.
Let age at length with providential care
The neceſſary pile and urn prepare,
All rites the cruel Civil War denies,
Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
Though vanquiſh'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land,
Nor are our necks by fortune now beſpoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke;
The victor ſtill a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the ſovereign ſway;
Cæſar was next, and him we now obey;
With reverence be the ſacred ſhade ador'd,
But war has given us now another lord:
To Cæſar and ſuperior chance we yield:
All was determin'd in Emathia's field.

Nor

Nor ſhall our arms on other leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain hopes moleſt the ſtate,
We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow Fate.
What terms, what ſafety, can we hope for now,
But what the victor's mercy ſhall allow?
Once Pompey's preſence juſtify'd the cauſe,
Then fought we for our liberties and laws;
With him the honours of that cauſe lie dead,
And all the ſanctity of war is fled.
If, Cato, thou for Rome theſe arms doſt bear,
If ſtill thy country only be thy care,
Seek we the legions where Rome's enſigns fly,
Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high:
No matter who to Pompey's power ſucceeds,
We follow where a Roman conſul leads.
This ſaid, he leap'd aboard; the youthful ſort
Join in his flight, and haſte to leave the port;
The ſenſeleſs croud their liberty diſdain,
And long to wear victorious Cæſar's chain.
Tyrannic power now ſudden ſeem'd to threat
The ancient glories of Rome's free-born ſtate,
Till Cato ſpoke, and thus deferr'd her fate:
Did then your vows and ſervile prayers conſpire
Nought but a haughty maſter to deſire?
Did you, when eager for the battle, come
The ſlaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
Now, weary of the toil, from war you fly,
And idly lay your uſeleſs armour by;
Your hands neglect to wield the ſhining ſword,
Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.

Some

Some mighty chief you want, for whom to ſweat;
Yourſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give yourſelves away;
And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
The gods and fortune do at length afford
A cauſe moſt worthy of a Roman ſword.
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. Pompey now
Cannot, by your ſucceſs, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
When nearer liberty your aid demands.
Of three who durſt the ſovereign power invade,
Two by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead;
And ſhall the Pharian ſword and Parthian bow
Do more for liberty and Rome, than you?
Baſe as you are, in vile ſubjection go,
And ſcorn what Ptolemy did ill beſtow.
Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
You durſt not ſtain your hardy hands in blood;
Feebly awhile you fought, but ſoon did yield,
And fled the firſt from dire Pharſalia's field;
Go then ſecure, for Cæſar will be good,
Will pardon thoſe who are with eaſe ſubdued;
The pitying victor will in mercy ſpare
The wretch, who never durſt provoke his war.
Go, ſordid ſlaves! one lordly maſter gone,
Like heirlooms go from father to the ſon.
Still to enhance your ſervile merit more,
Bear ſad Cornelia weeping from the ſhore;
Meanly for hire expoſe the matron's life,
Metellus' daughter fell, and Pompey's wife;

Take too his ſons: let Cæſar find in you
Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
But let not my devoted life be ſpar'd,
The tyrant greatly ſhall that deed reward;
Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
That all your former wars ſhall well be paid;
Kill me, and in my blood do Cæſar right,
'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight.
He ſaid, and ſtopp'd the flying naval power;
Back they return'd, repenting, to the ſhore.
As when the bees their waxen town forſake,
Careleſs in air their wandering way they take,
No more in cluſtering ſwarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain through the various ſky;
No more from flowers they ſuck the liquid ſweet,
But all their care and induſtry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling braſs they hear,
With ſwift amaze their flight they ſoon forbear;
Sudden their flowery labours they renew,
Hang on the thyme, and ſip the balmy dew.
Meantime, ſecure on Hybla's fragrant plain,
With joy exults the happy ſhepherd ſwain;
Proud that his art had thus preſerv'd his ſtore,
He ſcorns to think his homely cottage poor.
With ſuch prevailing force did Cato's care
The fierce impatient ſoldiers minds prepare,
To learn obedience, and endure the war.
And now their minds, unknowing of repoſe,
With buſy toil to exerciſe he choſe;
Still with ſucceſſive labours are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary marches try'd.

Before

Before Cyrene's walls they now ſit down;
And here the victor's mercy well was ſhown,
He takes no vengeance of the captive town;
Patient he ſpares, and bids the vanquiſh'd live,
Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,
Juba, who borders on the ſwarthy Moor;
But Nature's boundaries the journey ſtay,
The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way;
Yet led by daring Virtue on they preſs,
Scorn oppoſition, and ſtill hope ſucceſs.
When nature's hand the firſt formation try'd,
When ſeas from lands ſhe did at firſt divide,
The Syrts, not quite of ſea nor land bereft,
A mingled maſs uncertain ſtill ſhe left;
For nor the land with ſeas is quite o'er-ſpread,
Nor ſink the waters deep their oozy bed,
Nor earth defends its ſhore, nor lifts aloft its head.
The ſite with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inacceſſible it lies;
Or 'tis a ſea with ſhallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd;
Here ſhores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
And there an inland ocean lags behind.
Thus nature's purpoſe, by herſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to herſelf and unemploy'd,
And part of her creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps, when firſt the world and time began,
Her ſwelling tides and plenteous waters ran;
But long confining on he burning zone,
The ſinking ſeas have felt the neighbouring ſun:

Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty God of Day.
Perhaps, in diſtant ages, 'twill be found,
When future ſuns have run the burning round,
Theſe Syrts ſhall all be dry and ſolid ground;
Small are the depths their ſcanty waves retain,
And earth grows daily on the yielding main.
And now the loaden fleet with active oars
Divide the liquid plain, and leave the ſhores,
When cloudy ſkies a gathering ſtorm preſage,
And Auſter from the South began to rage.
Full from the land the ſounding tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling ſurge, and ſweeps the ſhores;
The wind purſues, drives on the rolling ſand,
And gives new limits to the growing land.
'Spite of the ſeamen's toil, the ſtorm prevails;
In vain with ſkilful ſtrength he hands the ſails,
In vain the cordy cables bind them faſt,
At once it rips and rends them from the maſt;
At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear,
Then whirl and whiſk it through the ſportive air.
Some, timely for the riſing rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe ſheet, and laſh it to the yard:
In vain their care; ſudden the furious blaſt
Snaps by the board, and bears away the maſt;
Of tackling, ſails, and maſts, at once bereft,
The ſhip a naked helpleſs hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpos'd way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling ſea.
But happier ſome a ſteady courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper main.

Their

Their maſts they cut, and, driving with the tide,
Safe o'er the ſurge beneath the tempeſt ride:
In vain did, from the ſouthern coaſt, their foe,
All black with clouds, old ſtormy Auſter blow;
Lowly ſecure amidſt the waves they lay,
Old ocean heav'd his back, and roll'd them on their way.
Some on the ſhallows ſtrike, and doubtful ſtand,
Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the ſand.
Now pent amidſt the ſhoals the billows roar,
Daſh on the banks, and ſcorn the new-made ſhore:
Now by the wind driven on in heaps they ſwell,
The ſtedfaſt banks both winds and waves repel:
Still with united force they rage in vain,
The ſandy piles their ſtation fix'd maintain,
And lift their heads ſecure amidſt the watery plain.
There 'ſcap'd from ſeas, upon the faithleſs ſtrand,
With weeping eyes the ſhipwreck'd ſeamen ſtand,
And, caſt aſhore, look vainly out for land.
Thus ſome were loſt; but far the greater part,
Preſerv'd from danger by the pilot's art,
Keep on their courſe, a happier fate partake,
And reach in ſafety the Tritonian lake.
Theſe waters to the tuneful god are dear,
Whoſe vocal ſhell the ſea-green Nereids hear;
Theſe Pallas loves, ſo tells reporting fame,
Here firſt from heaven to earth the goddeſs came,
(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime betrays,
And ſpeaks the nearer Sun's immediately rays)
Here her firſt footſteps on the brink ſhe ſtaid,
Here in the watery glaſs her form ſurvey'd,
And call'd herſelf from hence the chaſte Tritonian maid.

Here Lethe's ſtreams, from ſecret ſprings below,
Riſe to the light; here heavily, and ſlow,
The ſilent dull forgetful waters flow.
Here, by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Heſperian plants grew rich with living gold;
Long ſince, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their loſt honours mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd,
Such by our good forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let enquirers the tradition wrong,
Or dare to queſtion, now, the poet's ſacred ſong.
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood
Here under golden boughs low bending ſtood;
On ſome large tree his folds the ſerpent wound,
The fair Heſperian virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground.
But great Alcides came to end their care,
Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare;
Then back returning ſought the Argive ſhore,
And the bright ſpoil to proud Euryſtheus bore.
  Theſe famous regions and the Syrts o'erpaſt,
They reach'd the Garamantian coaſt at laſt;
Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,
Beneath the gentleſt clime of Libya's ſkies.
  But Cato's ſoul, by dangers unreſtrain'd,
Eaſe and a dull unactive life diſdain'd.
His daring virtue urges to go on,
Through deſert lands, and nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove th' unhoſpitable ground,
To ſhun the Syrts, and lead the ſoldier round.

Since

Since now tempeſtuous ſeaſons vex the ſea,
And the declining year forbids the watery way;
He ſees the cloudy drizzling winter near,
And hopes kind rains may cool the ſultry air:
So happ'ly may they journey on ſecure,
Nor burning heats, nor killing froſts endure;
But while cool winds the winter's breath ſupplies;
With gentle warmth the Libyan ſun may riſe,
And both may join and temper well the ſkies.
  But ere the toilſome march he undertook,
The hero thus the liſtning hoſt beſpoke:
  Fellows in arms! whoſe bliſs, whoſe chiefeſt good,
Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with blood;
You, who, to die with liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,
Be now for virtue's nobleſt taſk prepar'd,
For labours many, perilous, and hard.
Think through what burning climes, what wilds we go:
No leafy ſhades the naked deſerts know,
Nor ſilver ſtreams through flowery meadows flow.
But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
And ſerpents guard th' unhoſpitable ground.
Hard is the way; but thus our fate demands;
Rome and her laws we ſeek amidſt theſe ſands.
Let thoſe who, glowing with their country's love,
Reſolve with me theſe dreadful plains to prove,
Nor of return nor ſafety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the reſt to fate.
Think not I mean the dangers to diſguiſe,
Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes,

Thoſe, only thoſe, ſhall in my fate partake,
Who love the daring for the danger's ſake;
Thoſe who can ſuffer all the worſt can come,
And think it what they owe themſelves and Rome.
If any yet ſhall doubt, or yet ſhall fear;
If life be, more than liberty, his care;
Here, ere we journey farther, let him ſtay,
Inglorious let him, like a ſlave, obey,
And ſeek a maſter in ſome ſafer way.
Foremoſt, behold, I lead you to the toil,
My feet ſhall foremoſt print the duſty ſoil:
Strike me the firſt, thou flaming God of Day,
Firſt let me feel thy fierce, thy ſcorching ray;
Ye living poiſons all, ye ſnaky train,
Meet me the firſt upon the fatal plain.
In every pain, which you my warriors fear,
Let me be firſt, and teach you how to bear.
Who ſees me pant for drought, or fainting firſt,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirſt.
If e'er for ſhelter to the ſhades I fly,
Me let him curſe, me, for the ſultry ſky.
If while the weary ſoldier marches on,
Your leader by diſtinguiſh'd eaſe be known,
Forſake my cauſe, and leave me there alone.
The ſands, the ſerpents, thirſt, and burning heat,
Are dear to patience, and to virtue ſweet;
Virtue, that ſcorns on cowards terms to pleaſe,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with eaſe;
But then ſhe joys, then ſmiles upon her ſtate,
Then faireſt to herſelf, then moſt complete,
When glorious danger makes her truly great.

So

So Libya's plains alone ſhall wipe away
The foul diſhonours of Pharſalia's day;
So ſhall your courage now tranſcend that fear:
You fled with glory there, to conquer here.
He ſaid; and hardy love of toil inſpir'd;
And every breaſt with godlike ardour fir'd.
Straight, careleſs of return, without delay
Through the wide waſte he took his pathleſs way.
Libya, ordain'd to be his laſt retreat,
Receives the hero, fearleſs of his fate;
Here the good gods his laſt of labours doom,
Here ſhall his bones and ſacred duſt find room,
And his great head be hid, within an humble tomb.
If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,
Then one third part ſhall ſandy Libya claim:
But if we count, as ſuns deſcend and riſe,
If we divide by eaſt and weſt the ſkies,
Then, with fair Europe, Libya ſhall combine,
And both to make the weſtern half ſhall join.
Whilſt wide-extended Aſia fills the reſt,
Of all from Tanais to Nile poſſeſt,
And reigns ſole empreſs of the dawning eaſt.
Of all the Libyan ſoil, the kindlieſt found
Far to the weſtern ſeas extends its bound;
Where cooling gales, where gentle Zephyrs fly,
And ſetting ſuns adorn the gaudy ſky:
And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein
Wells through the ſoil, and gurgles o'er the plain;
But from our northern clime, our gentler heaven,
Refreſhing dews and fruitful rains are driven;

All

All bleak, the god, cold Boreas, spreads his wing,
And with our winter gives the Libyan spring.
No wicked wealth infects the simple soil,
Nor golden ores disclose their shining spoil:
Bare is the glebe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,
To guilty pride and avarice unknown:
There citron groves, the native riches, grow,
There cool retreats and fragant shades bestow,
And hospitably screen their guests below.
Safe by their leafy office, long they stood
Arsacred, old, unviolated wood.
Till Roman luxury to Afric past,
And foreign axes laid their honours waste.
Thus utmost lands are ransack'd, to afford
The far-fetch'd dainties, and the costly board.
But rude and wasteful all those regions lie
That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh
Their sultry summer sun, and parching sky.
No harvest, there, the scatter'd grain repays,
But withering dies, and ere it shoots decays:
There never loves to spring the mantling vine,
Nor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine:
The thirsty dust prevents the swelling fruit,
Drinks up the generous juice, and kills the root;
Through secret veins no tempering moistures pass,
To bind with visbous force the mouldering mass;
But genial Jo[illegible] [illegible] to smile,
Forgets, and [illegible] [illegible] soil.
Thence lazy Nature [illegible] her idle head,
As ev[illegible] [illegible] were dead;

Thence

Thence the wide dreary plains one viſage wear,
Alike in ſummer, winter, ſpring appear,
Nor feel the turns of the revolving year.
Thin herbage here (for ſome ev'n here is found)
The Naſamonian hinds collect around;
A naked race, and barbarous of mind,
That live upon the loſſes of mankind:
The Syrts ſupply their wants and barren ſoil,
And ſtrow th' unhoſpitable ſhores with ſpoil.
Trade they have none, but ready ſtill they ſtand,
Rapacious, to invade the wealthy ſtrand,
And hold a commerce, thus, with every diſtant land.
Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
Here he purſued, while Virtue led the way.
Here the bold youth, led by his high command,
Fearleſs of ſtorms and raging winds, by land
Repeat the dangers of the ſwelling main,
And ſtrive with ſtorms and raging winds again.
Here all at large, where nought reſtrains his force,
Impetuous Auſter runs his rapid courſe;
Nor mountains here, nor ſtedfaſt rocks reſiſt,
But free he ſweeps along the ſpacious liſt.
No ſtable groves of ancient oaks ariſe,
To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies;
But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded through the air,
Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
The whirling duſt, like waves in eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid heaven is caught;
There hangs a ſullen cloud; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain.

Gazing

Gazing, the poor inhabitant deſcries,
Where high above his land and cottage flies;
Bereft, he ſees his loſt poſſeſſions there,
From earth tranſported, and now fix'd in air.
Not riſing flames attempt a bolder flight;
Like ſmoke by riſing flames uplifted, light
The ſands aſcend, and ſtain the heavens with night.
But now, his utmoſt power and rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy god invades the Roman hoſt;
The ſoldier yields, unequal to the ſhock,
And ſtaggers at the wind's ſtupendous ſtroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his feet, and torn away.
Oh Libya! were thy pliant ſurface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe-compacted ground;
Or hadſt thou rocks, whoſe hollows deep below
Would draw thoſe ranging winds that looſely blow;
Their fury, by thy firmer maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal caves incloſ'd,
Thy certain ruin would at once complete,
Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy ſeat:
But well thy ſlitting plains have learn'd to yield;
Thus, not contending, thou thy place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ſt the field.
Helms, ſpears and ſhields, ſnatch'd from the warlike hoſt,
Through heaven's wide regions far away were toſt;
With diſtant nations, with religious fear,
Beyond them, as ſome prodigy in air,
And thought the gods by them denounc'd a war.
Such a joy was the chance, which firſt did raiſe
The [illegible] ſtately Numa's days;

Such

Such were thoſe ſhields, and thus they came from heaven,
A ſacred charge to young patricians given;
Perhaps, long ſince, to lawleſs winds a prey,
From far barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence through long airy journeys ſafe did come,
To cheat the croud with miracles at Rome.
Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the ſtormy ſouth,
Thus every way aſſail'd the Latian youth:
Each ſeveral method for defence they try,
Now wrap their garments tight, now cloſe they lie:
Now ſinking to the earth, with weight they preſs,
Now claſp it to them with a ſtrong embrace,
Scarce in that poſture ſafe; the driving blaſt
Bears hard, and almoſt heaves them off at laſt.
Meantime a ſandy flood comes rolling on,
And ſwelling heaps the proſtrate legions drown;
New to the ſudden danger, and diſmay'd,
The frighted ſoldier haſty calls for aid,
Heaves at the hill, and ſtruggling rears his head.
Soon ſhoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty ſummit to the ſky:
High ſandy walls, like forts, their paſſage ſtay,
And riſing mountains intercept their way:
The certain bounds which ſhould their journey guide,
The moving earth and duſty deluge hide;
So landmarks ſink beneath the flowing tide.
As through mid-ſeas uncertainly they move,
Led only by Jove's ſacred lights above:
Part ev'n of them the Libyan clime denies,
Forbids their native northern ſtars to riſe,
And ſhades the well-known luſtre from their eyes.

Now

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
To warmer, calmer ſkies they journey'd on.
The ſlackening ſtorms the neighbouring ſun confeſs,
The heat ſtrikes fiercer, and the winds grow leſs,
Whilſt parching thirſt and fainting ſweats increaſe.
As forward on the weary way they went,
Panting with drought, and all with labour ſpent,
Amidſt the deſert, deſolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling ſpring to ſpy:
Proud of the prize, he drain'd the ſcanty ſtore,
And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
Around, in crouds, the thirſty legions ſtood,
Their throats and clammy jaws with duſt beſtrew'd,
And all with wiſhful eyes the liquid treaſure view'd.
Around the leader caſt his careful look,
Sternly the tempting envy'd gift he took,
Held it, and thus the giver fierce beſpoke:
And think'ſt thou then that I want Virtue moſt!
Am I the meaneſt of this Roman hoſt!
Am I the firſt ſoft coward that complains!
That ſhrinks, unequal to theſe glorious pains!
Am I in eaſe and infamy the firſt!
Rather be thou, baſe as thou art, accurs'd,
Thou that dar'ſt drink, when all beſide thee thirſt.
He ſaid; and wrathful ſtretching forth his hand,
Pour'd out the precious draught upon the ſand.
Well did the water thus for all provide,
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the general want ſupply'd.
Now to the ſacred temple they draw near,
Whoſe only altars Libyan lands revere;

Then

There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A form uncouth, ſtands heaven's Almighty Lord.
No regal enſigns grace his potent hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the lightning's flaming brand;
But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
There though he reigns unrival'd and alone,
O'er the rich neighbours of the Torrid Zone;
Though ſwarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the bleſt, and wealthy Inde;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his ſhrines with coſtly ſheen;
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he ſtood,
Such as, to whom our great fore-fathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temple ſafe from Roman gold.
Here, and here only, through wide Libya's ſpace,
Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace;
Here the looſe ſands by plenteous ſprings are bound,
Knit to a maſs, and moulded into ground:
Here ſmiling nature wears a fertile dreſs,
And all things here the preſent god confeſs.
Yet here the ſun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically ſhines:
Hence, ev'n the trees no friendly ſhelter yield,
Scarce their own trunks the leafy branches ſhield;
The rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central point the ſhadow chace.
Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant Zodiac in its round:

Here

Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion riſe,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the ſkies;
Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
Nor bids the Maid the *fiſhy* ſign deſcend.
The Boys and Centaur juſtly time divide,
And equally their ſeveral ſeaſons guide:
Alike the Crab and wintery Goat return,
Alike the Lion and the flowing Urn.
If any farther nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan fires, and ſcorching zone;
Northward from them the ſun's bright courſe is made,
And to the ſouthward ſtrikes the leaning ſhade:
There ſlow Boötes, with his lazy wain
Deſcending, ſeems to reach the watery main.
Of all the lights which high above they ſee,
No ſtar what-e'er from Neptune's waves is free,
The whirling axle drives them round, and plunges in the ſea.
Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crouds of eaſtern pilgrims wait:
Theſe from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His hoſt, (as crouds are ſuperſtitious ſtill)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's ſkill,
Intreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common ſuit to Cato mov'd:
Chance, and the fortune of the way, he ſaid,
Have brought Jove's ſacred counſels to our aid:

This

This greateſt of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each redreſs ſhall be a ſure relief;
Shall point the diſtant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wiſe! and juſt!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods ſhall truſt;
To thee their fore-determin'd will ſhall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou haſt kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance ſhall come
To impious Cæſar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at leaſt, thy country's doom.
Aſk if theſe arms our freedom ſhall reſtore:
Or elſe, if laws and right ſhall be no more.
Be thy great breaſt with ſacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave ſome perfect rule to guide mankind.
Full of the god that dwelt within his breaſt,
The hero thus his ſecret mind expreſs'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might well
Become ev'n oracles themſelves to tell.
Where would thy fond, thy vain enquiry go?
What myſtic fate, what ſecret, would'ſt thou know?
Is it a doubt if death ſhould be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than ſee a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or would'ſt thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?

What by old age and length of days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the ſenſe of pain?
Of if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The univerſal malice of mankind,
Can ſhake or hurt the brave and honeſt mind?
If ſtable virtue can her ground maintain,
Whilſt fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If truth and juſtneſs with uprightneſs dwell,
And honeſty conſiſt in meaning well?
If right be independent of ſucceſs,
And conqueſt cannot make it more nor leſs?
Are theſe, my friend, the ſecrets thou would'ſt know,
Thoſe doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.
From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though our prieſts are mute, and temples ſtill,
God never wants a voice to ſpeak his will.
When firſt we from the teeming womb were brought,
With in-born precepts then our ſouls were fraught,
And then the maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our uſeful knowledge, then.
Canſt thou believe, the vaſt eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan ſands confin'd?
That he would chooſe this waſte, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deſerts drown'd?

Is

Is there a place that God would chooſe to love
Beyond this earth, the ſeas, yon heaven above,
And virtuous minds, the nobleſt throne for Jove?
Why ſeek we farther then? behold around,
How all thou ſeeſt does with the god abound,
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let thoſe weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling prieſts for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain ſoul from doubt has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.
So ſpoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
But left the croud at freedom to believe,
And take ſuch anſwers as the prieſt ſhould give.
Foremoſt on foot he treads the burning ſand,
Bearing his arms in his own patient hand;
Scorning another's weary neck to preſs,
Or in a lazy chariot loll at eaſe:
The panting ſoldier at his toil ſucceeds,
Where no command, but great example leads.
Sparing of ſleep, ſtill for the reſt he wakes,
And at the fountain, laſt, his thirſt he ſlakes;
Whene'er by chance ſome living ſtream is found,
He ſtands, and ſees the cooling draughts go round,
Stays till the laſt and meaneſt drudge be paſt,
And, till his ſlaves have drunk, diſdains to taſte.
If true good men deſerve immortal fame,
If virtue, though diſtreſs'd, be ſtill the ſame;

Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wiſely knew,
Their virtues all are his, and all their praiſe his due.
Whoe'er, with battles fortunately fought,
Whoe'er, with Roman blood, ſuch honours brought?
This triumph, this, on Libya's utmoſt bound,
With death and deſolation compaſs'd round,
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car,
To Marius', mighty name, and great Jugurthine war.
His country's father here, O Rome, behold,
Worthy thy temples, prieſts, and ſhrines of gold!
If e'er thou break'ſt thy lordly maſter's chain,
If liberty be e'er reſtor'd again,
Him ſhalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
Swear by his holy name, and rank him with thy gods.
Now, to thoſe ſultry regions were they paſt,
Which Jove to ſtop inquiring mortals plac'd,
And as their utmoſt, ſouthern, limits caſt.
Thirſty, for ſprings they ſearch the deſert round,
And only one, amidſt the ſands, they found.
Well ſtor'd it was, but all acceſs was barr'd;
The ſtream ten thouſand noxious ſerpents guard:
Dry aſpics on the fatal margin ſtood,
And Dipſas thirſted in the middle flood.
Back from the ſtream the frighted ſoldier flies,
Though parch'd, and languiſhing for drink, he dies:
The chief beheld, and ſaid, You fear in vain,
Vainly from ſafe and healthy draughts abſtain,
My ſoldier, drink, and dread not death or pain.

When

When urg'd to rage, their teeth the ſerpents fix,
And venom with our vital juices mix;
The peſt infus'd through every vein runs round,
Infects the maſs, and death is in the wound.
Harmleſs and ſafe, no poiſon here they ſhed:
He ſaid; and firſt the doubtful draught eſſay'd;
He, who through all their march, their toil, their thirſt,
Demanded, here alone, to drink the firſt.
Why plagues, like theſe, infect the Libyan air,
Why deaths unknown in various ſhapes appear;
Why, fruitful to deſtroy, the curſed land
Is temper'd thus, by nature's ſecret hand;
Dark and obſcure the hidden cauſe remains,
And ſtill deludes the vain enquirer's pains;
Unleſs a tale for truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.
Where weſtern waves on fartheſt Libya beat,
Warm'd with the ſetting ſun's deſcending heat,
Dreadful Meduſa fix'd her horrid ſeat.
No leafy ſhade, with kind protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſqualid, unfrequented fields;
No mark of ſhepherds, or the plowman's toil,
To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow ſoil:
But, rude with rocks, the region all around
Its miſtreſs, and her potent viſage, own'd.
'Twas from this monſter to afflict mankind,
That nature firſt produc'd the ſnaky kind:
On her, at firſt their forky tongues appear'd;
From her, their dreadful hiſſings firſt were heard.

Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;
Some backwards to her waſte depended long;
Some with their riſing creſts her forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and laſh her ſwelling neck:
And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
Poiſons diſtil around, and drops of livid foam.
None, who beheld the fury, could complain;
So ſwift their fate, preventing death and pain:
Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,
And motion, ſenſe, and life, were loſt in ſtone.
The ſoul itſelf, from ſudden flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the body's fortune ſhar'd.
The dire Eumenides could rage inſpire,
But could no more; the tuneful Thracian lyre
Infernal Cerberus did ſoon aſſuage,
Lull'd him to reſt, and ſooth'd his triple rage;
Hydra's ſeven heads the bold Alcides view'd,
Safely he ſaw, and what he ſaw, ſubdued:
Of theſe in various terrors each excell'd;
But all to this ſuperior fury yield.
Phorcus and Cœto, next to Neptune he,
Immortal both, and rulers of the ſea,
This monſter's parents did their offspring dread;
And from her ſight her ſiſter Gorgons fled.
Old ocean's waters, and the liquid air,
The univerſal world her power might fear:
All nature's beauteous works ſhe could invade,
Through every part a lazy numbneſs ſhed,
And over all a ſtony ſurface ſpread.
Birds in their flight were ſtopt, and ponderous grown,
Forgot their pinions, and fell ſenſeleſs down.

Beaſts

Beaſts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of ſtone and marble nations found.
No living eyes ſo fell a ſight could bear;
Her ſnakes themſelves, all deadly though they were,
Shot backward from her face, and ſhrunk away for fear.
By her, a rock Titanian, Atlas grew,
And heaven by her the giants did ſubdue:
Hard was the fight, and Jove was half diſmay'd,
Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid:
The heavenly nation laid aſide their fear,
For ſoon ſhe finiſh'd the prodigious war;
To mountains turn'd, the monſter race remains,
The trophies of her power on the Phlegræan plains.
To ſeek this monſter, and her fate to prove,
The ſon of Danaë and golden Jove,
Attempts a flight through airy ways above,
The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd;
The god aſſiſted with his wings the ſword,
His ſword, which late made watchful Argus bleed,
And Iö from her cruel keeper freed:
Unwedded Pallas lent a ſiſter's aid;
But aſk'd, for recompence, Meduſa's head.
Eaſtward ſhe warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his ſight;
Then arms his left with her refulgent ſhield,
And ſhews how there the foe might be beheld.
Deep ſlumbers had the drouſy fiend poſſeſt,
Such as drew on, and well might ſeem, her laſt:
And yet ſhe ſlept not whole; one half her ſnakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid miſtreſs, wakes

The reſt diſhevel'd, looſely, round her head,
And o'er her drouſy lids and face were ſpread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a ſtroke:
His faltering hand the virgin goddeſs guides,
And from the monſter's neck her ſnaky head divides.
But oh! what art, what numbers, can expreſs
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
What clouds of poiſon from her lips ariſe!
What death, what vaſt deſtruction, threaten'd in her eyes!
'Twas ſomewhat that immortal gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herſelf could bear.
The victor Perſeus ſtill had been ſubdued,
Though, wary ſtill, with eyes averſe he ſtood:
Had not his heavenly ſiſter's timely care
Veil'd the dread viſage with the hiſſing hair.
Seiz'd of his prey, heavenwards, uplifted light,
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his courſe, he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to ſteer;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blaſt
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waſte.
For who would not have upwards caſt their ſight,
Curious to gaze at ſuch a wondrous flight?
Therefore, by gales of gentle Zephyrs borne,
To Libya's coaſt the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the ſultry line, expos'd it lies
To deadly planets, and malignant ſkies.
Still, with his fiery ſteeds, the god of day
Drives through that heaven, and makes his burning way.

No land more high erects its lofty head,
The silver moon in dim eclipse to shade;
If through the summer signs direct she run,
Nor bends obliquely, north or south to shun
The envious earth that hides her from the sun.
Yet could this soil accurst, this barren field,
Increase of deaths, and poisonous harvests yield.
Where-e'er sublime in air the victor flew,
The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew;
The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid gore dropt on the sand,
'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand;
The glowing climate makes the work complete,
And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial heat.
  First of those plagues the drousy Asp appear'd,
Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
Of all the serpent race are none so fell,
None with so many deaths such plenteous venom swell;
Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun;
But Nile no more confines them now: What bound
Can for insatiate avarice be found!
Freighted with Libyan deaths our merchants come,
And poisonous Asps are things of price at Rome.
  Her scaly folds th' Hæmorrhois unbends,
And her vast length along the sand extends;
Where-e'er she wounds, from every part the blood
Gushes resistless in a crimson flood.

Amphibious

Amphibious ſome do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found.
Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth diſtain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.
The ſpotted Cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies:
Not Theban marbles are ſo gayly dreſs'd,
Nor with ſuch party-colour'd beauties grac'd.
Safe in his earthly hue and duſky ſkin,
Th' Ammodites lurks in the ſands unſeen:
The Swimmer there the cryſtal ſtream pollutes;
And ſwift, through air, the flying Javelin ſhoots.
The Scytale, ere yet the ſpring returns,
There caſts her coat; and there the Dipſas burns;
The Amphisbæna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head ſhe rears.
Rais'd on his active tail the Pareas ſtands,
And, as he paſſes, furrows up the ſands.
The Preſter by his forming jaws is known;
The Seps invades the fleſh and firmer bone,
Diſſolves the maſs of man, and melts his fabric down.
The Baſiliſk, with dreadful hiſſings heard,
And from afar by every ſerpent fear'd,
To diſtance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the deſert plains.
And you, ye dragons of the ſcaly race,
Whom glittering gold and ſhining armours grace,
In other nations harmleſs are you found,
This guardian Genii and protectors own'd;

In

In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded wings, ſublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some maſter of the herd, ſome mighty bull:
Around his ſtubborn ſides your tails you twiſt,
By force compreſs, and burſt his brawny cheſt.
Not elephants are by their larger ſize
Secure, but, with the reſt, become your prize.
Reſiſtleſs in your might, you all invade,
And for deſtruction need not poiſon's aid.
Thus, though a thouſand plagues around them ſpread,
A weary march the hardy ſoldiers tread,
Through thirſt, through toil and death, by Cato led.
Their chief, with pious grief and deep regret,
Each moment mourns his friends untimely fate;
Wondering, he ſees ſome ſmall, ſome trivial wound
Extend a valiant Roman on the ground.
Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
Who bore the ſtandard, on a Dipſas trode;
Backward the wrathful ſerpent bent her head,
And, fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
Scarce did ſome little mark of hurt remain,
And ſcarce he found ſome little ſenſe of pain;
Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
That death, with all its terrors, threaten'd there.
When lo! unſeen, the ſecret venom ſpreads,
And every nobler part at once invades;
Swift flames conſume the marrow and the brain,
And the ſcorch'd entrails rage with burning pain;

Upon

Upon his heart the thirſty poiſons prey,
And drain the ſacred juice of life away.
No kindly floods of moiſture bathe his tongue,
But cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
No trickling drops diſtil, no dewy ſweat,
To eaſe his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.
Nor could he weep; ev'n grief could not ſupply
Streams for the mournful office of his eye,
The never-failing ſource of tears was dry.
Frantic he flies, and with a careleſs hand
Hurls the neglected eagle on the ſand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's command.
For ſprings he ſeeks, he digs, he proves the ground,
For ſprings, in vain, explores the deſert round,
For cooling draughts, which might their aid impart,
And quench the burning venom in his heart.
Plung'd in the Tanaïs, the Rhone, or Po,
Or Nile, whoſe wandering ſtreams o'er Ægypt flow,
Still would he rage, ſtill with the fever glow.
The ſcorching climate to his fate conſpires,
And Libya's ſun aſſiſts the Dipſas' fires.
Now every where for drink, in vain he pries,
Now to the Syrts and briny ſeas he flies;
The briny ſeas delight, but ſeem not to ſuffice.
Nor yet he knows what ſecret plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the poiſon, but believ'd it thirſt.
Of thirſt, and thirſt alone, he ſtill complains,
Raving for thirſt, he tears his ſwelling veins;
From every veſſel drains a crimſon flood,
And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.

This

This Cato ſaw, and ſtraight, without delay,
Commands the legions on to urge their way;
Nor give th' enquiring ſoldier time to know
What deadly deeds a fatal thirſt could do.
But ſoon a fate more ſad, with new ſurprize,
From the firſt object turns their wondering eyes.
Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was ſtung;
Fix'd to his leg, with deadly teeth, it hung:
Sudden the ſoldier ſhook it from the wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.
Of all the dire deſtructive ſerpent race,
None have ſo much of death, though none are leſs.
For ſtraight, around the part, the ſkin withdrew,
The fleſh and ſhrinking ſinews backward flew,
And left the naked bones expos'd to view.
The ſpreading poiſons all the parts confound,
And the whole body ſinks within the wound.
The brawny thighs no more their muſcles boaſt,
But, melting, all in liquid filth are loſt;
The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
Mixt in one putrid ſtream, together flow;
The firm Peritonæum, rent in twain,
No more the preſſing entrails could ſuſtain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they guſh amain.
Small relics of the mouldering maſs were left,
At once of ſubſtance, as of form bereft;
Diſſolv'd the whole in liquid poiſon ran,
And to a nauſeous puddle ſhrunk the man.
Then burſt the rigid nerves, the manly breaſt,
And all the texture of the heaving cheſt;

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs way the conquering venom made,
And ſecret nature was at once diſplay'd;
Her ſacred privacies all open lie
To each prophane, enquiring, vulgar eye.
Then the broad ſhoulders did the peſt invade,
Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it ſpread;
Laſt ſunk, the mind's imperial ſeat, the head.
So ſnows diſſolv'd by ſouthern breezes run,
So melts the wax before the noon-day ſun.
Nor ends the wonder here; though flames are known
To waſte the fleſh, yet ſtill they ſpare the bone:
Here none were left, no leaſt remains were ſeen;
No marks to ſhew, that once the man had been.
Of all the plagues which curſe the Libyan land,
(If death and miſchief may a crown demand)
Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
Boaſt of their power to force the ſoul away,
Yet ſoul and body both become thy prey.
A fate of different kind Naſidius found,
A burning Preſter gave the deadly wound;
And ſtraight a ſudden flame began to ſpread,
And paint his viſage with a glowing red.
With ſwift expanſion ſwells the bloated skin,
Nought but an undiſtinguiſhed maſs is ſeen,
While the fair human form lies loſt within.
The puffy poiſon ſpreads, and heaves around,
Till all the man is in the monſter drown'd.
No more the ſteely plate his breaſt can ſtay,
But yields, and gives the burſting poiſon way.
Not waters ſo, when fire the rage ſupplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons riſe:

Nor

Nor ſwells the ſtretching canvas half ſo faſt,
When the ſails gather all the driving blaſt,
Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty maſt.
The various parts no longer now are known,
One headleſs formleſs heap remains alone;
The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feaſt,
And leave it deadly to ſome hungry beaſt;
With horror ſeiz'd, his ſad companions too,
In haſte from the unbury'd carcaſe flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for ſtill the monſter grew.
But fertile Libya ſtill new plagues ſupplies,
And to more horrid monſters turns their eyes.
Deeply the fierce Hæmorrhoïs impreſt
Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breaſt,
The noble youth: with virtue's love inſpir'd,
Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to ſhare,
With him, each chance of that diſaſtrous war.
And as when mighty Rome's ſpectators meet
In the full theatre's capacious ſeat,
At once, by ſecret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures guſh from every antique head;
At once ten thouſand ſaffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the croud below:
So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted paſſage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
There ſtreams of blood, there crimſon rivers ſtray:

His

His mouth and guſhing noſtrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body ſeems one bleeding wound.
Lævus, a colder Aſpic bit, and ſtraight
His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
Thick ſhades upon his eye-lids ſeem'd to creep,
And lock him faſt in everlaſting ſleep:
No ſenſe of pain, no torment did he know,
But ſunk in ſlumbers to the ſhades below.
Not ſwifter death attends the noxious juice,
Which dire Sabæan Aconites produce.
Well may their crafty prieſts divine, and well
The fate which they themſelves can cauſe, foretel.
Fierce from afar a darting Javelin ſhot,
(For ſuch, the ſerpents name has Afric taught)
And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew;
Nor poiſon, but a wound, the ſoldier ſlew.
No flight ſo ſwift, ſo rapid none we know,
Stones for the ſounding ſling, compar'd, are ſlow,
And the ſhaft loiters from the Scythian bow.
A baſiliſk bold Murrus kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the ſandy plain;
Along the ſpear the ſliding venom ran,
And ſudden, from the weapon, ſeiz'd the man:
His hand firſt touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his ſhining blade:
The ſerpent's force by ſad example taught,
With his loſt hand, his ranſom'd life he bought.
Who that the ſcorpion's inſect form ſurveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threaten

Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
The vaſt Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy in the ſky.
Or could we the Salpuga's anger dread,
Or fear upon her little cell to tread?
Yet ſhe the fatal threads of life commands,
And quickens oft the Stygian ſiſters' hands.
Purſued by dangers, thus they paſs'd away
The reſtleſs night, and thus the cheerleſs day;
Ev'n earth itſelf they fear'd, the common bed,
Where each lay down to reſt his weary head:
There no kind trees their leafy couches ſtrow,
The ſands no turf nor moſſy beds beſtow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
Expos'd they ſleep upon the fatal ſoil.
With vital heat they brood upon the ground,
And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
To man's warm breaſt his ſnaky foes repair,
And find, ungrateful gueſts, a ſhelter there.
Thence freſh ſupplies of poiſonous rage return,
And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.
Reſtore, thus ſadly oft the ſoldier ſaid,
Reſtore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
This grace, at leaſt, ye cruel gods afford,
That we may fall beneath the hoſtile ſword.
The Dipſa's here in Cæſar's triumph ſhare,
And fell Ceraſtæ wage his civil war.
Or let us haſte away, preſs farther on,
Urge our bold paſſage to the burning zone,
And die by thoſe æthereal flames alone.

Afric, thy deſerts we accuſe no more,
Nor blame, oh nature! thy creating power:
From man thou wiſely didſt theſe wilds divide,
And for thy monſters here alone provide;
A region waſte and void of all beſide.
Thy prudent care forbad the barren field,
The yellow harveſt's ripe increaſe to yield;
Man and his labours well thou didſt deny.
And bad'ſt him from the land of poiſons fly.
We, impious we, the bold irruption made;
We, this the ſerpent's world, did firſt invade;
Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'ſt this curſed clime:
What god ſoe'er, that only lov'ſt to reign,
And doſt the commerce of mankind diſdain;
Who, to ſecure thy horrid empire's bound,
Haſt fixt the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
Here the wild waves, there the flames ſcorching breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle ſpace with death.
Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear,
And with Rome's civil rage prophane thee here;
Ev'n to thy inmoſt ſeats we ſtrive to go,
And ſeek the limits of the world to know.
Perhaps more dire events attend us yet;
New deaths, new monſters, ſtill we go to meet.
Perhaps to thoſe far ſeas our journey bends,
Where to the waves the burning ſun deſcends;
Where, ruſhing headlong down heaven's azure ſteep,
All red he plunges in the hiſſing deep.
Low ſinks the pole, declining from its height,
And ſeems to yield beneath the rapid weight.

Now

Nor farther lands from fame herſelf are known,
But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
Perhaps, while, raſhly daring, on we paſs,
Fate may diſcover ſome more dreadful place;
Till, late repenting, we may wiſh in vain
To ſee theſe ſerpents, and theſe ſands again.
One joy at leaſt do theſe ſad regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis poſſible to live;
That, by the native plagues, we may perceive.
Nor aſk we now for Aſia's gentler day,
Nor now for European ſuns we pray;
Thee, Afric, now, thy abſence we deplore,
And ſadly think we ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
Say, in what part, what climate, art thou loſt?
Where have we left Cyrene's happy froſt?
Cold ſkies we felt, and froſty winter there,
While more than ſummer ſuns are raging here,
And break the laws of the well-order'd year.
Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we paſs'd,
And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
Grant us, ye gods, one pleaſure ere we die,
Add to our harder fate this only joy,
That Cæſar may purſue, and follow where we fly.
Impatient, thus the ſoldier oft complains,
And ſeems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
But moſt the virtues of their matchleſs chief
Inſpire new ſtrength, to bear with every grief;
All night, with careful thoughts and watchful eyes,
On the bare ſands expos'd the hero lies;
In every place alike, in every hour,
Dares his ill fortune, and defies her power.

Unweary'd ſtill, his common care attends
On every fate, and chears his dying friends:
With ready haſte at each ſad call he flies,
And more than health, or life itſelf, ſupplies;
With virtue's nobleſt precepts arms their ſouls,
And ev'n their ſorrows, like his own, controls.
Where-e'er he comes, no ſigns of grief are ſhown;
Grief, an unmanly weakneſs, they diſown,
And ſcorn to ſigh, or breathe one parting groan.
Still urging on his pious cares, he ſtrove
The ſenſe of outward evils to remove;
And, by his preſence, taught them to diſdain
The feeble rage and impotence of pain.

But now, ſo many toils and dangers paſt,
Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at laſt.
Of all who ſcorching Afric's ſun endure,
None like the ſwarthy Pſyllians are ſecure.
Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms,
Them, nor the ſerpent's tooth, nor poiſon harms;
Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
But nature too their blood has temper'd well,
And taught with vital force the venom to repel.
With healing gifts and privileges grac'd,
Well in the land of ſerpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the dreadful tyrant, death, they have,
And border ſafely on his realm, the grave.
Such is their confidence in true-born blood,
That oft with aſps they prove their doubtful brood;
When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
The new-born infant clears or damns the dame;

If

If ſubject to the wrathful ſerpent's wound,
The mother's ſhame is by the danger found;
But if unhurt the fearleſs infant laugh;
The wife is honeſt, and the huſband ſafe.
So when Jove's bird, on ſome tall cedar's head,
Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the neſt they lie,
Wary ſhe turns them to the eaſtern ſky;
Then if, unequal to the god of day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent ray,
She ſpurns them forth, and caſts them quite away:
But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the light, and bear the golden blaze;
Tender ſhe broods them with a parent's love,
The future ſervants of her maſter Jove.
Nor ſafe themſelves, alone, the Pſyllians are,
But to their gueſts extend their friendly care.
Firſt, where the Roman camp is mark'd, around
Circling they paſs, then, chanting, charm the ground
And chace the ſerpents with the myſtic ſound.
Beyond the fartheſt tents rich fires they build,
That healthy medicinal odours yield;
There foreign Galbanum diſſolving fries,
And crackling flames from humble Wall-wort riſe;
There Tamariſk, which no green leaf adorns,
And there the ſpicy Syrian Coſtos burns.
There Centory ſupplies the wholeſome flame,
That from Theſſalian Chiron takes its name;
The gummy Larch-Tree, and the Thapſos there,
Wound-wort and Maiden-weed, perfume the air.

There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
With Southern-wood, their odours ſtrong impart.
The monſters of the land, the ſerpents fell,
Fly far away, and ſhun the hoſtile ſmell.
Securely thus they paſs the nights away;
And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
The Pſyllian artiſts ſtraight their ſkill diſplay.
Then ſtrives the Leach the power of charms to ſhow,
And bravely combats with the deadly foe:
With ſpittle firſt, he marks the part around,
And keeps the poiſon priſoner in the wound;
Then ſudden he begins the magic ſong,
And rolls the numbers haſty o'er his tongue;
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for breath,
To ſtop the progreſs of approaching death:
He fears the cure might ſuffer by delay,
And life be loſt but for a moment's ſtay.
Thus oft, though deep within the veins it lies,
By magic numbers chac'd, the miſchief flies:
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorn the potent charmer to obey;
With forceful lips he faſtens on the wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the venom to the ground.
Thus, by long uſe and oft experience taught,
He knows from whence his hurt the patient got;
He proves the part through which the poiſon paſt,
And knows each various ſerpent, by the taſte.
The war reliev'd, amidſt their pains,
Held on ough the deſert plains:
And no of the night
Had loſt , her borrow'd light,

While

While Cato, wandering o'er the wafteful field,
Patient in all his labours, ſhe beheld.
At length condens'd in clods the ſands appear,
And ſhew a better ſoil and country near:
Now from afar thin tufts of trees ariſe,
And ſcattering cottages delight their eyes.
But when the ſoldier once beheld again
The raging lion ſhake his horrid mane,
What hopes of better lands his ſoul poſſeſt!
What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beaſt!
Leptis at laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
There free from ſtorms, and the ſun's parching ray,
At eaſe they paſs'd the wintery year away.
When fated with the joys which ſlaughters yield,
Retiring Cæſar left Emathia's field;
His other cares laid by, he ſought alone
To trace the footſteps of his flying ſon.
Led by the guidance of reporting fame,
Firſt to the Thracian Helleſpont he came.
Here young Leander periſh'd in the flood,
And here the tower of mournful Hero ſtood:
Here, with a narrow ſtream, the flowing tide,
Europe, from wealthy Aſia, does divide.
From hence the curious victor paſſing o'er,
Admiring ſought the fam'd Sigæan ſhore.
There might he tombs of Grecian chiefs behold,
Renown'd in ſacred verſe by bards of old.
There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,
Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd:
There ſtood old Troy, a venerable name;
For ever conſecrate to deathleſs fame.

Now blaſted moſſy trunks with branches ſear,
Brambles and weeds, a loathſome foreſt rear;
Where once, in palaces of regal ſtate,
Old Priam, and the Trojan princes, ſat.
Where temples once, on lofty columns born,
Majeſtic did the wealthy town adorn,
All rude, all waſte and deſolate is lay'd,
And even the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.
Here Cæſar did each ſtory'd place ſurvey,
Here ſaw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,
Heſione was bound the monſter's prey.
Here, in the covert of a ſecret grove,
The bleſt Anchiſes claſp'd the queen of love:
Here fair Oenone play'd, here ſtood the cave
Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave;
Here lovely Ganymede to heaven was born,
Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.
Here all that does of Xanthus' ſtream remain,
Creeps a ſmall brook along the duſty plain.
Whilſt carcleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The Phrygian guide forbids to preſs the graſs;
This place, he ſaid, for ever ſacred keep,
For here the ſacred bones of Hector ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Disjointed ſtones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt fate, he cries, did Priam prove;
Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.
O poeſy divine! O ſacred ſong!
To thee, bright fame and length of days belong;
Thou, goddeſs! thou eternity canſt give,
And bid ſecure the mortal hero live.

Nor

Nor, Cæſar, thou diſdain, that I rehearſe
Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verſe;
Since, if in aught the Latian Muſe excel,
My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;
Eternity our labours ſhall reward,
And Lucan flouriſh, like the Grecian bard;
My numbers ſhall to lateſt times convey
The tyrant Cæſar, and Pharſalia's day.
When long the chief his wondering eyes had caſt,
On ancient monuments of ages paſt;
Of living turf an altar ſtraight he made,
Then on the fire rich gums and incenſe laid,
And thus, ſucceſsful in his vows, he pray'd.
Ye ſhades divine! who keep this ſacred place,
And thou, Æneas! author of my race,
Ye powers, whoe'er from burning Troy did come,
Domeſtic gods of Alba, and of Rome,
Who ſtill preſerve your ruin'd country's name,
And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame:
And thou, bright maid, who art to men deny'd;
Pallas, who doſt thy ſacred priviledge confide
To Rome, and in her inmoſt temple hide;
Hear, and auſpicious to my vows incline,
To me, the greateſt of the Julian line:
Proſper my future ways; and lo! I vow
Your ancient ſtate and honours to beſtow;
Auſonian hands ſhall Phrygian walls reſtore,
And Rome repay, what Troy conferr'd before.
He ſaid; and haſted to his fleet away,
Swift to repair the loſs of this delay.

Up ſprung the wind, and, with a freſhening gale,
The kind north-weſt fill'd every ſwelling ſail;
Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,
Till Aſia's ſhores and Rhodes no more they view.
Six times the night her ſable round had made,
The ſeventh now paſſing on, the chief ſurvey'd
High Pharos ſhining through the gloomy ſhade;
The coaſt deſcry'd, he waits the riſing day,
Then ſafely to the port directs his way.
There wide with crouds o'erſpread he ſees the ſhore,
And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar.
Diſtruſtful of his fate, he gives command
To ſtand aloof, nor truſt the doubted land;
When lo! a meſſenger appears, to bring
A fatal pledge of peace from Ægypt's king:
Hid in a veil, and cloſely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale viſage in his hand he bore.
An impious orator the tyrant ſends,
Who thus, with fitting words, the monſtrous gift commends.

Hail! firſt and greateſt of the Roman name;
In power moſt mighty, moſt renown'd in fame:
Hail! rightly now, the world's unrival'd lord!
That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
My king beſtows the prize thy arms have fought,
For which Pharſalia's field, in vain, was fought.
No taſk remains for future labours now;
The civil wars are finiſh'd at a blow.
To heal Theſſalia's ruins, Pompey fled
To us for ſuccour, and by us lies dead.

Thee,

Thee, Cæſar, with this coſtly pledge we buy,
Thee to our friendſhip, with this victim, tie.
Ægypt's proud ſceptre freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give:
Accept the treaſures which this deed has ſpar'd;
Accept the benefit, without reward.
Deign, Cæſar! deign to think my royal lord
Worthy the aid of thy victorious ſword:
In the firſt rank of greatneſs ſhall he ſtand;
He, who could Pompey's deſtiny command.
Nor frown diſdainful on the proffer'd ſpoil,
Becauſe not dearly bought with blood and toil;
But think, oh think, what ſacred ties were broke,
How friendſhip pleaded, and how nature ſpoke:
That Pompey, who reſtor'd Auletes' crown,
The father's ancient gueſt was murder'd by the ſon.
Then judge thyſelf, or aſk the world and fame,
If ſervices like theſe deſerve a name.
If gods and men the daring deed abhor,
Think, for that reaſon, Cæſar owes the more;
This blood *for thee*, though not *by thee*, was ſpilt;
Thou haſt the benefit, and we the guilt.

He ſaid, and ſtraight the horrid gift unveil'd,
And ſtedfaſt to the gazing victor held.
Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all o'er,
Pale, ghaſtly, wan, and ſtain'd with clotted gore,
Unlike the Pompey Cæſar knew before.
He, nor at firſt diſdain'd the fatal boon,
Nor ſtarted from the dreadful ſight too ſoon.
Awhile his eyes the murderous ſcene endure,
Doubting they view; but ſhun it, when ſecure.

At length he ſtood convinc'd, the deed was done;
He ſaw 'twas ſafe to mourn his lifeleſs ſon:
And ſtraight the ready tears, that ſtaid till now,
Swift at command with pious ſemblance flow:
As if deteſting, from the ſight he turns,
And groaning, with a heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious thought ſhould be deſcry'd,
And ſeeks in tears the ſwelling joy to hide.
Thus the curſt Pharian tyrant's hopes were croſt,
Thus all the merit of his gift was loſt;
Thus for the murder Cæſar's thanks were ſpar'd;
He choſe to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentleſs, through Pharſalia rode,
And on the ſenate's mangled fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying ſigh, beheld
The blood and ſlaughter of that woeful field;
Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthleſs ſee,
But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.
Oh myſtery of fortune, and of fate!
Oh ill-conſorted piety and hate!
And canſt thou, Cæſar, then thy tears afford,
To the dire object of thy vengeful ſword?
Didſt thou, for this, devote his hoſtile head,
Purſue him living, to bewail him dead?
Could not the gentle ties of kindred move?
Wert thou not touch'd with thy ſad Julia's love?
And weep'ſt thou now? doſt thou theſe tears provide
To win the friends of Pompey to thy ſide?
Perhaps, with ſecret rage thou doſt repine,
That he ſhould die by any hand but thine:

Thence

Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
A murder, due to Cæſar's hand alone.
What ſecret ſprings ſoe'er theſe currents know,
They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.
Or didſt thou kindly, like a careful friend,
Purſue him flying, only to defend?
Well was his fate deny'd to thy command!
Well was he ſnatch'd by fortune from thy hand!
Fortune withheld this glory from thy name,
Forbad thy power to ſave, and ſpar'd the Roman ſhame.
Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud,
And artful, thus, deceives the eaſy croud.
Hence from my ſight, nor let me ſee thee more;
Haſte, to thy king his fatal gift reſtore.
At Cæſar have you aim'd the deadly blow,
And wounded Cæſar worſe than Pompey now;
The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
Have torn away the wreaths my ſword had won,
That nobleſt prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquiſh'd live.
Then tell your king, his gift ſhall be repay'd;
I would have ſent him Cleopatra's head;
But that he wiſhes to behold her dead.
How has he dar'd, this Ægypt's petty lord,
To join his murders to the Roman ſword?
Did I, for this, in heat of war, diſtain
With nobleſt blood Emathia's purple plain,
To licence Ptolemy's pernicious reign?
Did I with Pompey ſcorn the world to ſhare?
And can I an Ægyptian partner bear?

In

In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful ſound
Has rouz'd the univerſe to arms around;
Vain was the ſhock of nations, if they own,
Now, any power on earth but mine alone.
If hither to your impious ſhores I came,
'Twas to aſſert at once my power and fame;
Leſt the pale fury Envy ſhould have ſaid,
Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me and deceive;
I know the welcome you prepare to give.
Theſſalia's field preſerves me from your hate,
And guards the victor's head from Pompey's fate.
What ruin, Gods! attended on my arms,
What dangers unforeſeen! what waiting harms!
Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear;
See yet a fourth, ſee Ptolemy appear!
The boy-king's vengeance loiters in the rear.
But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
Pardon and life's the moſt we can beſtow.
For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine,
And pious cares, the warrior's head inſhrine:
Atone with penitence the injur'd ſhade,
And let his aſhes in their urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his ghoſt lamenting Cæſar know,
And feel my preſence here, ev'n in the realms below.
Oh, what a day of joy was loſt to Rome,
When hapleſs Pompey did to Ægypt come!
When, to a father and a friend unjuſt,
He rather choſe the Pharian boy to truſt.
The wretched world that loſs of peace ſhall rue,
Of peace, which from our friendſhip might enſue:

But

But thus the gods their hard decrees have made;
In vain, for peace, and for repoſe, I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might end,
That, ſuppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend,
Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.
Then had my labours met their juſt reward,
And, Pompey, thou in all my glories ſhar'd;
Then, jars and enmities all paſt and gone,
In pleaſure had the peaceful years roll'd on;
All ſhould forgive, to make the joy complete;
Thou ſhouldſt thy harder fate, and Rome my wars forget.
Faſt falling ſtill the tears, thus ſpoke the chief,
But found no partner in the ſpecious grief.
Oh! glorious liberty! when all ſhall dare
A face, unlike their mighty lord, to wear!
Each in his breaſt the riſing ſorrow kept,
And thought it ſafe to laugh, though Cæſar wept.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæſar, upon his atrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his ſiſter Cleopatra; whom, at the inſtigation of Photinus, and his other evil counſellors, he had deprived of her ſhare in the kingdom, and impriſoned: ſhe finds means to eſcape, comes privately to Cæſar, and puts herſelf under his protection. Cæſar interpoſes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the Royal Palace in Alexandria. At this feaſt Cæſar, who at his firſt arrival had viſited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever elſe was curious in that city, enquires of the chief prieſt Achoreus, and is by him informed of the courſe of the Nile, its ſtated increaſe and decreaſe, with the ſeveral cauſes that had been till that time aſſigned for it. In the mean time Photinus writes privately to Achillas, to draw the army to Alexandria, and ſurprize Cæſar; this he immediately performs, and beſieges the palace. But Cæſar, having ſet the city and many of the Ægyptian ſhips on fire, eſcapes to the iſland and tower of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he ſtill kept in his power with him; there having diſcovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the ſame time Arſinoë, Ptolemy's younger ſiſter, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganymedes, aſſumed the regal authority, orders Achillas to be killed likewiſe, and renews the war againſt Cæſar. Upon

Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompaſſed by the enemy, and very near being ſlain, but at length breaks through, leaps into the ſea, and with his uſual courage and good fortune ſwims in ſafety to his own fleet.

SOON as the victor reach'd the guilty ſhore,
Yet red with ſtains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
New toils his ſtill prevailing fortune met,
By impious Ægypt's genius hard beſet.
The ſtrife was now, if this deteſted land
Should own imperial Rome's ſupreme command,
Or Cæſar bleed beneath ſome Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner ſhade,
Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
Thy influence the deadly ſword withſtood,
Nor ſuffer'd Nile, again, to bluſh with Roman blood.
Safe in the pledge of Pompey, ſlain ſo late,
Proud Cæſar enters Alexandria's gate:
Enſigns on high the long proceſſion lead;
The warrior and his armed train ſucceed.
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his Faſces borne in ſtate along:
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And ſcornfully reject the Roman reign.
Soon ſaw the chief th' untoward bent they take,
And found that Pompey fell not for his ſake.
Wiſely, howe'er, he did his ſecret fear,
And held his way, with well-diſſembled chear.
Careleſs, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
The monuments of Macedonian power;

Such to mankind, portentous meteors riſe,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blaſt the ſkies.
Nor flame, nor flood, his reſtleſs rage withſtand,
Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan ſand:
O'er waves unknown he meditates his way,
And ſeeks the boundleſs empire of the ſea;
Ev'n to the utmoſt weſt he would have gone,
Where Tethys' lap receives the ſetting ſun;
Around each pole his circuit would have made,
And drunk from ſecret Nile's remoteſt head,
When nature's hand his wild ambition ſtay'd.
With him, that power his pride had lov'd ſo well,
His monſtrous univerſal empire, fell:
No heir, no juſt ſucceſſor left behind,
Eternal wars he to his friends aſſign'd,
To tear the world, and ſcramble for mankind.
Yet ſtill he dy'd the maſter of his fame,
And Parthia to the laſt rever'd his name:
The haughty Eaſt from Greece receiv'd her doom,
With lower homage than ſhe pays to Rome.
Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
Far as the journeys of the ſouthern ſun;
In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
Where-e'er ſoft Zephyrs fan the weſtern ſky;
Still to the haughty Parthian muſt we yield,
And mourn the loſs of Carræ's dreadful field:
Still ſhall the race untam'd their pride avow,
And lift thoſe heads aloft which Pella taught to bow.
From Caſium now the beardleſs monarch came,
To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame.

Th' unwarlike rabble ſoon the tumult ceaſe,
And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace;
When, veil'd in ſecrecy, and dark diſguiſe,
To mighty Cæſar, Cleopatra flies.
Won by perſuaſive gold, and rich reward,
Her keeper's hand her priſon gates unbarr'd,
And a light galley for her flight prepar'd.
Oh, fatal form! thy native Ægypt ſhame!
Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!
How wert thou doom'd our furies to increaſe,
And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
When with an hoſt, from vile Canopus led,
Thy vengeance aim'd at great Auguſtus' head;
When thy ſhrill timbrel's ſound was heard from far,
And Rome herſelf ſhook at the coming war;
When doubtful fortune, near Leucadia's ſtrand,
Suſpended long the world's ſupreme command,
And almoſt gave it to a woman's hand.
Such daring courage ſwells her wanton heart,
While Roman lovers Roman fires impart:
Glowing alike with greatneſs and delight,
She roſe ſtill bolder from each guilty night.
Then blame me, hapleſs, Antony, no more,
Loſt and undone by fatal beauty's power;
If Cæſar, long inur'd to rage and arms,
Submits his ſtubborn heart to thoſe ſoft charms;
If, reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
And horrid with the blood of thouſands ſlain,
He ſinks laſcivious in a lewd embrace,
While Pompey's ghaſtly ſpectre haunts the place.

If Julia's chaſteſt name he can forget,
And raiſe her, brethren of a baſtard ſet;
If indolently he permits, from far,
Bold Cato to revive the fainting war;
If he can give away the fruits of blood,
And fight to make a ſtrumpet's title good.
To him, diſdaining or to feign a tear,
Or ſpread her artfully diſhevel'd hair,
In comely ſorrow's decent garb array'd,
And truſting to her beauty's certain aid,
In words like theſe began the Pharian maid.
If loyal birth and the Lagæan name,
Thy favouring pity, greateſt Cæſar, claim,
Redreſs my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her ſtate an injur'd queen reſtore.
Here ſhed thy juſter influence, and riſe
A ſtar auſpicious to Ægyptian ſkies.
Nor is it ſtrange for Pharos to behold
A woman's temples bound with regal gold:
No laws our ſofter ſex's powers reſtrain,
But undiſtinguiſh'd equally we reign.
Vouchſafe my royal father's will to read,
And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed:
My juſt pretenſions ſtand recorded there,
My brother's empire and his bed to ſhare.
Nor would the gentle boy his love refuſe,
Did curs'd Pothinus leave him free to chooſe;
But now in vaſſalage he holds his crown,
And acts by power and paſſions not his own.
Nor is my ſoul on empire fondly ſet,
But could with eaſe my royal rights forget;

So thou the throne from vile diſhonour ſave,
Reſtore the maſter, and depoſe the ſlave.
What ſcorn, what pride, his haughty boſom ſwell,
Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell!
(Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous gods, avert,
His ſword is level'd at thy noble heart);
Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he ſhall dare,
Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to ſhare.
In vain her words the warrior's ears aſſail'd,
Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;
From thence reſiſtleſs eloquence ſhe draws,
And with the ſweet perſuaſion gains her cauſe.
His ſtubborn heart diſſolves in looſe delight,
And grants her ſuit, for one laſcivious night.
Ægypt and Cæſar, now, in peace agreed,
Riot and feaſting to the war ſucceed:
The wanton queen diſplays her wealthy ſtore,
Exceſs unknown to frugal Rome before.
Rich, as ſome fane by laviſh zealots rear'd,
For the proud banquet, ſtood the hall prepar'd:
Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold:
Of ſolid marble all, the walls were made,
And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd;
While porphyry and agat, round the court,
In maſſy columns, roſe a proud ſupport.
Of ſolid ebony each poſt was wrought,
From ſwarthy Meroë profuſely brought:
With ivory was the entrance cruſted o'er,
And poliſh'd tortoiſe hid each ſhining door;

While

While on the cloudy ſpots enchas'd was ſeen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.
Within, the royal beds and couches ſhone,
Beamy and bright with many a coſtly ſtone,
In glowing purple rich the coverings lie;
Twice had they drunk the nobleſt Tyrian dye:
Others, as Pharian artiſts have the ſkill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will,
With winding trails of various ſilks were made,
Where branching gold ſet off the rich brocade.
Around, of every age, and choicer form,
Huge crouds, whole nations of attendants ſwarm:
Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquiſh'd Rhine ſhew'd Cæſar none ſo fair:
Others were ſeen with ſwarthy woolly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging ſhades.
Here ſquealing eunuchs, a diſmember'd train,
Lament the loſs of genial joys in vain:
There nature's nobleſt work, a youthful band,
In the full pride of blooming manhood ſtand.
All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
The princes round the board recline in ſtate,
With mighty Cæſar, more than princes great.
On ivory feet the citron board was wrought,
Richer than thoſe with captive Juba brought.
With every wile ambitious beauty tries
To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
Her brother's meaner bed and crown ſhe ſcorns,
And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns;
Collects the miſchiefs of her wanton eyes,
And her faint cheeks with deeper roſes dyes;

Amidſt the braidings of her flowing hair,
The ſpoils of orient rocks and ſhells appear;
Like midnight ſtars, ten thouſand diamonds deck
The comely riſing of her graceful neck:
Of wondrous work, a thin tranſparent lawn
O'er each ſoft breaſt in decency was drawn;
Where ſtill by turns the parting threads withdrew,
And all the panting boſom roſe to view.
Her robe, her every part, her air, confeſs
The power of female ſkill exhauſted in her dreſs.
Fantaſtic madneſs of unthinking pride,
To boaſt that wealth, which prudence ſtrives to hide!
In Civil Wars ſuch treaſures to diſplay,
And tempt a ſoldier with the hopes of prey!
Had Cæſar not been Cæſar, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waſte the world for gold,
But juſt as all our frugal names of old;
This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know,
Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plow,
As Cæſar, they had ſeiz'd the mighty ſpoil,
And to inrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
Now, by a train of ſlaves, the various feaſt
In maſſy gold magnificent was plac'd:
Whatever earth, or air, or ſeas afford,
In vaſt profuſion crowns the labouring board.
For dainties, Ægypt every land explores,
Nor ſpares thoſe very gods her zeal adores.
The Nile's ſweet wave capacious cryſtals pour,
And gems of price the grapes delicious ſtore;
No growth of Mareotis' marſhy fields,
But ſuch as Meroë maturer yields;

Where

Where the warm ſun the racy juice refines,
And mellows into age the infant wines.
With wreaths of Nard the gueſts their temples bind,
And blooming roſes of immortal kind;
Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
The vigorous ſpices breathe their ſtrong perfume,
And the rich vapour fills the ſpacious room.
Here Cæſar Pompey's poverty diſdain'd,
And learn'd to waſte that world his arms had gain'd.
He ſaw th' Ægyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
And wiſh'd ſome fair pretence to ſeize the prize.
Sated at length with the prodigious feaſt,
Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
When Cæſar, curious of ſome new delight,
In converſation ſought to wear the night:
Then gently thus addreſt the good old prieſt,
Reclining decent in his linen veſt.
O wiſe Achoreus! venerable ſeer!
Whoſe age beſpeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
Say from what origin thy nation ſprung,
What boundaries to Ægypt's land belong?
What are thy people's cuſtoms, and their modes,
What rites they teach, what forms they give their gods?
Each ancient ſacred myſtery explain,
Which monumental ſculptures yet retain.
Divinity diſdains to be confin'd,
Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by mankind.
'Tis ſaid, thy holy predeceſſors thought
Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught:

And

And ſure the ſages of your ſchools have known
No ſoul more form'd for ſcience than my own.
Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
To this your Pharian ſhore my journey drew;
Yet know, the love of learning led me too.
In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
The ſtars, the gods, and heavens, were ſtill my care.
Nor ſhall my ſkill to fix the rolling year
Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear.
Long has my curious ſoul, from early youth,
Toil'd in the noble ſearch of ſacred truth:
Yet ſtill no views have urg'd my ardour more,
Than Nile's remoteſt fountain to explore,
Then ſay what ſource the famous ſtream ſupplies,
And bids it at revolving periods riſe;
Shew me that head from whence, ſince time begun,
The long ſucceſſion of his waves has run;
This let me know, and all my toils ſhall ceaſe,
The ſword be ſheath'd, and earth be bleſt with peace.
The warrior ſpoke; and thus the ſeer reply'd:
Nor ſhalt thou, mighty Cæſar, be deny'd.
Our ſires forbad all, but themſelves, to know,
And kept with care profaner laymen low:
My ſoul, I own, more generouſly inclin'd,
Would let in daylight to inform the blind.
Nor would I truth in myſteries reſtrain,
But make the gods, their power, and precepts, plain;
Would teach their miracles, would ſpread their praiſe,
And well-taught minds to juſt devotion raiſe.
Know then, to all thoſe ſtars, by nature driven
In oppoſition to revolving heaven,
Some one peculiar influence was given.

The ſun the ſeaſons of the year ſupplies,
And bids the evening and the morning riſe;
Commands the planets with ſuperior force,
And keeps each wandering light to his appointed courſe.
The ſilver moon o'er briny ſeas preſides,
And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides.
Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
Mars rules the winds, the ſtorm, and rattling hail;
Where Jove aſcends, the ſkies are ſtill ſerene;
And fruitful Venus is the genial queen:
While every limpid ſpring, and falling ſtream,
Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
When in the Crab the humid ruler ſhines,
And to the ſultry Lion near inclines,
There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent ſource,
He ſtrikes the watery ſtores with ponderous force;
Nor can the flood bright Maia's ſon withſtand,
But heaves, like ocean at the moon's command;
His waves aſcend, obedient as the ſeas,
And reach their deſtin'd height by juſt degrees.
Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
Till Libra's equal ſcales the days and nights divide.
Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In dreams of Ethiopian ſnows believ'd:
From hills they taught, how melting currents ran,
When the firſt ſwelling of the flood began.
But, ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there
In icy bonds conſtrains the wintery year,
But ſultry ſouthern winds eternal reign,
And ſcorching ſuns the ſwarthy natives ſtain.

Yet more, whatever flood the froſt congeals,
Melts as the genial ſpring's return he feels;
While Nile's redundant waters never riſe,
Till the hot Dog inflames the ſummer ſkies;
Nor to his banks his ſhrinking ſtream confines,
Till high in heaven th' autumnal balance ſhines.
Unlike his watery brethren he preſides,
And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
From dropping ſeaſons no increaſe he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy ſhowers of melting ſnows.
His river ſwells not idly, ere the land
The timely office of his waves demand;
But knows his lot, by Providence aſſign'd,
To cool the ſeaſon, and refreſh mankind.
Whene'er the Lion ſheds his fires around,
And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;
Then, at the prayer of nations, comes the Nile,
And kindly tempers up the mouldering ſoil.
Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
Till the rude fervour of the ſkies abates;
Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
And Meroä projects her lengthening ſhades.
Nor let inquiring ſcepticks aſk the cauſe,
'Tis Jove's command, and theſe are Nature's laws.
Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By weſtern winds the ſpreading deluge brought;
While at fix'd times, for many a day, they laſt,
Poſſeſs the ſkies, and drive a conſtant blaſt;
Collected clouds united Zephyrs bring,
And ſhed huge rains from many a dropping wing,
To heave the flood, and ſwell th' abounding ſpring.

Or

Or when the airy brethren's ſtedfaſt force
Reſiſts the ruſhing current's downward courſe,
Backward he rolls indignant, to his head:
While o'er the plains his heapy waves are ſpread.
Some have believ'd, that ſpacious channels go
Through the dark entrails of the earth below;
Through theſe, by turns, revolving rivers paſs,
And ſecretly pervade the mighty maſs;
Through theſe the ſun, when from the north he flies,
And cuts the glowing Æthiopic ſkies,
From diſtant ſtreams attracts their liquid ſtores,
And through Nile's ſpring th' aſſembled waters pours:
Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, diſembogues the load,
And ſpews the foamy deluge all abroad.
Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
That ocean's waves through porous earth are drain'd;
'Tis thence their ſaltneſs they no longer keep,
By ſlow degrees ſtill freſhening as they creep:
Till at a period, Nile receives them all,
And pours them looſely ſpreading, as they fall.
The ſtars, and ſun himſelf, as ſome have ſaid,
By exhalations from the deep are fed;
And when the golden ruler of the day
Through Cancer's fiery ſign purſues his way,
His beams attract too largely from the ſea;
The refuſe of his draughts the nights return,
And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.
Were I the dictates of my ſoul to tell,
And ſpeak the reaſons of the watery ſwell,
To Providence the taſk I ſhould aſſign,
And find the cauſe in workmanſhip divine.

Leſs

Leſs ſtreams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
And know the parent Earth which brought them forth
While this, as early as the world begun,
Ran thus, and muſt continue thus to run;
And ſtill, unfathom'd by our ſearch, ſhall own
No cauſe, but Jove's commanding will alone.
Nor, Cæſar, is thy ſearch of knowledge ſtrange;
Well may thy boundleſs ſoul deſire to range,
Well may ſhe ſtrive Nile's fountain to explore;
Since mighty kings have ſought the ſame before;
Each for the firſt diſcoverer would be known,
And hand, to future times, the ſecret down;
But ſtill their powers were exercis'd in vain,
While latent nature mock'd their fruitleſs pain.
Philip's great ſon, whom Memphis ſtill records,
The chief of her illuſtrious ſcepter'd lords,
Sent, of his own, a choſen number forth,
To trace the wondrous ſtream's myſterious birth.
Through Æthiopia's plains they journey'd on,
Till the hot ſun oppos'd the burning zone:
There, by the god's reſiſtleſs beams repell'd,
An unbeginning ſtream they ſtill beheld.
Fierce came Seſoſtris from the eaſtern dawn,
On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn;
His lawleſs will, impatient of a bound,
Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found:
But ſooner much the tyrant might have known
Thy fam'd Heſperian Po, or Gallic Rhone.
Cambyſes too, his daring Perſians led,
Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head;

Till ſore diſtreſs'd and deſtitute of food,
He ſtain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
Till half his hoſt the other half devour'd,
And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.
Of thy forbidden head, thou ſacred ſtream,
Nor fiction dares to ſpeak, nor poets dream.
Through various nations roll thy waters down,
By many ſeen, though ſtill by all unknown;
No land preſumes to claim thee for her own.
For me, my humble tale no more ſhall tell,
Than what our juſt records demonſtrate well;
Than God, who bade thee thus myſterious flow,
Permits the narrow mind of man to know.
Far in the ſouth the daring waters riſe,
As in diſdain of Cancer's burning ſkies;
Thence, with a downward courſe, they ſeek the main,
Direct againſt the lazy northern wain;
Unleſs when, partially, thy winding tide
Turns to the Libyan or Arabian ſide.
The diſtant Seres firſt behold the flow;
Nor yet thy ſpring the diſtant Seres know.
'Midſt ſooty Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
The ſooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes:
Nature conceals thy infant ſtream with care,
Nor lets thee, but in majeſty, appear.
Upon thy banks aſtoniſh'd nations ſtand,
Nor dare aſſign thy riſe, to one peculiar land.
Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run,
Nor take their various ſeaſons from the ſun:
Though high in heaven the fiery ſolſtice ſtand,
Obedient winter comes at thy command.

From

From pole to pole thy boundleſs waves extend;
One never knows thy riſe, nor one thy end.
By Meroë thy ſtream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her ebon groves;
Of ſable hue the coſtly timbers ſtand,
Dark as the ſwarthy natives of the land:
Yet, though tall woods in wide abundance ſpread,
Their leafy tops afford no friendly ſhade;
So vertically ſhine the ſolar rays,
And from the Lion dart the downward blaze.
From thence, through deſerts dry, thou journey'ſt on,
Nor ſhrink'ſt, diminiſh'd by the Torrid Zone,
Strong in thyſelf, collected, full, and one.
Anon, thy ſtreams are parcel'd o'er the plain,
Anon the ſcatter'd currents meet again;
Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
Our fertile Ægypt from Arabia's ſide;
Thence, with a peaceful, ſoft deſcent, they creep,
And ſeek, inſenſibly, the diſtant deep;
Till through ſeven mouths the famous flood is loſt,
On the laſt limits of our Pharian coaſt;
Where Gaza's iſthmus riſes, to reſtrain
The Erythræan from the midland main.
Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
With ſcarce a wrinkle on thy glaſſy brow,
Can gueſs thy rage, when rocks reſiſt thy force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward courſe;
Whep ſpouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
And nations tremble at the deafening roar;
When thy proud waves with indignation riſe,
And daſh their foamy fury to the ſkies?

Theſe

Theſe wonders reedy Abatos can tell,
And the tall cliffs that firſt declare thy ſwell;
The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
Thy parent veins, and for thy ſpring receiv'd.
From thence huge mountains nature's hand provides,
To bank thy too luxurious river's ſides;
As in a vale thy current ſhe reſtrains,
Nor ſuffers thee to ſpread the Libyan plains:
At Memphis, firſt, free liberty ſhe yields,
And lets thee looſe to float the thirſty fields.
In unſuſpected peace ſecurely laid,
Thus waſte they ſilent night's declining ſhade.
Meanwhile accuſtom'd Furies ſtill infeſt,
With uſual rage, Pothinus' horrid breaſt;
Nor can the ruffian's hand from ſlaughter reſt.
Well may the wretch, diſtain'd with Pompey's blood,
Think every other dreadful action good.
Within him ſtill the ſnaky ſiſters dwell,
And urge his ſoul with all the powers of hell.
Can fortune to ſuch hands ſuch miſchief doom,
And let a ſlave revenge the wrongs of Rome!
Prevent th' example, pre-ordain'd to ſtand
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand!
Forbid it, gods! that Cæſar's hallow'd blood,
To Liberty by Fate a victim vow'd,
Should on a leſs occaſion e'er be ſpilt,
And prove a vile Ægyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
Avows his purpoſe with a daring brow;
Scorns the mean aids of falſehood and ſurprize,
And openly the victor chief defies.

Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to ſucceed,
He truſts that Cæſar muſt, like Pompey, bleed.
The feeble boy to curs'd Achillas' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's command;
To him, by wicked ſympathy of mind,
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the firſt and fitteſt of his friends,
Thus, by a truſty ſlave, Pothinus ſends:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe the great Achillas lies,
And ſleep ſits heavy on his ſlothful eyes,
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the diſhoneſt price already paid.
The former rule no longer now we own,
Uſurping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Doſt thou alone withdraw thee from her ſtate,
Nor on the bridals of thy miſtreſs wait?
To-night at large ſhe laviſhes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Cæſar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuſe of the Roman's bed;
Doubly a bride, then doubly ſhall ſhe reign,
While Rome and Ægypt wear, by turns, her chain.
Nor truſt thou to thy credit with the boy,
When arts and eyes, like hers, their powers employ.
Mark with what eaſe her fatal charms can mould
The heart of Cæſar, ruthleſs, hard, and old?
Were the ſoft king his thoughtleſs head to reſt,
But for a night, on her inceſtuous breaſt;
His crown and friends he 'd barter for the bliſs,
And give thy head and mine for one lewd kiſs;

On croſſes, or in flames, we ſhould deplore
Her beauty's terrible reſiſtleſs power.
On both, her ſentence is already paſs'd,
She dooms us dead, becauſe we kept her chaſte.
What potent hand ſhall then aſſiſtance bring?
Cæſar 's her lover, and her huſband king.
Haſte, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
By that great blood which we in vain have ſpilt,
Haſte, and let war, let death, with thee return,
And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn.
Whate'er embrace the hoſtile charmer hold,
Find, and tranfix her in the luſcious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Latian Lord
Abaſh thy courage, or reſtrain thy ſword;
In the ſame glorious guilty paths we tread,
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
Like him, we ſeek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to riſe.
Witneſs the ſtains of yonder bluſhing wave,
Yon bloody ſhore, and yon inglorious grave.
Why fear we then to bring our wiſh to paſs?
This Cæſar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boaſt nor birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with ſome purple monarch claim?
Conſcious of Fate's decree, ſuch aid we ſcorn,
And know we were for mighty miſchief born.
See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd prey,
Finds means to purge all paſt offence away:
With grateful thanks Rome ſhall the deed approve,
And this laſt merit the firſt crime remove.

Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of power,
Cæſar 's a ſingle ſoldier and no more.
Think then how eaſily the taſk were done,
How ſoon we may an injur'd world atone;
Finiſh all wars, appeaſe each Roman ſhade,
By ſacrificing one devoted head.
Fearleſs, ye dread united legions, go;
Ruſh, all undaunted, on your common foe:
This right, ye Romans! to your country do;
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you.
But chief, Achillas! may the praiſe be thine;
Haſte thou, and find him on his bed ſupine,
Weary with toiling luſt, and gorg'd with wine.
Then ſtrike, and what their Cato's prayers demand,
The gods ſhall give to thy more favour'd hand.
Nor fail'd the meſſage, fitted to perſuade;
But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.
No noiſy trumpets ſound the loud alarm,
But ſilently the moving legions arm:
All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare,
And buſtle through the night with buſy care.
The mingled bands who form'd this mongrel hoſt,
To the diſgrace of Rome, were Romans moſt;
A herd, who had they not been loſt to ſhame,
And long forgetful of their country's name,
Had bluſh'd to own ev'n Ptolemy their head;
Yet now were by his meaner vaſſal led.
Oh! mercenary war, thou ſlave of gold!
How is thy faithleſs courage bought and ſold!

For

For baſe reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay,
And give their country's great revenge away.
Ah, wretched Rome! for whom thy fate prepares,
In every nation, new domeſtic wars;
The fury, that from pale Theſſalia fled,
Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head.
What could protecting Ægypt more have done,
Had ſhe receiv'd the haughty victor's ſon?
But thus the gods our ſinking ſtate confound,
Thus tear our mangled empire all around;
In every land fit inſtruments employ,
And ſuffer ruthleſs ſlaughter to deſtroy.
Thus ev'n Ægyptian parricides preſume
To meddle in the ſacred cauſe of Rome;
Thus, had not Fate thoſe hands of murder ty'd,
Succeſs had crown'd the vile Achillas' ſide.
Nor wanted fit occaſion for the deed;
Timely the traitors to the place ſucceed,
While in ſecurity the careleſs gueſt,
Lingering as yet, his couch ſupinely preſt:
No gates, no guards, forbad their open way,
But all diſſolv'd in ſleep and ſurfeits lay;
With eaſe the victor at the board had bled,
And loſt in riot his defenceleſs head;
But pious caution now their rage withſtands,
And care for Ptolemy withholds their hands:
With reverence and remorſe, unknown before,
They dread to ſpill their royal maſter's gore;
Leſt, in the tumult of the murderous night,
Some erring miſchief on his youth may light.

Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to ſucceed,
They hold it fitting to defer the deed.
Gods! that ſuch wretches ſhould ſo proudly dare!
Can ſuch a life be theirs to take, or ſpare?
Till dawn of day the warrior ſtood repriev'd,
And Cæſar at Achillas' bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aſpiring Caſium's eaſtern head
The roſy light by Lucifer was led;
Swift through the land the piercing beams were borne,
And glowing Ægypt felt the kindling morn:
When from proud Alexandria's walls, afar,
The citizens behold the coming war.
The dreadful legions ſhine in juſt array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.
Conſcious, mean while, of his unequal force,
Straight to the palace Cæſar bends his courſe:
Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit ſtretching far too wide:
To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
There mans the walls and towers, and bars the gates.
There fear, there wrath, by turns, his boſom tears;
He fears, but ſtill with indignation fears.
His daring ſoul, reſtrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge ſcorns.
The captive lion thus, with generous rage,
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.
Thus, if ſome power could Mulciber inſlave,
And bind him down in Ætna's ſmoky cave,
With fires more fierce th' impriſon'd god would glow,
And bellow in the dreadful deeps below.

He

He who ſo lately, with undaunted pride,
The power of mighty Pompey's arms defy'd,
With juſtice and the ſenate on his ſide;
Who, with a cauſe which gods and men muſt hate,
Stood up, and ſtruggled for ſucceſs with fate;
Now abject foes and ſlaves inſulting fears,
And ſhrinks beneath a ſhower of Pharian ſpears.
The warrior who diſdain'd to be confin'd
By Tyrian Gades, or the eaſtern Inde,
Now in a narrow houſe conceals that head,
From which the fierceſt Scythians once had fled,
And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread.
From room to room irreſolute he flies,
And on ſome guardian bar or door relies.
So boys and helpleſs maids, when towns are won,
To ſecret corners for protection run.
Still by his ſide the beardleſs king he bears,
Ordain'd to ſhare in every ill he fears:
If he muſt die, he dooms the boy to go,
Alike devoted to the ſhades below;
Reſolves his head a victim firſt ſhall fall,
Hurl'd at his ſlaves from off the lofty wall.
So from Æëtes fierce Medea fled,
Her ſword ſtill aim'd at young Abſyrtos' head;
Whene'er ſhe ſees her vengeful ſire draw nigh,
Ruthleſs ſhe dooms the wretched boy ſhould die.
Yet ere theſe cruel laſt extremes he proves,
By gentler ſteps of peace the Roman moves:
He ſends an envoy, in the royal name,
To chide their fury, and the war diſclaim.

But impious they nor gods nor kings regard,
Nor univerſal laws, by all rever'd;
No right of ſacred characters they know,
But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
To death the meſſenger of peace purſue,
And in his blood their horrid hands embrue.
Such are the palms which curs'd Ægyptians claim,
Such prodigies exalt their nation's name.
Nor purple Theſſaly's deſtructive ſhore,
Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor,
Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
Equal a ſoft Ægyptian eunuch's rage.
Inceſſant ſtill the roar of war prevails,
While the wild hoſt the royal pile aſſails.
Void of device, no thundering rams they bring,
Nor kindling flames with ſpreading miſchief fling:
Bellowing around they run with fruitleſs pain,
Heave at the doors, and thruſt and ſtrive in vain:
More than a wall, great Cæſar's fortune ſtands,
And mocks the madneſs of their feeble hands.
On one proud ſide the lofty fabric ſtood
Projected bold into th' adjoining flood;
There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw near,
But find the ſame defending Cæſar there:
To every part the ready warrior flies,
And with new rage the fainting fight ſupplies;
Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor ſeems to be invaded, but t' invade.
Againſt the ſhips Phalaric darts he aims;
Each dart with pitch and livid ſulphur flames.

The

The ſpreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous ſides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the top-maſt rides:
Planks, yards and cordage, feed the dreadful blaze;
The drowning veſſel hiſſes in the ſeas;
While floating arms and men, promiſcuous ſtrow'd,
Hide the whole ſurface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells deſtruction on their fleet alone,
But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring town:
On rapid wings the ſheety flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the reddening air.
Not much unlike, the ſhooting meteors fly,
In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight ſky.
Soon as the croud behold their city burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the ſiege they turn.
But Cæſar, prone to vigilance and haſte,
To ſnatch the juſt occaſion ere it paſs'd,
Hid in the friendly night's involving ſhade,
A ſafe retreat to Pharos timely made.
In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
An iſle it ſtood, incompaſs'd by the main:
Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
And from wide ſeas the ſafer port confines.
Of high importance to the chief it lies,
To him brings aid, and to the foe denies:
In cloſe reſtraint the captive town is held,
While free behind he views the watery field.
There ſafe, with curs'd Pothinus in his power,
Cæſar defers the villain's doom no more.
Yet, ah! by means too gentle he expires;
No gaſhing knives he feels, no ſcorching fires;

Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
Nor pendent on the horrid croſs are borne:
Beneath the ſword the wretch reſigns his breath,
And dies too glorioufly by Pompey's death.
Mean-while, by wily Ganymede convey'd,
Arſinoë, the younger royal maid,
Fled to the camp; and with a daring hand
Aſſumes the ſceptre of ſupreme command:
And, for her feeble brother was not there,
She calls herſelf the ſole Lagæan heir.
Then, ſince he dares diſpute her right to reign,
She dooms the fierce Achillas to be ſlain.
With juſt remorſe, repenting fortune paid
This ſecond victim to her Pompey's ſhade.
But oh! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor all
The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,
Not hecatombs of tyrants ſhall ſuffice,
Till Brutus ſtrikes, and haughty Cæſar dies.
Nor yet the rage of war was huſh'd in peace,
Nor would that ſtorm, with him who rais'd it, ceaſe.
A ſecond eunuch to the taſk ſucceeds,
And Ganymede the power of Ægypt leads:
He chears the drooping Pharians with ſucceſs,
And urg'd the Roman chief with new diſtreſs.
Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
As annals might to lateſt times record,
And conſecrate to fame the warrior's ſword.
While to their barks his faithful band deſcends,
Cæſar the mole's contracted ſpace defends.
Part fro ed key aboard were paſs'd,
The c ain'd among the laſt;

When

When ſudden Ægypt's furious powers unite,
And fix on him alone th' unequal fight.
By land the numerous foot, by ſea the fleet,
At once ſurround him, and prevent retreat.
No means for ſafety or eſcape remain,
To fight, or fly, were equally in vain:
A vulgar period on his wars attends,
And his ambitious life obſcurely ends.
No ſeas of gore, no mountains of the ſlain,
Renown the fight on ſome diſtinguiſh'd plain:
But meanly in a tumult muſt he die,
And, over-borne by crouds, inglorious lie:
No room was left to fall as Cæſar ſhould,
So little were the hopes, his foes and fate allow'd.
At once the place and danger he ſurveys,
The riſing mound, and the near neighbouring ſeas:
Some fainting ſtruggling doubts as yet remain:
Can he, perhaps, his navy ſtill regain?
Or ſhall he die, and end th' uncertain pain?
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave Scæva to his thought returns;
Scæva, who in the breach undaunted ſtood,
And ſingly made the dreadful battle good;
Whoſe arm advancing Pompey's hoſt repell'd,
And, coop'd within a wall, the captive leader held.
Strong in his ſoul the glorious image roſe,
And taught him, ſudden, to diſdain his foes;
The force oppos'd in equal ſcales to weigh,
Himſelf was Cæſar, and Ægyptians they;
To truſt that fortune, and thoſe gods, once more,
That never fail'd his daring hopes before.

Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he ſhook,
And through the throng his courſe reſiſtleſs took:
Hands, arms, and helmed heads before him fly,
While mingling ſcreams and groans aſcend the ſky.
So winds, impriſon'd, force their furious way,
Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy ſea.
Juſt on the margin of the mound he ſtay'd,
And for a moment, thence, the flood ſurvey'd:
Fortune divine! be preſent now, he cry'd;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
Th' obedient deep, at fortune's high command,
Receiv'd the mighty maſter of the land;
Her ſervile waves officious Tethys ſpread,
To raiſe with proud ſupport his awful head.
And, for he ſcorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile
Should pride themſelves in aught of Cæſar's ſpoil,
In his left hand, above the water's power,
Papers and ſcrolls of high import he bore;
Where his own labours faithfully record
The battles of ambition's ruthleſs ſword:
Safe in his right, the deadly ſteel he held,
And plow'd, with many a ſtroke, the liquid field;
While his fix'd teeth tenaciouſly retain
His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train;
Th' incumber'd folds the curling ſurface ſweep,
Come flow behind, and drag along the deep.
From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
A thouſand hands a thouſand javelins throw;
The thrilling points dip bloodleſs in the waves,
While he their idle wrath ſecurely braves.

So

So when ſome mighty ſerpent of the main
Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
Whether he range voracious for the prey,
Or to the ſunny ſhore directs his way,
Him if by chance the fiſhers view from far,
With flying darts they wage a diſtant war:
But the fell monſter, unappall'd with dread,
Above the ſeas exerts his poiſonous head;
He rears his livid creſt and kindling eyes,
And, terrible, the feeble foe defies;
His ſwelling breaſt a foamy path divides,
And, careleſs, o'er the murmuring flood he glides.
Some looſer Muſe, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious paths where wanton fancy leads,
In heaven's high court, would feign the queen of love,
Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove,
Imploring, ſad, th' almighty father's grace,
For the dear offspring of her Julian race.
While to the juſt recording Romans eyes,
Far other forms, and other gods ariſe;
The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
And Nemeſis the ſhield of ſafety ſpreads;
Juſtice and fate the floating chief convey,
And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way;
Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withſtand,
And ſave him for avenging Brutus' hand.
His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
With joy receive him from the ſwelling ſea;
In peals on peals their ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Roll o'er the diſtant flood, and thunder to the ſkies.

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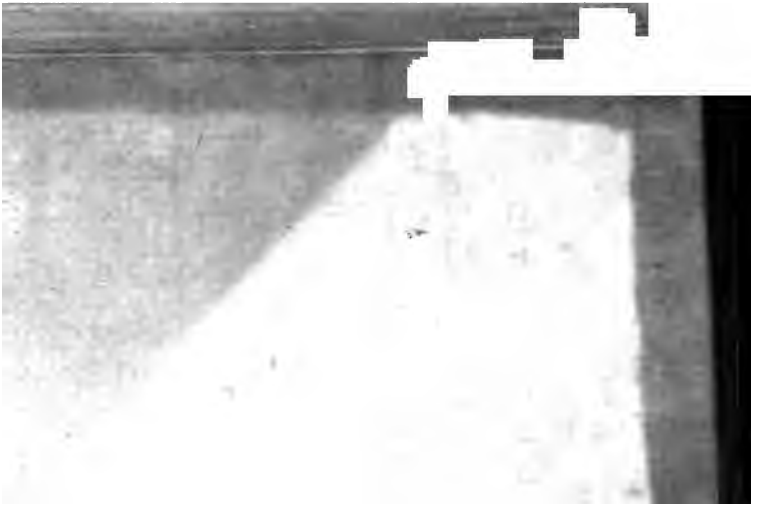
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